PHILOSOPHICAL POEMS,

BY

HENRY MORE:
Master of Arts, and Fellow of
CHRISTS. COLLEDGE
IN
CAMBRIDGE.

Ἀεὶ ἀείσομεν.



Avia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius antè
Trita solo, juvat integros accedere fontes. Luer.

CAMBRIDGE,
Printed by ROGER DANIEL
Printer to the UNIVERSITY.
1647.

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144
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178
182
1830

Ire Samnaſi deſerta per ardua duleis
tat Amor, juvat ire jugis qua multa priorum
liam molli divertitur orbita Clivo. Virg. Geo.

bera per Vacuum poſſit Vestigia Princeps
Non aliena meo preſſi pede — Hor

— Duabus per aera quia sola nunquam
ter Rotis — Nemesianus

277.170

To his dear Father

ALEXANDER MORE

ESQUIRE.

SIR,

I Know at first sight you'll judge me a Novice in the affairs of the World, in not pitching upon some other Patron: and unacquainted with the Courtship of the times, that holds it more commendable to toy and complement with a stranger, then speak truth of a known friend. But I am meditating no Stage-play of ordinary Apish Civility, but sober Truth: Nor intend this an act of worldly discretion and advantage, but of Justice and Gratitude. For I cannot hope that ever any man shall deserve so well of me as your self has done. Besides what hath hitherto commended you to all that

know you; your Faithfulnesse, Uprightnesse, Sedulity for the publick Welfare of the place wherein you live, your generous Opennesse and Veracity. Nor can ever that thick cloud you are now enveloped with, of melancholized old Age, and undeserved Adversity, either dark the remembrance of your pristine Lustre, or hide from me the sight of your present Worth. Sir, I could wish my self a stranger to your bloud, that I might with the better decorum set out the nobleneſse of your spirit. But to speak modestly; You deserve the Patronage of better Poems then these, though you may lay a more proper claim to these then to any. You having from my childhood tuned mine ears to Spencers rhymes, entertaining us on Winter nights, with that incomparable Peice of his, The Fairy Queen, a Poem as richly fraught with divine Morality as Phansy. Your early Encomiums also of Learning and Philosophy did so fire my credulous Youth with the desire of the knowledge of things, that your After-advertisements, how contemptible Learning would prove without Riches, and what a piece of Unmannerlineſse and Incivility it would be held to seem wiser then them, that are more wealthy and powerfull,

full, could never yet reſtrain my mind from her firſt purſuit, nor quicken my attention to the affairs of the World. But this bookiſh diſeaſe let it make me as much poor as it will, it ſhall never make me the leſſe juſt. Nor will you, I hope, eſteem me the leſſe dutyfull, that without your cognoſcence I become thus thankfull. For I never held my ſelf bound to ask leave of any man to exerciſe an act of Virtue. And yet am I conſcious to my ſelf, there may have ſome juvenile Extravagancies paſſed my pen, which your judgement and gray hairs will more ſlowly allow of, and my ſelf may happily diſlike by that time I arrive to half your years. But let it be my excuſe, that that which was to be made common for all, could not be ſo exactly fitted for any one Age or Perſon. I am not indeed much ſolicitous, how every particle of theſe Poems may pleaſe you. In the mean time I am ſure I pleaſe my ſelf in the main; which is, The embalming of his name to Immortality, that next under God, is the Authour of my Life and Being.

Your affectionate Sonne

HENRY MORE.

A

PLATONICK SONG

of the

SOUL;

Treating,

Of { *The Life of the Soul,*
Her Immortalitie,
The Sleep of the Soul,
The Unitie of Souls, and
Memorie after Death.



Nullam majorem afferre ſolet ignaris inſcitia voluptatem quàm expeditum faſtidioſumq; contemptum. Scal.

CAMBRIDGE,

Printed by ROGER DANIEL Printer to the Univerſitie. 1647.

TO THE READER,

Upon this second Edition.

Reader,

IF I seem too bold in presenting my self again so suddenly to publick view, let it excuse me, at least in part, that there is not so much boldnesse in this, as in my first adventure. For whereas I had then no encouragement but mine own well meaning, and careleſseneſſe of the opinions of men; I have now (beside that resolv'd neglect of mens hasty censures) the experience (though unexpected) of the favourable acceptance of the braveſt and best improved spirits.

For whose sakes, and as many else as are at leasure a while to lay aside the pleasure or trouble of the world, and entertain their minds with thoughts of a greater compasse then the fetching in of a little wealth or honour; I have taken the pains to peruse these Poems of the soul, and to lick them into some more tolerable form and smoothnesse. For I must confesse such was the present haste & heat that I was then hurried in (dispatching them in fewer moneths then some cold-pated-Gentlemen have conceited me to have spent years about them, and letting them slip from

me so suddenly, while I was so immerse in the inward sense and representation of things, that it was even necessary to forget the œconomie of words, and leave them behind me aloft, to float and run together at randome like chaff and straws on the surface of the water) that it could not but send them out in so uneven and rude a dresse. Nor yet can I, (I professe) ever hope to find leasure or patience so exquisitely to polish them, as fully to answer mine own curiosity, if I would be also humorous, or the delicacy of some Lady-wits that can like nothing that is not as compos'd as their own hair, or as smooth as their Mistresses Looking-glasse. But may these emendations prove but acceptable to the more generous and manly Genius; I shall please my self enough, if I prove but tolerable to those female phansies.

But as I would not industriously neglect these, so I hope I have more solidly gratifi'd the other, by the enlargement of this Poem. For besides the Canto of the *INFINITY of WORLDS*, I have also added another of the *PRÆEXISTENCY* of the *SOUL*, where I have set out the nature of *SPIRITS* and given an account of *APPARITIONS* and *WITCH-CRAFT*, very answerable I conceive to experience and story, invited to that task by the frequent discoveries of this very Age. Which if they were publickly recorded, and that course continued in every Parish, it would prove one of the best Antidotes against that earthly and cold disease of Sadducisme and Atheisme, which may easily grow upon us, if not prevented, to the hazard of all Religion, and the best kinds of Philosophy.

I have also enlarged the second Canto of *PSYCHOZOIA*, and have added (that I might avoid all suspicion of partiality) to *Psittaco* and *Pithecus* diverse

verse other persons, *Pico*, *Corvino*, *Graculo*, and *Glaucis*, but am so sensible of that sober precept in *Josephus*, which he affirms to be out of Moses, Μηδεὶς βλασφημείτω θεὸς ἄλλας πόλεις νομίζων θεὰς, that I would be very loth to be so farre mistaken as to be thought a Censurer or Contemner of other mens Religions or Opinions, if they serve God in them in the simplicity and sincerity of their hearts, and have some more precious *substratum* within, then inveterate custome or naturall complexion. All that I mean is this: That neither eager promoting of Opinion or Ceremony, nor the earnest opposing of the same, no not the acuteness of Reason, nor yet a strong, if naked conceit, that we have the Spirit of God, can excuse a man from being in any better condition then in the Land of Brutes or in the mere animal nature. Which conclusion I thought worth my labour to set off with such Artifice and Circumstance as I have; the gullery and deceit therein, if not avoided, being of so great and evil consequence. For if we can but once entitle our opinions and mistakes to Religion, and Gods Spitit, it is like running quicksilver in the back of a sword, and will enable us to strike to utter destruction and ruine. But it would prevent a great deal of bloud and bitterness in the Christian world, if we reserved the flower and strength of our zeal for the undoubted Truth of God and his immutable Righteousnesse, and were more mildly and moderately affected concerning the Traditions and determinations of the Elders.

Furthermore, I have added Notes for the better understanding, not onely of my *Psychozoia*, but of the Principles of *Plato*'s Philosophy. In both which I would be so understood, as a Representer of the Wisdome of the Ancients rather then a warranter of the same. Contemplations concerning the dry essence of the Diety are very consuming and unsatisfactory. 'Tis better to drink of the

bloud of the grape, then bite the root of the vine, to ſmell of the roſe then chew the ſtalk. And bleſſed be God, the meaneſt of men are capable of the former, very few ſucceſſefull in the latter. And the leſſe, becauſe the reports of them that have buſied themſelves that way, have not onely ſeem'd ſtrange to the vulgar, but even repugnant with one another. But I ſhould in charity referre this to the nature of the pigeons neck, rather then to miſtake or contradiction. One and the ſame Qbject in Nature affords many and different σκιάσεις. And God is as infinitely various as ſimple. Like a circle, indifferent, whether you ſuppoſe it of one Uniform line, or an infinite number of Angles. Wherefore it is more ſafe to admit all poſſible perfections in God, then raſhly to deny what appears not to us in our particular poſture.

I have alſo adjoyned ſome few ſcattering notes to the ſecond part of the *Song of the Soul*. Where I have alſo, beſide ſome ſubtil conſiderations concerning *ATOMS* and *QUANTITY*, ſet out very plainly, the *Hypotheſis* of *Pythagoras*, or *Copernicus* concerning the *MOTION* of the *EARTH*, as alſo opened the myſtery of the *FLUX* and *REFLUX* of the *SEA*. Which two contemplations are not inferiour to any, for either pleaſantneſſe in themſelves, or conduciblenеſſe for the finding out of the right frame of Nature.

Finally, I have caſt into this ſecond Edition ſeverall ſmaller Poems, of which together with all the reſt that I have publiſhed I would give this generall Advertiſement,

Eſt pictura Poeſis.

Every poem is an Idyllium. And a Poet no more ſings himſelf, then a Painter draws his own picture. Nor can I by theſe aſſume to my ſelf the honour of being a Platoniſt, no more then Virgil incurre the ſuſpicion of being an Epicurean by his Silenus, whom notwithſtanding Alexander

xander Severus thought good to ſtyle *poetarum* Plato.

As for a more determinate deciſion of thoſe many ſpeculations which I have ſet on foot in theſe writings, though I made ſome kind of promiſe that way in my firſt, I muſt crave leave a while to deferre it, till I find the thing it ſelf of more conſequence, and my ſelf at better leiſure. However without that, there is ſo great acceſſion made to this ſecond Edition, that I eaſily hope, that of as many as I was received favourably before, that I ſhall now be received with much more favour.

As for others, whom ſenſuall immerſion or the deadneſſe of Melancholy have more deeply ſeiz'd upon, I muſt acknowledge that in my own judgement I can ſeem no better to them then a piece of highly inacted folly, they obſtinately preferring that ſad ground of incredulity before any thing leſſe then a Demonſtration. For whoſe ſatisfaction *Mounſieur des Chartes* hath attempted bravely, but yet methinks on this ſide of Mathematicall evidence. He and that learned Knight our own Countryman had done a great deal more if they had promiſed leſſe. So high confidence might become the heat and ſcheme of Poetry much better then ſober Philoſophy. Yet has he not done nothing, though not ſo much as he raiſeth mens expectations to. And if he had performed leſſe, it had been enough to ſouls that have well recovered that divine ſagacity and quick ſent of their own Intereſt. If this ſweet ethereall gale of divine breathing do not quicken and enliven the ſent and reliſh of ſuch arguments as Reaſon, Nature, and ſtory will afford, they will all prove weak and uſeleſſe: Eſpecially to exerciſed Wits that have ſo writhen and wreſted their phanſies that they can imagine or disimagine any thing, ſo weakened it that it is born down aſwel with the ſmalleſt as greateſt weight: ſo cruſted and made hard their inward *φαντασιον* by overmuch and triviall wearing

it, that that delicate discrimination and divine touch of the soul is even lost, in so much that it would be safer to ask the judgement of young lads or Countrey idiots concerning the force of Arguments for Gods existence or the Souls immortality, then those lubricous Wits and overworn Philosophers. And surely if we will but admit of Providence and her eye to be placed upon man, and this world to be his instruction, together with the undistorted suggestions of his own heart, these easie hints and pointings will be found no fallacious directions. And true opinion is as faithfull a Guide, as Necessity and Demonstration.

That obvious conceit of the nature of light and colours, though perhaps false in it self, yet is an easie and safe conductour to that grand Truth of the divine Hypostases held up by the whole Christian world for these many hundred years and by more then have acknowledged themselves Christians. How naturally are we invited from the appearing of men deceased, to think the soul survives the body, though we may perversly suppose that those Apparitions are but our own imaginations, or that some sportfull or over officious spirit puts himself in the form and fashion of the deceased party? But what was the first and most easie suggestion, is such a truth as all Ages and Nations without intermission have embraced it. Nor yet will this be for a Demonstration and winne undoubted assent with austere and melancholick tempers. Nor is reason unback'd with better principles mathematically satisfiable in matters of this kind. Nor am I offended that it is not. For would it not be an overproportionated engine, to the again endangering of Cleombrotus neck, or too forcibly driving men to obedience if they had their immortality as demonstrable as; That the three angles in a triangle are equall to two right angles. Besides it would prevent that fitting triall of the soul, how she would be affected

affected if there were nothing to come; whence ſhe would not be able ſo ſenſibly to diſcover to her ſelf her own Hypocriſie or ſinceritie. Laſtly, that loving adherence and affectionate cleaving to God by Faith and divine ſenſe would be foreſtall'd by ſuch undeniable evidence of Reaſon and Nature. Which though it would very much gratifie the naturall man, yet it would not prove ſo profitable to us, as in things appertaining to God. For ſeeing our moſt palpable evidence of the ſouls immortality is from an inward ſenſe, and this inward ſenſe is kept alive the beſt by devotion and purity, by freedome from worldly care and ſorrow, and the groſſer pleaſures of the body (otherwiſe her ethereall vehicle will drink in ſo much of earthy and mortall dregs, that the ſenſe of the ſoul will be changed, & being outvoted as it were by the overſwaying number of terrene particles, which that ethereal nature hath ſo plentifully imbib'd and incorporated with, ſhe will become in a manner corporeall, συμπαθὴσα καὶ ὁμοδοξήσα τῷ σώματι, as Jamblichus ſpeaks, and in the extremity of this weakneſſe and dotage will be eaſily drawn off to pronounce her ſelf ſuch as the body is, diſſolvable and mortall) therefore it is better for us that we become doubtfull of our immortall condition when we ſtray from that virgin-purity and unſpottedneſſe, that we may withdraw our feet from theſe paths of death, then that Demonſtration and Infallibility ſhould permit us to proceed ſo farre, that our immortality would prove an heavy diſadvantage. But this is meant onely to them that are lovers of God and their own ſouls. For they that are at enmity with him deſire no ſuch inſtructions, but rather embrace all means of laying aſleep that diſquieting truth; that they bear about with them ſo precious a charge as an immortall Spirit.

To the Reader.

READER, ſith it is the faſhion
To beſtow ſome ſalutation,
I greet thee; give free leave to look
And nearly view my opened Book.
But ſee then that thine eyes be clear
If ought thou wouldſt diſcover there.
Expect from me no Teian ſtrain,
No light wanton Lesbian vein:
Though well I wot the vulgar ſpright
Such Harmony doth more ſtrongly ſmite.
Silent Seceſſe, waſt Solitude
Deep ſearching thoughts often renew'd,
Stiffe conflict 'gainſt importunate vice,
That daily doth the Soul entice
From her high throne of circuling light
To plunge her in infernall Night:
Collection of the mind from ſtroke
Of this worlds Magick, that doth choke
Her with foul ſmothering miſts and ſtench,
And in Lethæan waves her drench:
A daily Death, drad Agony,
Privation, dry Sterility;
Who is well entred in thoſe wayes
Fitt'ſt man to read my lofty layes.
But whom luſt, wrath and fear controule,
Scarce know their body from their ſoul.
If any ſuch chance hear my verſe,
Dark numerous Nothings I rehearſe

To the Reader.

To them; measure out an idle sound
In which no inward sense is found.
Thus sing I to cragg'd clifts, and hils,
To sighing winds to murmuring rills,
To wastefull woods, to empty groves.
Such things as my dear mind most loves.
But they heed not my heavenly passion,
Fast fixt on their own operation.
On chalky rocks hard by the Sea,
Safe guided by fair Cynthia,
I strike my silver-sounded lyre,
First struck my self by some strong fire;
And all the while her wavering ray,
Reflected from fluid glasse doth play
On the white banks. But all are deaf
Unto my Muse, that is most lief
To mine own self. So they nor blame
My pleasant notes, nor praise the same.
Nor do thou, Reader, rashly brand
My rhythmes 'fore thou them understand.

H. M.

PSYCHOZOIA,

OR

The first part of the Song of the SOUL,

Containing

A Christiano-Platonicall display of

LIFE.

By *H. M.* Master of Arts, and Fellow of Christs Colledge in *Cambridge.*

Tot vitæ gradus cognoscimus, quot in nobismet-ipsis expedimus. Marsi. Ficin.

CAMBRIDGE,

Printed by *Roger Daniel,* Printer to the Universitie. 1647.

TO THE READER,

Upon the first Canto of PSYCHOZOIA.

THis first Canto, as you may judge by the names therein, was intended for a mere Platonicall description of Universall life, or life that is omnipresent, though not alike omnipresent. As in Noahs Deluge, the water that overflowed the earth was present in every part thereof, but every part of the water was not in every part of the earth, or all in every part; so the low Spirit of the Universe, though it go quite through the world, yet it is not totally in every part of the world; Else we should heare our Antipodes, if they did but whisper: Because our lower man is a part of the inferiour Spirit of the Universe.

Ahad, *Æon*, and *Psyche* are all omnipresent in the World, after the most perfect way that humane reason can conceive of. For they are in the world all totally and at once every where.

This is the famous Platonicall Triad: which though they that slight the Christian Trinity do take for a figment; yet I think it is no contemptible argument, that the Platonists, the best and divinest of Philosophers, and the Christians, the best of all that do professe religion, do both concur that there is a Trinity. In what they differ, I leave to be found out according to the safe direction of that infallible Rule of Faith, the holy Word.

In the mean time I shall not be blamed by any thing but ignorance and malignity, for being invited to sing of the second Unity of the Platonicall Triad, in a Christian strain

and Poeticall ſcheme, that which the holy Scripture witneſſeth of the ſecond Perſon of the Chriſtian Trinity. As that his patrimony is the poſſeſſion of the whole earth. For if it be not all one with Chriſt, according to his Divinity; yet the Platoniſts placing him in the ſame order, and giving him the like attributes, with the Perſon of the Sonne in Chriſtianity, it is nothing harſh for me to take occaſion from hence to ſing a while the true Chriſtian *Autocalon*, whoſe beauty ſhall adorn the whole Earth in good time; if we believe the Prophets. For that hath not as yet happened. For Chriſt is not where ever his Name is: but as he is the Truth, ſo will he be truely diſplayed upon the face of the whole Earth. For God doth not fill the World with his Glory by words and ſounds, but by Spirit, and Life, and Reality.

Now this Eternall life I ſing of, even in the middeſt of Platoniſme: for I cannot conceal from whence I am, *viz.* of Chriſt; but yet acknowledging, that God hath not left the Heathen, *Plato* eſpecially, without witneſſe of himſelf. Whoſe doctrine might ſtrike our adulterate Chriſtian Profeſſors with ſhame & aſtoniſhment; their lives falling ſo exceeding ſhort of the better Heathen. How far ſhort are they then of that admirable and tranſcendent high myſtery of true Chriſtianiſme? To which *Plato* is a very good ſubſervient Miniſter; whoſe Philoſophy I ſinging here in a full heat; why may it not be free for me to break out into an higher ſtrain, and under it to touch upon ſome points of Chriſtianity; aswell as all-approved *Spencer*, ſings of Chriſt under the name of *Pan*? Saint *Paul* alſo transfers thoſe things that be ſpoken of *Jupiter*, to God himſelf, Arat. φαινόμενα.

Πάντῃ δ Διὸς κεχρήμεθα πάντες·
Τοῦ γὰρ καὶ γένος ἐσμέν·

Thoſe latter words he gives to the Chriſtian God, whom he

he himself preached. I will omit the usuall course of the Spirit of God in Holy Writ, to take occasion from things that have some resemblance with Divine things under them to speak of the true things themselves.

And that I may not seem rather forcibly to break out here out of Platonisme into Christianisme, then to be fairly and easily led into this digression by the fit similitude of things, or at least very near correspondency of Names, which should imply agreement of nature; I have thought good to exhibite to the Readers eye the grounds of this my deviation founded in this Paralleliſme of Titles, belonging to the second Unity of each Triad.

Platonica.		*Christian.*
The Sonne of the Good.	1	The Sonne of God.
Τὸ αὐτοκαλὸν, τὸ φῶς. [τὸ γὰρ εἶδος φῶς. *Plotin.*	2	Ἀπαύγασμα τῆς δόξης τοῦ πατρός.
Λόγος & νοῦς	3	Λόγος. *John* 1.
Ἰδέα.	4	Ἡ ἀλήθεια
Ὁ νοῦς, ἡ σοφία	5	Ἡ σοφία *Proverbs.* 8.
Æon	6	*Eternall Life.*
Τὸ ὄν, ἡ ἀληθινὴ σοφία οὐσία καὶ ἀληθινὴ οὐσία σοφία. *Plot. p.* 547	7	Ὁ ὢν καὶ ὁ ἦν καὶ ὁ ἐρχόμενος. or יהוה

For indeed the Greek ὁ ἦν καὶ ὁ ἔν καὶ ὁ ἐρχόμενος is but a Periphrasis of יְהוָה which contains in יָ ה ו the future present, and time past, as Criticks observe.

I might adde further correspondencies betwixt the Platonick Triad, and diverse passages of Scripture according to the interpretations of no contemptible Authours. As Gods making the World by his Word, which is very reasonable, He being the wisedome of God or the Intellectuall World; the Idea of the visible and naturall Creature. And that he is the Redeemer of the laps'd World, *viz.* Mankind, while he reduceth the right shape and image again into Man, wisedome and righteousnesse.

Take in the whole Trinity, you shall find a strange concordance

cordance and harmony betwixt the nature of each Hypostasis in either in their order. *Atove* or *Abad*, is simply the first Principle of all beings, the Father of all existences, and the Universall Creation is but his Family; and therefore hath he a full right of imposing Lawes on the whole Creature.

θεμιτεύει ζ ἴσας
Παίδων ἠδ' ἀλόχων. As *Aristotle* observes out of the Poet.

The naturall Creature (as *David* also bears them witnesse) keepeth this Law. But Man breaketh it: however the Law is still propounded to him, which when it doth take hold upon him, strikes him with dread and horrour. Hence will he extrinsecally shape and proportion his actions according to that outward Rule through fear and force as it were: As if a man should impresse any character, or stamp upon wax, paste, or any such like matter. And this I conceive is to be under the Law that makes nothing perfect, and may be called φώτισμα τῦ νόμυ. which is signified also by *Diana* in the third Canto of Psychozoia. This God vouchsafes sometime to second with the gift of his Sonne, who is ὁ ὀρθὸς θεῦ λόγ☉ πρωτόγον☉ υἱός, as *Philo* the Platonist calls him. He once come sits not so much on the surface of the soul, as dives and divides to the depth of the Spirit, and rooting himself there worketh out from the very bottome all corruption and filth, cleanseth us throughly from our sins, and healeth us of our infirmities, shapes us from an inward vitall Principle, (even as the *Ratio seminalis* figures out a tree) into a new life and shape, even into the Image of God; that is, inward living Righteousnesse and Truth, instructing us continually, and guiding us with his eye: For he is properly Wisedome and Intellect. And this may be term'd φώτισμα τῦ λόγυ. even of the Sonne of Righteousnesse. See *Philo Judæus*, *pag.* 390. 391. 403, 407. as also in his περὶ τῦ Καίν. *pag.* 76.

Of this λόγος *Trismegist* calling him νοῦς, writeth thus, ἔστι δὲ ὁ νοῦς ἐν μὲν ἀνθρώποις θεός ἐστι διὸ καὶ τινες τῶν ἀνθρώπων θεοί εἰσι. The same which *John* intimates: As many as receive him become the sons of God. And a little after, he tells us that this Universall Intellect as it doth συνεργεῖν *cooperate* with all things; so it doth also ἀντιπράσσειν, resist and oppose the souls of men hurried on to pleasure and passion by this disadvantagious union with the body. Ὅσοις ἂν ἐν ψυχαῖς ὁ νοῦς ἐπιστήσῃ, τούτους φαίνει ἑαυτῷ τῷ φέγγει, ἀντιπράσσων αὐτῶν τοῖς προλήμμασιν, ὥσπερ ἰατρὸς ἀλγεῦσι λυπεῖ τὸ σῶμα θεραπεύων· ὑπὸ νόσου, καίριον ἡγούμενον· τὸν αὐτὸν τρόπον καὶ ὁ νοῦς ψυχὴν λυπεῖ ἐξυφαιρῶν αὐτῆς τὴν ἡδονὴν ἀφ' ἧς πᾶσα νόσος ψυχῆς γίνεται· νόσος δὲ μεγάλη ψυχῆς ἀθεότης. *Trismeg. περὶ τοῦ κοινοῦ πρὸς Τάτ.*

But now being thus healed, purged, and illuminated by this Baptisme of the living Word or Intellect, which is Christ, we are no longer under the Law, nor the terrour thereof, but serve willingly, as from a vitall Principle in us, under Christ. Wherefore such ones as are thus eminently good and virtuous in themselves, even according to the judgement of *Aristotle Politic. lib.* 3. are not under the Law. Κατὰ τῶν τοιούτων οὐκ ἔστι νόμος, αὐτοὶ γὰρ εἰσι νόμος. *Against such there is no Law, for they themselves are a Law.* The very same with the words of the Apostle. *Gal. cap.* 5. *vers.* 24. *Rom.* 2. *vers.* 14. 15. And a little before, Ὥσπερ γὰρ θεὸν ἐν ἀνθρώποις εἰκὸς εἶναι τὸν τοιοῦτον· and therefore not to be under the Law, no more then a Deity can be under their Law, Παραπλήσιον γάρ, κἂν εἰ τῷ Διὶ ἄρχειν ἀξιοῖεν μερίζοντες ἀρχάς. *For 'tis as if they should take upon them to rule* Jupiter *himself, and share his kingdome.* See *Aristol. Politic. lib.* 3.

The last accomplishment of all, and the highest perfection as the Apostle witnesseth, is Love, and this is ever referr'd to the Holy Ghost, whom *Peter Lombard* contends to be Love, *lib.* 1. *distinct.* 17. And this agrees *ad*

amuſſim with *Uranore* or *Pſyche*, whom *Plotinus* calls οὐρανίαν ἀφροδίτην the celeſtiall *Venus*, out of which is born the heavenly *Cupid*, the divine Love. The ſame is alſo *Juno* the ſiſter and wife of *Jove*; that is, of the Divine Intellect, as the ſame Philoſopher obſerves. And the Greek name of *Juno* doth fitly agree to this purpoſe, *viz.* Ἥρα, παρὰ τὸν ἔρα, her name implying Love. And a further ſigne that *Juno* and *Venus* are all one is that Aſtronomers have noted one and the ſame Starre by both their names. Μεθ' ὃν ὁ τῆς φωσφόρου, ὃν Ἀφροδίτης εἶναι ἢ Ἥρας προσαγορεύουσιν. *Ariſtot. de Mundo*, See *Plotin. Ennead. lib. 6.*

So then the proper effect of this third Hypoſtaſis in either Trinity is Love, which compleateth the Circle, and reduceth us again to the firſt Principle of all, the ſimple and abſolute good which we enjoy by this ſingle Act or Energie of the Soul, *viz.* divine Love: and this is φώτισμα τοῦ πνεύματος, to be baptized with the Holy Ghoſt.

This trinall effect or ſpirituall influence on the Soul is experientially true: But this threefold Hypoſtaſis, *viz.* *Abad*, *Æon*, and *Pſyche*, cannot be known by experience, but is rather concluded by collection of reaſon. Nor indeed is reaſon it ſelf able ſufficiently to confirm or confute it, ſith it can conceive that one ſingle Eſſence can perform many and various functions as doth the Soul, that being one, unfolds her ſelf into varieties of operations.

Yet have the Platoniſts eſtabliſhed their Triad upon no contemptible grounds which I will not be ſo tedious as here to relate: but give the Reader leave to peruſe *Plotinus* at his leiſure. And I muſt confeſſe that that myſtery ſeems to me a thing of it ſelf, ſtanding on its own Baſis, and to happen rather to agree with ſome Principles of Chriſtianiſme, then to be drawn from the holy Scripture.

But the beſt is, that the happineſſe of man is not the Eſſence, but the Influence of the Divinity; and to be baptized

ptized in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, of more consequence then to read and understand all the curious and acute school-tracts of the Trinity. For this may be permitted to the Divel: that is the priviledge onely of the good and pious man. Nor is it any wonder at all.

For be it so that the contemplation of these things is very sublime and subtile, yet well I wot they are nothing satisfactory to the soul. For the exile Theories of the Infinity of God and Trinity, are but as it were the dry measuring and numbering of the Deity, and profit as much to the soul devoid of charity, as the Diametre of the Sunnes body, or the remembrance of that trinall property in *Lux Lumen* and Calefaction can warm a man in a cold frosty night.

But if any man would be sufficiently initiated into these mysteries, he must repair to the ever living Word of God, that subtile and searching fire, that will sift all the vanities of dreaming Philosopners, and burn up the vain imaginations of false-Christians like stubble.

All this out of a tenderness of mind, being exceeding loth to give any man offence by my writings, For though knowledge and theory be better then any thing but honesty and true piety, yet it is not so good as that I should willingly offend my neighbour by it.

Thus much by way of preparation to the first Canto of this Poem. I will now leave thee to thine own discretion, and judgement.

Vpon the second Canto.

THis second Canto, before we descend to particular lives, exhibits to our apprehension, by as fit a similitude as I could light upon, the Universe, as one simple

uniform being from Ahad to Hyle, no particular ſtraitned being as yet being made; no earth or any other Orb as yet kned together. All homogeneall, ſimple, ſingle, pure, pervious, unknotted, uncoacted, nothing exiſting but thoſe eight univerſall orders.

There God hath full command, builds and deſtroyes what he liſts.

That all our ſouls are free effluxes from his eſſence. What follows is ſo plain that the Reader wants no direction,

Vpon the third Canto.

THere is no knot at all in this laſt Canto, if men do not ſeek one. I plainly and poſitively declare no opinion, but ſhew the abuſe of thoſe opinions there touched, crouding a number of enormities together, that eaſily ſhroud themſelves there, where all ſinfulneſſe ſurely may eaſily get harbour, if we be not yet well aware of the Devil, that makes true opinions oftentimes ſerve for miſchief.

Nothing elſe can be now expected for the eaſie and profitable underſtanding of this Poem, but the interpretation of the names that frequently occurre in it. Which I will interpret at the end of theſe Books; (as alſo the hard terms of the other Poems) for their ſakes whoſe real worth and underſtanding is many times equall with the beſt, onely they have not fed of husks and ſhels, as others have been forced to do, the ſuperficiary knowledge of tongues. But it would be well, that neither the Linguiſt would contemne the illiterate for his ignorance, nor the ignorant condemn the learned for his knowledge, For it is not unlearnedneſſe that God is ſo pleaſed withall, or fillineſſe and emptineſſe of mind, but ſingleneſſe and ſimplicity of heart.

H. M.

The Argument of
PSYCHOZOIA,
Or
The life of the Soul.

CANT. I.

This Song great Psyches parentage
With her fourefold array,
And that mysterious marriage,
To th' Reader doth display.

1

NO Ladies loves, nor Knights brave martiall deeds,
Ywrapt in rolls of hid Antiquitie;
But th' inward Fountain, and the unseen Seeds,
From whence are these and what so under eye
Doth fall, or is record in memorie,
Psyche, I'll sing. *Psyche!* from thee they sprong.
O life of Time, and all Alterity!
The life of lives instill his n ctar strong,
My soul t' inebriate, while I sing *Psyches* song.

2

But thou, whoe're thou art that hear'st this strain,
Or read'st these rythmes which from Platonick rage
Do powerfully flow forth, dare not to blame
My forward pen of foul miscarriage;
If all that's spoke, with thoughts more sadly sage
Doth not agree. My task is not to try
What's simply true. I onely do engage
My self to make a fit discovery,
Give some fair glimpse of Plato's hid Philosophy.

3

What man alive that hath but common wit
(When skilfull limmer 'ſuing his intent
Shall fairly well pourtray and wiſely hit
The true proportion of each lineament,
And in right colours to the life depaint
The fulvid Eagle with her ſun-bright eye)
Would wexen wroth with inward choler brent
Cauſe 'tis no Buzard or diſcolour'd Pie?
Why man? I meant it not: Ceaſe thy fond obloquie.

4

So if what's conſonant to Plato's ſchool
(Which well agrees with learned Pythagore,
Egyptian Triſmegiſt, and th' antique roll
Of Chaldee wiſdome, all which time hath tore
But Plato and deep Plotin do reſtore)
Which is my ſcope, I ſing out luſtily:
If any twitten me for ſuch ſtrange lore,
And me all blameleſſe brand with infamy,
God purge that man from fault of foul malignity.

5

Th' Ancient of dayes, Sire of Eternitie,
Sprung of himſelf, or rather no wiſe ſprong:
Father of lights and everlaſting glee,
Who puts to ſilence every daring tongue
And flies man's ſight, ſhrowding himſelf among
His glorious rayes, good *Atove*, from whom came
All good that *Penia* ſpies in thickeſt throng
Of moſt deſireables, all's from that ſame,
That ſame, that *Atove* hight, and ſweet *Abinoam*.

6

Now can I not with flowring phantaſie
To drowſie ſenſuall ſouls ſuch words impart,
Which in their ſprights, may cauſe ſweet agony,
And thrill their bodies through with pleaſing dart,
And ſpread in flowing fire their cloſe-twiſt heart,
All chearing fire, that nothing wont to burn
That *Atove* liſts to ſave; and his good Art
Is all to ſave that will to him return,
That all to him return, nought of him is forlorn:

7

For what can be forlorn, when his good hands
Hold all in life, that of life do partake?
O sureſt confidence of Loves ſtrong bands!
Love loveth all that's made; Love all did make:
And when falſe life doth fail, it's for the ſake
Of better being Riving torturés ſpight,
That life disjoynts, and makes the heart to quake,
To good the ſoul doth nearer reunite:
So ancient *Atove* hence all-joyning *Abad* hight.

8

This *Abad* of himſelf the *Æon* fair
Begot, the brightneſſe of his father's grace:
No living wight in heav'n to him compare,
Ne work his goodly honour ſuch diſgrace,
Nor loſe thy time in telling of his race.
His beauty and his race no man can tell:
His glory darkeneth the Sunnes bright face;
Or if ought elſe the Sunnes bright face excell,
His ſplendour would it dim, and all that glory quell.

9

This is that ancient *Eidos* omniform,
Fount of all beauty, root of flowring glee.
Hyle old hag, foul, filthy, and deform,
Cannot come near. Joyfull *Eternity*
Admits no change or mutability,
No ſhade of change, no imminution,
No nor increaſe; for what increaſe can be
To that that's all? and where *Hyl'* hath no throne
Can ought decay? ſuch is the ſtate of great *Æon*.

10

Farre otherwiſe it fares in this ſame Lond
Of Truth and Beauty, then in mortall brood
Of earthly lovers, who impaſſion'd
With outward forms (not rightly underſtood
From whence proceeds this amorous ſweet flood,
And choice delight which in their ſpright they feel:
Can outward Idole yield ſo heavenly mood?)
This inward beauty unto that they deal
That little beauteous is: Thus into th' dirt they reel.

11

Like to Narciſſus, on the graſſie ſhore,
Viewing his outward face in watery glaſſe;
Still as he looks, his looks adde evermore
New fire, new light, new love, new comely grace
To's inward form; and it diſplayes apace
It's hidden rayes, and ſo new luſtre ſends
To that vain ſhadow: but the boy, alas!
Unhappy boy! the inward nought attends,
But in foul filthy mire, love, life, and form he blends.

12

And this I wot is the Souls excellence,
That from the hint of every painted glance
Of ſhadows ſenſible, ſhe doth from hence
Her radiant life, and lovely hue advance
To higher pitch, and by good governance
May wained be from love of fading light
In outward forms, having true Cognizance,
That thoſe vain ſhows are not the beauty bright
That takes men ſo, but what they cauſe in humane ſpright.

13

Farre otherwiſe it fares in *Æons* Realm.
O happy cloſe of ſight and that there's ſeen!
That there is ſeen is good *Abinoam*,
Who *Atove* hight: And *Atuvus* I ween,
Cannot be leſſe then he that ſets his eyen
On that abyſſe of good eternally,
The youthfull *Æon*, whoſe fair face doth ſhine
While he his Fathers glory doth eſpy,
Which waters his fine flowring forms with light from high.

14

Not that his forms increaſe, or that they die:
For *Æon-land*, which men *Idea* call,
Is nought but life in full ſerenity,
Vigour of life is root, ſtock, branch, and all;
Nought here increaſeth, nought here hath it's fall:
For *Æons* Kingdomes alwayes perfect ſtand,
Birds, Beaſts, Fields, Springs, Plants, Men and Minerall
To perfectneſſe nought added be there can.
This *Æon* alſo hight *Autocalon* and *On*.

This

15

This is the eldeſt ſonne of *Hattove* hore:
But th' eldeſt daughter of this aged Sire,
That virgin wife of *Æon*, *Uranore*.
She *Uranora* hight, becauſe the fire
Of *Æthers* eſſence ſhe with bright attire,
And inward unſeen golden hew doth dight,
And life of ſenſe and phanſie doth inſpire.
Æther's the vehicle of touch, ſmell, ſight,
Of taſte, and hearing too, and of the plaſtick might.

16

Whilome me chanced (O my happy chance!)
To ſpie this ſpotleſſe pure fair *Uranore*:
I ſpi'd her, but, alas! with ſlighter glance
Beheld her on the *Atuvæan* ſhore.
She ſtood the laſt; for her did ſtand before
The lovely *Autocal*. But firſt of all
Was mighty *Atove*, deeply covered o're
With unſeen light. No might imaginall
May reach that vaſt profunditie.

17

Whiles thus they ſtood by that good lucid ſpring
Of living bliſſe, her fourefold ornament
I there obſerv'd; and that's the onely thing
That I dare write with due adviſement.
Fool-hardy man that purpoſeth intent
Far 'bove his reach, like the proud Phaeton,
Who clomb the fiery car and was ybrent
Through his fond juvenile ambition;
Th' unruly ſtandring ſteeds wrought his confuſion.

18

Now riſe, my Muſe, and ſtraight thy ſelf addreſſe
To write the pourtraiture of th' outward veſt,
And to diſplay it's perfect comlineſſe:
Begin and leave where it ſhall pleaſe thee beſt.
Nor do aſſay to tell all, let the reſt
Be underſtood. For no man can unfold
The many plicatures ſo cloſely preſt
At loweſt verge. Things 'fore our feet yrold,
If they be hard, how ſhall the higheſt things be told?

19

Its unseen figure I must here omit:
For thing so mighty vast no mortall eye
Can compasse; and if eye not compasse it,
The extreme parts, at least some, hidden lie:
And if that they lie hid, who can descry
The truth of figure? Bodies figured
Receive their shape from each extremity.
But if conjecture may stand in truths stead
The garment round or circular I do aread.

20

As for it's colour and materiall,
It silken seems, and of an azure hiew,
If hiew it have or colour naturall:
For much it may amaze mans erring view.
Those parts the eye is near give not the shew
Of any colour; but the rurall Swains,
O easie ignorance! would swear 'tis blew,
Such as their Phyllis would, when as she plains
Their Sunday cloths, and the washt white with azure stains.

21

But this fair azure colour's fouly stain'd
By base comparison with that blew dust.
But you of *Uranore* are not disdain'd,
O hilly Shepherds, if you hit not just,
In your conceits, so that you'r put in trust
You duly do attend. If simple deed
Accord with simple life, then needs you must
From the great *Uranore* of favour speed,
Though you cannot unfold the nature of her weed.

22

For who can it unfold, and reade aright
The divers colours, and the tinctures fair,
Which in this various vesture changes write
Of light, of duskishnesse, of thick, of rare
Consistences: ever new changes marre
Former impressions. The dubious shine
Of changeable silk stuffs, this passeth farre.
Farre more variety, and farre more fine,
Then interwoven silk with gold or silver twine.

23

Lo what delightfull immutations
On her ſoft flowing veſt we contemplate!
The glory of the Court, their faſhions,
And brave agguize with all their Princely ſtate,
Which Poets or Hiſtorians relate
This farre excels, farther than pompous Court
Excels the homelieſt garb of Countrey rate:
Unſpeakable it is how great a ſort
Of glorious gliſtring thowes in it themſelves diſport.

24

There you may ſee the eyelids of the Morn
With lofty ſilver arch diſplaid ith' Eaſt,
And in the midſt the burniſht gold doth burn;
A lucid purple mantle in the Weſt
Doth cloſe the day, and hap the Sun at reſt.
Nor doth theſe lamping ſhe·es the azur quell,
Or other colours: where't beſeemeth beſt
There they themſelves diſpoſe; ſo ſeemly well
Doth light and changing tinctures deck this goodly veil.

25

But 'mongſt theſe glaring glittering rows of light,
And flaming Circles, and the griſell gray,
And crudled clouds, with ſilver tippings dight.
And many other deckings wondrous gay,
As *Iris* and the *Halo*, there doth play
Still-pac'd *Euphrona* in her Conique tire;
By ſtealth her ſteeple-cap ſhe doth aſſay
To whelm on th'earth: So School-boyes do aſpire
With coppell'd hat to quelme the Bee all arm'd with ire.

26

I ſaw pourtrai'd on this sky coloured ſilk
Two lovely Lads, with wings fully diſpread
Of ſilver plumes, their skins more white then milk,
Their lilly limbs I greatly admired,
Their cheary looks and luſty livelybed:
Athwart their ſnowy breſt, a ſcarf they wore
Of azur hew; fairly beſpangled
Was the gold fringe. Like Doves ſo forth they fore:
Some meſſage they, I ween, to *Monocardia* bore.

27

O gentle Sprights, whose carefull oversight
Tends humane actions, sons of Solyma.
O heavenly Salems sons! you send the right,
You violence resist, and fraud bewray;
The ill with ill, the good with good you pay.
And if you list to mortall eye appear,
You thick that veil, and so your selves array
With visibility: O myst'ry rare!!
That thickned veile should maken things appear more bare!

28

But well I wot that nothing's bare to sense,
For sense cannot arrive to th' inwardnesse
Of things, nor penetrate the crusty fence
Of constipated matter close compresse:
Or that were laid aside, yet natheless
Things thus unbar'd, to sense be more obscure.
Therefore those sonnes of Love when they them dresse
For sight, they thick the vest of *Uranure*,
And from their centre overflow't with beauty pure.

29

Thus many goodly things have been unfold
Of *Uranures* fair changing ornament:
Yet farre more hidden lye as yet untold;
For all to tell was never my intent,
Neither all could I tell if I so meant.
For her large robe all the wide world doth fill:
It's various largenesse no man can depaint:
My pen's from thence, my Book my Ink; but skill
From *Uranures* own self down gently doth distill.

30

But yet one thing I saw that I'll not passe,
At the low hem of this large garment gay
Number of goodly balls there pendent was,
Some like the Sun, some like the Moones white ray,
Some like discoloured Tellus, when the day
Discries her painted coat: In wondrous wise
These coloured ones do circle, float and play,
As those farre shining Rounds in open skies:
Their course the best Astronomer might well aggrize.

31

These danc't about: but some I did espie
That steddy stood, 'mongst which there shined one;
More fairly shineth not the worlds great eye,
Which from his plenteous store unto the Moon
Kindly imparteth light, that when he's gone,
She might supply his place, and well abate
The irksome uglinesse of that foul drone,
Sad heavie Night, yet quick to work the fate
Of murd'red travellers, when they themselves belate.

32

O gladsome life of sense that doth adore
The outward shape of the worlds curious frame!
The proudest Prince that ever Sceptre bore
(Though he perhaps observeth not the same)
The loweſt hem doth kisse of that we name
The stole of *Uranore*, these parts that won
To drag in dirty earth (nor do him blame)
These doth he kisse: why should he be fordone?
How sweet it is to live! what joy to see the Sonne!

33

But O what joy it is to see the Sun
Of *Æons* kingdomes, and th' eternall Day
That never night o'retakes! the radiant throne
Of the great Queen, the Queen *Uranura*!
Then she gan first the Sceptre for to sway,
And rule with wisdome, when Atuvus old,
Hence Abad we him call, did tie them tway
With nuptiall charm and wedding-ring of gold:
Then sagely he the case gan to them thus untold:

34

My first born Sonne, and thou my Dughter dear,
Look on your aged Sire, the deep abysse,
In which and out of which you first appear;
I *Abad* hight, and *Abad* oneneſse is:
Therefore be one (his words do never misse)
They one became. I *Hattove* also hight,
Said he; and *Hattove* goodneſse is and blisse:
Therefore in goodneſse be ye fast unite:
Let Unity, Love, Good, be measures of your might.

They

35

They straight accord: Then he put on the ring;
The ring of lasting gold on *Uranure*;
Then gan the youthful lads aloud to sing,
Hymen! O Hymen! O the Virgin pure!
O holy Bride! long may this joy indure.
After the song *Atove* his speech hagain
Renews. My Son, I unto thee assure
All judgement and authority soveraign
He spake as unto one: for one became those twain.

36

To thee each knee in Heaven and Earth shall bow,
And whatsoever wons in darker cell
Under the Earth: If thou thy awfull brow
Contract, those of the Æthiopian hell
Shall lout, and do thee homage; they that dwel
In Tharsis, Tritons fry, the Ocean-god,
Iim an! Ziim, all the Satyres fell
That in empty Ilands maken their abode:
All those and all things else shall tremble at thy rod.

37

Thy rod thou shalt extend from sea to sea,
And thy Dominion to the worlds end;
All Kings shall vow thee faithfull fealty,
Then peace and truth on all the earth I'll send:
Nor moody Mars my metalls may mispend,
Of Warlike instruments they plow-shares shall
And pruning hooks efform. All things shall wend
For th' best, and thou the head shalt be o're all.
Have I not sworn thee King? true King Catholicall!

38

Thus farre he spake, and then again respired;
And all this time he held their hand in one;
Then they with chearfull look one thing desired,
That he nould break this happy union:
I happy union break? quoth he anon:
I *Ahad?* Father of Community?
Then they: That you nould let your hand be gone
Off from our hands: He grants with smiling glee:
So each stroke struck on earth is struck from these same three.

These

39

These three are *Abad*, *Æon*, *Uranore*:
Abad these three in one do h counite,
What so is done on earth the self same power
(Which is exett upon each mortall wight)
Is joyntly from all these B it she that hight
Fair *Uranore*, men also *Psy be* call.
Great *Psyche* men and A g ls dear delight,
Invested in her stole æthereall,
Which though so high it be, do n to the earth doth fall.

40

The externall form of this large flowing stole,
My Muse so as she might above d splaid:
But th' inward triple golden film to unroll,
Ah! he me teach that triple film hath made,
And brought out light out of the deadly shade
Of darkest Chaos, and things that are seen
Made to appear out of the gloomy glade
Of unseen beings: Them we call unseen,
Not that they 're so indeed, but so to mortall eyen.

41

The first of these fair films, we *Physis* name.
Nothing in Nature did you ever spy,
But there's pourtraid: all beasts both wild and tame,
Each bird is here, and every buzzing fly;
All forrest-work is in this tapestry:
The Oke, the Holm, the Ash the *Aspine* tree,
The lonesome Buzzard, th' Eagle, and the Py,
The Buck, the Bear, the Boar, the Hare, the Bee,
The Brize, the black-arm'd Clock, the Gnat, the Butterflie.

42

Snakes, Adders Hydraes, Dragons, Toads, and Frogs,
Th' own-litter-loving Ape, the Worm, and Snail,
Th' undaunted Lion, Horses, Men, and Dogs,
Their number's infinite, nought c th 't avail
To reckon all, the time would surely fail:
And all besprinkled with centrall spots,
Dark little spots, is this hid inward veil:
But when the hot bright dart doth pierce these knots,
Each one dispreads it self according to their lots.

When

43

When they diſpread themſelves, then gins to ſwell
Dame *Pſyches* outward veſt, as th' inward wind
Softly gives forth, full ſoftly doth it well
Forth from the centrall ſpot; yet as confin'd
To certain ſhape, according to the mind
Of the firſt centre, not perfect circ'lar-wiſe,
It ſhoots it ſelf: for ſo the outward kind
Of things were loſt, and Natures good device
Of different forms would hidden lie in one agguize.

44

But it according to the impreſt Art
(That Arts impreſſion's from, *Idea-Lond*)
So drives it forth before it every part
According to true Symmetry: the bond
And juſt precinct (unleſſe it be withſtond)
It alwayes keeps. But that old Hag that hight
Foul *Hyle* miſtreſſe of the miry ſtrond,
Oft her withſtands, and taketh great delight
To hinder *Phyſis* work, and work her all deſpight.

45

The ſelf ſame envious witch with poyſon'd dew,
From her foul eben-box, all tinctures ſtains,
Which fairly good be in hid *Phyſis* hew:
That film all tinctures fair in it contains;
But ſhe their goodly glory much reſtrains.
She colours dims; clogs taſtes; and damps the ſounds
Of ſweeteſt muſick; touch to ſcorching pains
She turns, or baſer tumults; ſmels confounds.
O horrid womb of hell, that with ſuch ill abounds.

46

From this firſt film all bulk in quantity
Doth bougen out, and figure thence obtain.
Here eke begins the life of Sympathy,
And hidden virtue of magnetick vein,
Where unknown ſpirits beat, and *Pſyche's* trane
Drag as they liſt, upon purſuit or flight;
One part into another they conſtrain
Through ſtrong deſire, and then again remit.
Each outward form's a ſhrine of its magnetick ſpright.

47

The ripen'd child breaks through his mothers womb,
The raving billows clofely undermine
The ragged rocks, and then the ſeas intomb
Their heavy corſe, and they their heads recline
On working ſand: The Sunne and Moon combine,
Then they 're at ods in fite Diametrall:
The former age to th' preſent place reſigne:
And what's all this but wafts of winds centrall
That ruffle, touze, and toſſe Dame *Pſyche's* wrimpled veil?

48

So *Phyſis*. Next is Arachnea thin,
The thinner of theſe two, but thinn'ſt of all
Is *Semele*, that's next to Pſyches skin.
The ſecond we thin *Arachnea* call,
Becauſe the ſpider, that in Princes hall
Takes hold with her induſtrious hand, and weaves
Her dainty tender web; far ſhort doth fall
Of this ſoft yeilding veſt; this veſt deceives
The ſpiders curious touch, and of her praiſe bereaves.

49

In midſt of this fine web doth *Haphe* ſit:
She is the centre from whence all the light
Diſpreads, and goodly glorious Forms do flit
Hither and thither. Of this mirour bright
Haphe's the life and repreſenting might
Haphe's the mother of ſenſe-ſympathy;
Hence are both Hearing, Smelling, Taſte, and Sight:
Haphe's the root of felt vitality;
But *Haphe's* mother hight all-ſpread Community.

50

In this clear ſhining mirour *Pſyche* ſees
All that falls under ſenſe, what ere is done
Upon the Earth; the Deſerts ſhaken trees,
The mournfull winds, the ſolitary wonne
Of dreaded beaſts, the Lybian Lyons moan,
When their hot entralls ſcorch with hunger keen,
And they to God for meat do deeply groan;
He hears their cry, he ſees of them unſeen;
His eyelids compaſſe all that in the wide world been.

51

He ſees the weary traveller ſit down
In the waſte field oft-times with carefull chear:
His chafed feet, and the long way to town,
His burning thirſt, faintneſſe, and Panick fear,
Becauſe he ſees not him that ſtands ſo near,
Fetch from his ſoul deep ſighs with count'nance ſad,
But he looks on to whom nought doth diſpear:
O happy man that full perſuation had
Of this! if right at home, nought of him were ydrad.

52

A many ſparrows for ſmall price be ſold,
Yet none of them his wings on earth doth cloſe
Lighting full ſoft, but that eye doth behold,
Their jets, their jumps, that mirour doth diſcloſe.
Thrice happy he that putteth his repoſe
In his all-preſent God. That Africk rock
But touch't with heedleſſe hand, Auſter aroſe
With bluſt'ring rage, that with his irefull ſhock
And moody might he made the worlds frame nigh to rock.

53

And ſhall not He, when his Anointed be
Ill handled, riſe, and in his wrathfull ſtour
Diſperſe, and quell the haughty enemy,
Make their brisk ſprights to lout and lowly lowr?
Or elſe confound them quite with mighty power?
Touch not my Kings, my Prophets let alone,
Harm not my Preiſts; or you ſhall ill endure
Your works ſad payment and that deadly lone;
Keep off your hand from that high holy Rock of ſtone.

54

Do not I ſee? I ſlumber not nor ſleep.
Do not I hear? each noiſe by ſhady night
My mirour repreſents: when mortals ſteep
Their languid limbs in Morpheus dull delight,
I hear ſuch ſounds as Adams brood would fright.
The dolefull echoes from the hollow hill
Mock howling wolves: the woods with black bedight
Anſwer rough Pan, his pipe and eke his skill,
And all the Satyr-routs rude whoops and ſhoutings ſhrill.

The

55

The night's no night to me: What? shall the Owl
And nimble Cat their courses truly steer,
And guide their feet and wings to every hole
So right, this on the ground, that in the air?
And shall not I by night see full as clear?
All sense doth in proportion consist,
Arachnea doth all proportions bear;
All sensible proportions that fine twist
Contains: all life of sense is in great *Haphes* list.

56

Sense and content, and all abhorrency,
Be variously divided in each one
Partic'lar creature: But antipathy
Cannot be there where fit proportion
Strikes in with all things in harmonious tone.
Thus *Haphe* feels nought to her self contrair:
In her there's tun'd a just Diapason
For every outward stroke: withouten jarre
Thus each thing doth she feel, and each thing easly bear.

57

But *Haphe* and *Arachne* I'll dismisse,
And that fourth vest, rich *Semele* display:
The largest of all foure and loosest is
This floting flouring changeable array.
How fairly doth it shine, and nimbly play,
Whiles gentle winds of *Paradise* do blow,
And that bright Sun of the eternall day
Upon it glorious light and forms doth strow,
And *Abad* it with love and joy doth overflow.

58

This all-spread *Semele* doth *Bacchus* bear,
Impregn'd of *Jove* or *On*. He is the wine
That sad down-drooping senses wont to rear,
And chearlesse hearts to comfort in ill time.
He flames chast Poets brains with fire divine;
The stronger spright the weaker spright doth sway;
No wonder then each phansie doth incline
To their great mother *Semel*, and obey
The vigourous impresse of her enforcing ray.

59

She is the mother of each Semele:
The daughters be divided one from one;
But ſhe graſps all. How can ſhe then but ſee
Each Semels ſhadows by this union?
She ſees and ſwayes imagination
As ſhe thinks good; and if that ſhe think good
She lets it play by't ſelf, yet looketh on,
While ſhe keeps in that large ſtrong-beating floud
That makes the Poet write, and rave as he were wood.

60

Prophets and Poets have their life from hence;
Like fire into their marrow it ſearcheth deep;
This flaming fiery flake doth choak all ſenſe,
And binds the lower man with brazen ſleep:
Corruption through all his bones doth creep,
And raging raptures do his ſoul outſnatch:
Round-turning whirlwinds on Olympus ſteep
Do caſt the ſoul, that earſt they out did catch:
Then ſtiller whiſpering winds dark viſions unlatch.

61

But not too farre, thou bold Platonick Swain:
Strive not at once all myſt'ries to diſcover
Of that ſtrange School: More and more hard remain
As yet untold. But let us now recover
Strength to our ſelves by reſt in duly houre.
Great *Pſyches* Parentage, Marriage, and Weeds
We having ſung according to our power,
That we may riſe more freſh for morning deeds,
Let's here take Inne and reſt our weary ſweating ſteeds.

The Argument of
PSYCHOZOIA,
Or,
The life of the Soul.

CANT. II.

Here's taught how into Pſychanie
Souls from their centrall ſourſe
Go forth, Here Beirons ingeny
Old Mnemon doth diſcourſe.

1

I Sang great *Pſyche* in my former ſong,
Old *Atoves* daughter, ſiſter unto *On*,
Mother of all that nimble Atom-throng
Of winged Lives, and Generation.
When *Pſyche* wedded to *Autocalon*,
They both to *Abad* forthwith ſtraight were led:
For as you heard, all theſe became but one,
And ſo conjoyn'd they lie all in one bed,
And with that four-fold veſt they be all overſpred.

2

Here lies the inmoſt Centre of Creation,
From whence all inward forms and life proceed:
Here's that aereall ſtole, that to each fathion
Of Senſibles is matter for their weed.
This is the ground where God doth ſow his ſeed,
And whileſt he ſows with whiſpering charms doth bid
This flouriſh long, and that to make more ſpeed,
And all in order by his Word doth rid:
So in their fatall round they 'pear and then are hid.

3

Beginning, End, Form and Continuance
Th' impreſſion of his Word to them doth deal,
Occurrences he ſees, and mindeth chance:
But chance hath bounds. The Sea cannot o're ſwell
His juſt precincts. Or rocky ſhores repell
His foming force; or elſe his inward life
And Centrall rains do fairly him compell
Within himſelf, and gently 'peaſe the ſtrife,
Or makes him gnaw the bit with rore and rage full rife.

4

So fluid chance is ſet its certain bound,
Although with circling winds it be ytoſt;
And ſo the pilots skill doth quite confound
With unexpected ſtorms, and men have loſt
Their time, their labour, and their precious coſt.
Yet ther's a Neptune Soveraign of this Sea,
Which thoſe that in themſelves put not their truſt
To rude miſchance did never yet betray:
It's He, whom both the winds and ſtormy Seas obey.

5

Now ſith my wandring Bark ſo far is gone,
And flitten forth upon the Ocean main,
I thee beſeech that juſt dominion
Haſt of the Sea, and art true Soveraign
Of working phancie when it floats amain
With full impregned billows and ſtrong rage
Enforceth way upon the boyling plain,
That thou wouldſt ſteer my ſhip with wiſdome ſage,
That I with happy courſe may run my watery ſtage.

6

My mind is mov'd dark Parables to ſing
Of *Pſyches* progeny that from her came,
When ſhe was married to that great King,
Great *Fon*, who juſt title well may claim
To every ſoul, and brand them with his name.
Its He that made us, and not our own might:
But who, alas! this work can well proclaim?
We ſilly ſheep cannot bleat out aright
The manner how: but that that giveth light is light.

7

Then let us borrow from the glorious Sun
A little light to illuſtrate this act,
Such as he is in his ſolſtitiall Noon,
When in the Welkin there's no cloudy tract
For to make groſſe his beams, and light refract.
Then ſweep by all thoſe Globes that by reflexion
His long ſmall ſhafts do rudely beaten back,
And let his rayes have undenied projection,
And ſo we will purſue this myſteries retection.

8

Now think upon that gay diſcoloured Bow:
That part that is remoteſt from the light
Doth duskiſh hew to the beholder ſhow;
The nearer parts have colour farre more bright,
And next the brighteſt is the ſubtle light;
Then colours ſeem but a diſtinct degree
Of light now failing; ſuch let be the ſight
Of his farre ſpreaden beams that ſhines on high:
Let vaſt diſcoloured Orbs cloſe his extremitie,

9

The laſt Extreme, the fartheſt off from light,
That's Natures deadly ſhadow, *Hyle's* cell.
O horrid cave, and womb of dreaded night!
Mother of witchcraft, and the curſed ſpell,
Which nothing can avail 'gainſt *Iſrael*.
No Magick can him hurt; his portion
Is not divided Nature; he doth dwell
In light, in holy love, in union;
Not faſt to this or that, But free communion.

10

Dependance of this All hence doth appear,
And ſeverall degrees ſubordinate.
But phancie's ſo unfit ſuch things to clear,
That oft it makes them ſeem more intricate:
And now Gods work it doth diſterminate
Too farre from his own reach: But he withall
More inward is, and farre more intimate
Then things are with themſelves. His Ideall,
And Centrall preſence is in every Atom-ball

11

Therefore thoſe different hews through all extend
So farre as light: Let light be every where:
And every where with light diſtinctly blend
Thoſe different colours which I nam'd whilere
The Extremities of that farre ſhining ſphear.
And that far ſhining ſphear, which Centre was
Of all thoſe different colours, and bright chear,
You muſt unfaſten; ſo o're ſpred it has,
Or rather deeply fill'd with Centrall ſand each place.

12

Now ſith that this withouten penetrance
Of bodies may be done: we clearly ſee
(As well as that pendent ſubordinance)
The nearly couching of each Realtie,
And the Creatours cloſe propinquitie
To ev'ry creature. This be underſtood
Of differentiall profunditie.
But for the overſpreading Latitude;
Why may't not equally be ſtretch'd with th' Ocean floud?

13

There *Proteus* wonnes and fleet *Idothea*,
Where the loweſt ſtep of that profunditie
Is pight; Next that is *Pſyche's* out-array:
It *Taſis* hight: *Phyſis* is next degree:
There *Pſyche's* feet impart a ſmaller fee
Of gentle warmth. *Phyſis* is the great womb
From whence all things in th' Univerſity
Yclad in divers forms do gaily bloom,
And after fade away, as *Pſyche* gives the doom.

14

Next *Phyſis* is the tender *Arachnee*.
There in her ſubtile loom doth *Haphe* ſit:
But the laſt veſt is changing *Semele*:
And next is *Pſyches* ſelf. Theſe garments fit
Her ſacred limbs full well, and are ſo knit
One part to other, that the ſtrongeſt ſway
Of ſharpeſt axe, them no'te aſunder ſmite.
The ſeaventh is *Æon* with Eternall ray:
The eighth *Atove*, ſteddy Cube, all propping *Adonài*.

Upon

15

Upon this universall Ogdoas
Is founded every particularment:
From this same universall Diapase
Each harmony is fram'd and sweet concent.
But that I swerve not far from my intent,
This Ogdoas let 't be an Unitie
One mighty quickned Orb of vast extent,
Throughly possest of lifes communitie,
And so those vests be seats of Gods vitality.

16

Now deem this universall Round alone,
And rayes no rayes but a first all-spred light,
And centrick all like one pellucid Sun;
A Sun that's free, not bound by Natures might,
That where he lists exerts his rayes outright,
Both when he lists, and what, and eke how long,
And then retracts so as he thinketh meet.
These rayes be that particular creature-throng:
Their number none can tell, but that all-making tongue.

17

Now blundring Naturalist behold the spring
Of thy deep-searching soul, that fain would know
Whether a mortall or immortall thing
It be, and whence at first it 'gan to flow;
And that which chiefest is where it must go.
Some fixt necessity thou fain wouldst find:
But no necessity, where there's no law,
But the good pleasure of an unty'd mind:
Therefore thy God seek our, and leave Nature behind.

18

He kills, He makes alive; the keys of Hell
And Death he hath. He can keep souls to wo
When cruell hands of Fate them hence expell:
Or He in *Lethe's* lake can drench them so,
That they no act of life or sense can show.
They march out at His word, and they retreat;
March out with joy, retreat with footing slow
In gloomy shade, benumm'd with pallid sweat,
And with their feeble wings their fainting breasts they beat.

19

But ſouls that of his own good life partake
He loves as his own ſelf; dear as His eye
They are to Him: He'll never them forſake:
When they ſhall dye, then God himſelf ſhall die.
They live, they live in bleſt Eternity.
The wicked are not ſo; but like the dirt,
Trampled by man and beaſt, in grave they lye.
Filth and corruption is their rufull ſort:
Themſelves with death and wormes in darkneſſe they diſport.

20

Their rotten relicks lurk cloſe under ground:
With living wight no ſenſe or ſympathy
They have at all; nor hollow thundring ſound
Of roring winds, that cold mortality
Can make, ywrapt in ſad Fatality.
To horſes hoof that beats his graſſie dore
He anſwers not: The Moon in ſilency,
Doth paſſe by night, and all bedew him or'e
With her cold humid rayes; but he feels not Heavens power.

21

O dolefull lot of diſobedience!
If God ſhou'd ſouls thus drench in Lethe lake
But O unſpeakable torture of ſenſe,
When ſinfull ſouls do life and ſenſe partake,
That thoſe damn'd Spirits may them anvils make
Of their fell cruelty, that lay ſuch blows
That very ruth doth make my heart to quake
When I conſider of the dreary woes,
And tearing torment that each ſoul then undergoes.

22

Hence the ſouls nature we may plainly ſee:
A beam it is of th' Intellectuall Sun.
A ray indeed of that Æternity;
But ſuch a ray as when it firſt out ſhone,
From a free light its ſhining date begun.
And that ſame light when 't liſt can call it in;
Yet that free light hath given a free wonne
To this dependent ray: Hence cometh ſin;
From ſin dred Death and Hell theſe wages doth it win.

Each

23

Each life a ſeverall ray is from that Sphear
That Sphear doth every life in it contain.
Arachne, *Semel*, and the reſt do bear
Their proper virtue, and with one joynt ſtrain
And powerfull ſway they make impreſſion plain,
And all their rayes be joyned into one
By *Abad*: ſo this womb withouten pain
Doth flocks of ſouls ſend out that have their won
Where they liſt moſt to graze; as I ſhall tell anon.

24

The countrey where they live *Pſychania* hight,
Great *Pſychany*, that hath ſo mighty bounds,
If bounds it have at all. So infinite
It is of bigneſſe, that it me confounds
To think to what a vaſtneſſe it amounds.
The Sun Saturnus, Saturn the Earth exceeds
The Earth the Moon; but all thoſe fixed Rounds;
But *Pſychany* thoſe fixed Rounds exceeds,
As farre as thoſe fix'd Rounds excell ſmall muſtard-ſeeds.

25

Two mighty Kingdomes hath this *Pſychany*,
The one ſelf-feeling *Autæſthesia*;
The other hight god-like *Theoprepy*,
Autæſthesy's divided into tway:
One province cleped is great *Adamah*
Which alſo hight *Beirah* of brutiſh faſhion;
The other Providence is *Dizoia*;
There you may ſee much mungrill transformation,
Such monſtrous ſhapes proceed from Niles foul inundation.

26

Great *Michael* ruleth *Theoprepia*,
A mighty Prince. King of *Autæſthesy*
Is that great Giant who bears mighty ſway,
Father of Diſcord, Falſhood, Tyranny,
His name is *Dæmon*, not from Sciency,
Although he boaſteth much of skilfull pride;
But he's the fount of foul duality,
That wicked witch *Dueſſa* is his bride:
From his dividing force this name to him betide.

Or

27

Or for that he himſelf is quite divided
Down to the belly; there's ſome unity:
But head, and tongue, and heart be quite diſcided;
Two heads, two tongues, and eke two hearts there be.
This head doth miſchief plot, that head doth ſee
Wrong fairly to o'reguild. One tongue doth pray,
The other curſe. The hearts do ne're agree
But felly one another do upbray:
An ugly cloven foot this moniſter doth upſtay.

28

Two ſons great *Dæmon* and *Dueſſa* hath:
Autophilus the one ycleeped is;
In *Dizoie* he worketh wondrous ſcath;
He is the cauſe what ſo there goes amiſſe,
In *Pſyches* ſtronger plumed progenies.
But *Philoſomatus* rules *Beirah*.
This proud puft Giant whilom did ariſe,
Born of the ſlime of *Autæſthesia*,
And bred up theſe two ſons yborn of *Dueſſa*.

29

Dueſſa firſt invented magick lore,
And great skill hath to joyn and diſunite;
This herb makes love, that hearb makes hatred ſore:
And much ſhe can againſt an *Edomite*;
But nought ſhe can againſt an *Iſraelite*,
Whoſe heart's upright and doth himſelf forſake.
For he that's one with God no magick might
Can draw or here or there through blind miſtake.
Magick can onely quell natures *Dæmoniake*.

30

But that I may in time my ſelf betake
To ſtraighter courſe, few things I will relate,
Of which old *Mnemon* mention once did make.
A jolly Swain he was in youthfull ſtate,
When he mens natures gan to contemplate,
And kingdomes view: But he was aged then
When I him ſaw; his years bore a great date;
He numbred had full ten times ten times ten:
There's no *Pythagoriſt* but knows well what I mean.

Old

31

Old *Mnemons* head and beard was hoary white,
But yet a chearfull countenance he had:
His vigorous eyes did ſhine like ſtarres bright,
And in good decent freez he was yclad,
As blith and buxom as was any lad
Of one and twenty cloth'd in forreſt green;
Both blith he was, and eke of counſell ſad:
Like winter-morn bedight with ſnow and rine
And ſunny rayes, ſo did his goodly Eldſhip ſhine.

32

Of many famous towns in *Beirah*,
And many famous Laws and uncouth Rites
He ſpake: but vain it is for to aſſay
To reckon up ſuch numbers infinite.
And much he ſpake where I had no inſight,
But well I wot that ſome there preſent had;
For words to ſpeak to uncapable wight
Of fooliſhneſſe proceeds or phrenſie mad.
So alwayes ſome, I wis, could trace his ſpeeches pad.

33

But that which I do now remember beſt,
Is that which he of *Pſittacuſa* lond
Did ſpeak. This *Pſittacuſe* is not the leaſt,
Or the moſt obſcure Countrey that is found
In waſtefull *Beiron:* it is renown'd
For famous Clerks yclad in greeniſh cloke,
Like Turkiſh Prieſts. if *Amoritiſh* ground
We call 't, no cauſe that title to revoke.
But of this Land to this effect old *Mnemon* ſpoke.

34

I travelled in *Pſittacuſa* Lond:
Th' Inhabitants the leſſer *Adamah*
Do call it; but then Adam I have found
It ancienter, if ſo I ſafely may
Unfold th' antiquity. They by one day
Are elder then old Adam, and by one
At leaſt are younger then Arcadia.
O' th' ſixth day Adam had's creations;
Thoſe on the fifth, the Arcades before the Moon.

In

35

In this ſame Land as I was on the rode,
A nimble traveller me overtook:
Fairly together on the way we yode.
Tho I gan cloſely on his perſon look;
And eye his garb: He ſtraight occaſion took
To entertain diſcourſe, though none I raught,
But unprovok'd he firſt me undertook:
So ſoon as he gan talk, then ſtraight I laught:
The Sage himſelf repreſt, but thought me nigh diſtraught.

36

His concave noſe, great head, and grave aſpect,
Affected tone, words without inward ſenſe,
My inly tickled ſpright made me detect
By outward laughter; but by beſt pretence
I purg'd my ſelf, and gave due reverence.
Then he gan gravely treat of codicils,
And of Book-readings paſſing excellence,
And tri'd his wit in prayſing gooſes quills:
O happy age! quoth he, the world Minerva fills.

37

I gave the talk to him, which pleas'd him well:
For then he ſeem'd a learned clerk to been,
When none contrary'd his uncontrolled ſpell,
But I, alas! though unto him unſeen,
Did flow with tears, as if that onyons keen
Had pierc'd mine eyen. Strange vertue of fond joy:
They ought to weep that be in heavie teen.
But nought my lightſome heart did then annoy:
So light it lay, it mov'd at every windie toy.

38

As we yode ſoftly on, a Yongſter gent
With bever cock't, and arm ſet on one ſide
(His youthfull fire quickly our pace out-went)
Full fiercely pricked on in madcap pride,
The mettle of his horſes heels he tri'd,
He haſted to his countrey *Pitbecuſe*.
Moſt haſte, worſt ſpeed: ſtill on our way we ride,
And him o'retake halting through hapleſſe bruize;
We help him up again, our help he nould refuſe.

Then

39

Then gan the learn'd and ag'd *Don Pfittaco,*
When he another auditour had got,
To ſpruſe his plumes, and wiſdome ſage to ſhow,
And with his ſacred lore to waſh the ſpot
Of youthfull blemiſhes; but frequent jot
Of his hard ſetting jade did ſo confound
The words that he by paper-ſtealth had got,
That their loſt ſenſe the yongſter could not ſound,
Though he with mimicall attention did abound.

40

Yet ſome of thoſe faint winged words came near,
Of God, of Adam, and the ſhape divine,
Which Adams children have; (theſe pierc'd his eare)
And how that man is lord of every kind
Of beaſts, of birds, and of each hidden mine
Of natures treaſures. He to Adams ſonne
The wide world for his kingdome doth deſigne:
And ever naming God, he lookd aboven:
Pithecus ſtraight plac'd God a thought above the Moon.

41

Pithecus, ſo they call this gentle wight,
The docible young man eas'ly could trace
His maſters ſteps, moſt quick and expedite.
When *Pfittaco* look'd up to holy place,
Pithecus ſtraight with ſanctimonious grace
Caſt up his eyes; and when the ſhape divine,
Which Adam had from God, he gan to praiſe,
Pithecus draws himſelf ſtraight from that line,
And phanſies his ſweet face with heavenly hiew to ſhine.

42

He pincht his hat, and from his horſes ſide
Stretcht forth his ruſſet legs, himſelf inclin'd
Now here, now there, and moſt exactly eyed
His comely lineaments, that he might find
What ever beauty elſe he had not mind
As yet in his fair corſe. But that full right
And vaſt prerogative did ſo vnbind
His ſtraighted ſprights, that with tyrannick might
He forc'd his feeble beaſt, and ſtraight fled out of ſight.

Then

43

Then I and *Pſittaco* were left alone;
And which was ſtrange, he deeply ſilent was:
Whether ſome inward grief he from that ſon,
Conceiv'd, and deemed it no ſmall diſgrace
That that bold youngſter ſhould ſo little paſſe
His learned ſpeech; or whether nought to ſain
He had then left; or whether a wild chaſe
Of flitting inconſiſtent thoughts he than
Purſu'd, which turn'd and toy'd in his confuſed brain.

44

Or whether he was woxen ſo diſcreet,
As not to ſpeak till fit occaſion.
(To judge the beſt, that Charity counts meet)
Therefore that Senior ſad I gan anon
Thus to beſpeak: Good Sir, I crave pardon
If ſo I chance to break that golden twiſt
You ſpin, by rude interpellation,
That twiſt of choiceſt thoughts. No whit I miſs'd
The mark I aimed at; to ſpeak he had great liſt.

45

So then his ſpirits gan to come again,
And to enact his corps and impart might
Unto his languide tongue, and every vein
Received heat, when due conceived right
I did to him; and weend he plainly ſee't
That I was toucht with admiration
Of his deep learning, and quick ſhifting ſight.
Then I gan quire of the wide *Bebiron*.
Bebiron, quoth that Sage, that hight *Anthropion*.

46

Anthropion we call't; but th' holy tongue
(His learning lay in words) that *Bebiron*
Which we *Anthropion*, calls, as I among
The Rabbins read: but ſooth to ſay, no tone,
Nor tongue, or ſpeech, ſo ſweet as is our own,
Or ſo ſignificant. For mark the ſenſe:
From ἄνω ὄψειν is *Anthropion*;
And we are all of an upright preſence;
Nor I'll be drawn from this conceit by no pretence.

47

I prais'd his ſteddy faith and confidence,
That ſtood as faſt as trunk or rock of ſtone;
Yet nathelеſſe, ſaid I, the excellence
Of ſtedfaſtneſſe is not to yield to none,
But ſtiff to ſtand till mov'd by right reaſon;
And then by yielding, part of victory
To gain. What fitneſſe in *Anthropien?*
Baboons, and Apes, as well as th' *Anthropi*
Do go upright, and beaſts grown mad do view the ſky.

48

Then marken well what great affinitie
There is twixt Ape, mad Beaſt, and Satyrs wild,
And the Inhabitants of *Anthropie*,
When they are deſtitute of manners mild,
And th' inward man with brutiſhneſſe defil'd
Hath life and love and luſt and cogitation
Fixt in foul ſenſe, or moving in falſe guile;
That holy tongue the better nomination,
So farre, I know, may give: 'Tis gheſſe, not full perſwaſion.

49

Therefore, O learned Sir, aread aright,
What may this word *Behiron* ſignifie?
He wondrous glad to ſhew his Grammar-might,
This ſame word *Behiron* doth ſignifie
The brutiſh nature, or brutallitie,
Said he: and with his voice lift up his front.
Then I his skill did gaily magnifie,
And bleſt me, I an idiot ſhould light on't
So happily, that never was a ſcholar count;

50

And ſaid, Then holy tongue is on my ſide;
And holy tongue is better then profane.
He angry at his courteſie, reply'd,
That learned men ought for to entertain
Diſcourſe of learned tongues, and countrey ſwain
Of countrey 'fairs. But for to anſwer thee,
This I dare warrant ſurely to maintain,
If to contrair the holy tongue ſhould be
Abſurd, I find enough ſuch contrariety,

51

Then I in ſimple ſort him anſwered thus,
I ken not the ſtrange guize of learned Schools,
But if Gods thoughts be contrair unto us,
Let not deep wonderment poſſeſſe our ſouls,
If he call fools wiſemen, and wiſemen fools.
If rich he poore men term, if poore men rich,
If crafty States-men, ſilly countrey gulls,
Beaſts men, men beaſts, with many other ſuch:
God ſeeth not as man ſeeth, God ſpeaks not in mans ſpeech.

52

Straight he to higher p:arch, like bird in cage,
Did skip, and ſang of etern Deſtiny,
Of ſight and foreſight he with count'nance ſage
Did ſpeak, and did unfold Gods ſecreſie,
And left untoucht no hidden myſtery.
I lowly louting held my cap in hond:
He askt what meant that ſo ſudden courſie.
I pardon crave, ſaid I, for manners fond;
You are Heavens Privy-Counſellour I underſtond,

53

Which I wiſt not before: ſo deep inſight
Into the hidden things of God who can
Attain unto, without that quickning ſpright
Of the true God? Who knows the mind of man
But that ſame ſpright that in his breaſt doth won?
Therefore the key of Gods hid ſecreſie
Is his own ſpright, that's proper to the Son,
And thoſe of that ſecond nativity,
Which holy Temples are of the Divinity.

54

Therefore as th' ſacred Seat o' th' Deity,
I unto you ſeemly behaviour make,
If you be ſuch as you may ſeem to be.
It is mans nature eaſily to miſtake.
My words his mind did quite aſunder break:
For he full forward was all to aſſume
That might him gild with glory, and pertake
With God; and joyed greatly in vain fume,
And prided much himſelf in his purloined plume.

So

55

So that full loth he was for to undo
My fairly winded up concluſion;
Yet inwardly did not aſſent unto
My premiſes: for foul preſumption
He thought, if that a private idiot man
By his new birth ſhould either equallize,
Or elſe outſtrip the bookiſh nation.
Perhaps ſome foul deformities diſguiſe
Their life: tuſh! that to knowledge is no prejudice.

56

But he nould ſay ſo: for why? he was bent
To keep the credit which he then had got,
As he conceiv'd: for it had been yblent;
It might have hazarded half of his lot,
To wit his god-like hue withouten ſpot,
If ſo be ſuch deep knowledge could conſiſt
With wicked life: but he nould loſe one jot
Of his ſo high eſteem, nor me reſiſt.
So I eſcap'd the ſouſe of his contracted fiſt.

57

And here I think we both as dumb had been
As were the ſlow-foot beaſts on which we rode
Had not Don *Pſittaco* by fortune ſeen
A place which well he knew though diſallow'd;
Which he to me with earneſt countenance ſhow'd
Hiſting me nearer; nearer both we go
And cloſely under the thick hedges crowd,
Which were not yet ſo thick but they did ſhow
Through their falſe ſprays all the whole place and perſons too.

58

It was to weet, a trimly decked Cloſe
Whoſe graſſie pavement wrought with even line
Ran from the Morn upon the Evening-cloſe.
The Eaſtern end by certain ſteps they climbe
To do their holy things, (O ſight divine!)
There on the middle of the higheſt flore
A large geen turf ſquar'd out, all freſh and fine
Not much unlike to Altars us'd of yore
Right fairly was adorn'd with every glittering flower.

59

At either end of this well rained ſod
A ſtately ſtalk ſhot up of Torchwort high
Whoſe yellow flames ſmall light did caſt abroad
But yet a pleaſant ſhew they yield the eye.
A pretty ſpace from this we did deſcry
An hollow Oak, whoſe navell the rough ſaw
Long ſince had clove: ſo ſtanding wet and dry
Around the ſtumped top ſoft moſſe did grow
Whoſe velvet hue and verdure cuſhion-like did ſhow.

60

Within the higher hedge of thickn'd trees
A lower rank on either ſide we ſaw
Of leſſer ſhrubs even-ſet with artifice.
There the wood-quiriſters ſat on a row
And ſweetly ſung while Boreas did blow
Above their heads, with various whiſtling
As his blaſts hap to break (now high, now low)
Againſt the branches of the waving Pines
And other neighbour plants, ſtill rocking with the winds.

61

But above theſe birds of more ſightly plume
With gold and purple feathers gayly dight
Are rank'd aloft. But th' Eagle doth aſſume
The higheſt ſprig. For his it is by right.
Therefore in ſeemly ſort he there is pight
Sitting aloft in his green Cabinet
From whence he all beholds with awfull ſight,
Who ever in that ſolemne place were met,
At the Weſt end for better view, right ſtately ſet.

62

After a ſong loud chanted by that Quire
Tun'd to the whiſtling of the hollow winde
Comes out a gay Pye in his rich attire
The ſnowie white with the black ſattin ſhin'd,
On's head a ſilken cap he wore unlin'd:
When he had hopped to the middle flore
His bowing head right lowly he inclin'd
As if ſome Deity he did adore,
And ſeemly geſtures make counting the Heavenly powr.

Thus

63

Thus cring'd he toward th' East with shivering wings
With eyes on the square sod devoutly bent.
Then with short flight up to the Oak he springs
Where he thrice congied after his ascent
With posture chang'd from th' East to th'Occident,
Thrice bowed he down and easily thrice he rose;
Bow'd down so low as if 't had been's intent
On the green mosse to wipe his swarthy nose.
Anon he chatters loud, but why himself best knows.

64

There we him leave, impatient of stay
My self amaz'd such actions to see
And pretty gestures 'mongst those creatures gay:
So unexpected Uniformitie,
And such a semblance of due piety:
For every Crow as when he cries for rain
Did Eastward nod; and every Daw we see
When they first entered this grassie Plain
With shaking wings and bended bills ador'd the same.

65

O that the spirit of *Pythagoras*
Would now invade my breast, dear *Psittaco*!
Said I. In nature he so cunning was
As both the mind of birds and beasts to know,
What meant their voyces and their gestures too.
So might we riddle out some mystery
Which lieth hid in this strange uncouth show;
But thy grave self may be as wise as he
I wote. Aread then *Psittaco* what sights these be.

66

Certs, said he, thine eyes be waxen dim
These be the people of wide *Adamah*
These be no birds, 'tis true, they're sons of sin
And vessels of Heavens ire, for sooth to say
They have no faith, I fear nor ever may,
But be shap'd out for everlasting shame,
Thou ghthey deride us of *Psittacusa*:
Yet well I wot, we have the onely name
Above, and though all foul yet there devoyd of blame.

67

And that green ſpot which thou maiſt deem a Cloſe
It is to them no Cloſe but holy place
Ycleep'd a Church, whoſe ſight doth well diſpoſe
Approaching ſouls. The reſt thy ſelf maiſt trace
By true analogy, But I'll not paſſe
One thing remarkable, ſaid he to me:
It was Don *Pico* took the preaching place
A man of mighty power in his own See;
A man, no bird, as he did fondly ſeem to thee.

68

Mu. Tell then Don *Pſittaco*, what *Pico* ment
By his three bowings to the ſetting Sun
And ſingle obeſance toward th' Orient.
What! were they poſtures of Religion?
If ſo; why had thoſe yellow flames but one?
The Eagle three? That th' Eagle was his God
It is, ſaid he, a ſtrong preſumption,
Whom he firſt ſlightly in that holy ſod
After ador'd more fully with a triple nod.

69

Certes, quoth I, ſuch Majeſty divine
And ſeemly graces in the Eagle be
That they the gentle heart may well incline
To all reſpect and due civility.
But if that worſhip civill be, ſaid he,
Certes, Don *Pico* can not well excuſe
Himſelf from fault of impious flattery
His holy geſtures ſtreightway thus to uſe
To mortall man, redoubling thrice the bold abuſe.

70

But well obſerve, ſaid I, the motion.
While he draws lowly back his demure bill
Making it touch the moſſie cuſhion,
His moving Karkas ſhrinketh nearer ſtill
Toward the ſacred ſod.
What then, quoth he, was it in *Pico's* mind
That ſolemn ſervice with four ducks to fill
But one before, the other three behind.
My duller wit, ſaid I, the myſtery cannot find.

71

Ps. But I can find it. Superstition
And flattery, have made Don *Pico* blind.
These interfare in fond confusion.
But both conspire to hold up his swoln mind
In supercilious pride and wayes unkind.
For he doth dominere o're *Psittacuse*.
Dear *Psittacuse*! when shalt thou once ou-wind
Thy self from this sad yoke? who brings the news
Of Sions full release from scorn and foul abuse?

72

O had we once the power in our hands
How carefully the youth wee'd catechise,
But bind Gods enemies in iron bands
(Such honour have his Saints) and would devise
Set forms of Truth, on Discipline advise
That unto both all men might needs conform.
Mn. But what if any tender heart denies?
Ps. If he will his own fortunes overturn
It cannot well be holp, we must be uniform.

73

Mn. Good reason too, said I. Don *Pico* grave
The self same doctrine preacheth as I hear.
But Reverend *Psittaco*, let me freedome crave
To ask one question, Is't because 't's so clear
That who so shall dissent shall pay so dear.
Or will you in those things you do not know
But be uncertain, certain mischief bear
To them that due assent cannot bestow?
It is in such, said he, that we for certain know.

74

But how know you those things for certainty?
By Reason, Scripture, or the Spirit divine,
Or lastly by Churches Authority?
With that Don *Psittaco* cast up his eyen
Brim ful of thoughts to solve this knot of mine.
But in the fall of his high-gazing sight
He spide two on the rode he did divine
To be of his acquaintance, them we meet,
Forthwith Don *Psittaco* the strangers kindly greet.

75

And he them both ſeemly ſalutes again.
The one on a lean fiery jade did ſit
And ſeem'd a wight of a right ſubtile brain.
Both cloth'd as black as jet. But he was fit
With a dry wall-nut ſhell to fence his wit.
Which like a quilted cap on's head he wore
Lin'd with white taffity, wherein were writ
More trimly than the Iliads of yore
The laws of Mood and Figure and many precepts more.

76

All the nice queſtions of the School-men old
And ſubtilties as thin as cobwebs bet,
Which he wore thinner in his thoughts yrold.
And his warm brains, they ſay, were cloſer ſet
With ſharp diſtinctions than a cuſhionet
With pins and needles; which he can ſhoot out
Like angry Porcupine, where e're they hit.
Certes a doughty Clerk and Champion ſtout
He ſeem'd and well appointed againſt every doubt.

77

The other rod on a fat reſty jade
That neighed loud. His rider was not lean.
His black plump belly fairly outward ſwai'd
And preſſ'd ſomewhat hard on th' horſes mane.
Moſt like methought to a Cathedrall Dean.
A man of prudence and great courteſie
And wiſely in the world he knew to glean.
His ſweaty neck did ſhine right greatily
Top heavy was his head with earthly policy.

78

This wight *Corvino*, *Pſittacus* me told
Was named, and the other *Graculo*.
They both of his acquaintance were of old
Though to near freindſhip now they did not owe.
But yet in generalls agreed, I trow.
For they all dearly hug dominion,
And love to hold mens conſciences in awe
Each ſtanding ſtiff for his opinion
In holy things, againſt all contradiction.

But

79

But most of all *Corvin* and *Pſittaco*
Prudentiall men and of a mighty reach
Who through their wiſdome ſage th' events foreknow
Of future things; and confidently preach
Unleſſe there be a form which men muſt teach
Of ſound opinions (each meaning his own)
But t' be left free to doubt and counter-ſpeech
Authority is loſt, our trade is gone
Our Tyrian wares forſaken, we, alas! ſhall mone.

80

Or at the beſt our life will bitter be:
For we muſt toyle to make our doctrine good.
Which will empair the fleſh and weak the knee.
Our mind cannot attend our trencher-food,
Nor be let looſe to ſue the worldly good.
All's our dear wives, poore wenches! they alone
Muſt ly long part of night when we withſtood
By ſcrupulous wits muſt watch to nights high Noon
Till all our members grow as cold as any ſtone.

81

Heaps of ſuch inconveniences ariſe
From Conſcience-freedome, Chriſtian liberty.
Beſide our office all men will deſpiſe
Unleſſe our lives gain us Autority.
Which in good ſooth a harder task will be.
Dear brethren! ſacred ſouls of *Behiron*!
Help, help as you deſire to liven free
To eaſe, to wealth, to honour, and renown
And ſway th' affrighted world with your diſguized frown.

82

This is the Genius of *Corvino* ſage
And *Pſittaco* falls little ſhort in wit.
Though ſhort he fall of old *Corvino's* age,
His ſteppings with the other footſteps fit.
And heavens bright eye it will aware of it.
But now me liſts few paſſages to ſhow
Amongſt us foure when we together met
Occaſion'd firſt by hardy *Pſittaco*
Who *Corvin* did accoſt and nutſhell *Gracula*.

Bre-

83

Brethren! said he, (and held by holy belt
Corvino grave, ne did his hands abhor't
When he the black silk rope soft fimbling felt
And with his fingers milked evermore
The hanging frienge) one thing perplexeth sore
My reason weak and puzled thoughts, said he.
Tell then, ye learned Clerks, which of these foure
To weet, from Scripture, Church authority,
Gods Spirit, or mans Reason is Faiths Certainty.

84

For, well I wot, our selves must fully assent
To points of Faith we rigidly obtrude
On others, else there is no punishment
Due to gainsayers. *Corvin* here indewd
With singular gravity this point pursu'd,
Saying that all belief is solv'd at last
Into the Church, ne may the people rude
Nor learned wit her honour dare to blast
Nor scrupulous thoughts, nor doubtfull queres out to cast.

85

Strait *Graculo* with eyes as fierce as Ferrit
Reply'd: If all mens faith resolved be
Into each Church, all nations shall inherit
For ever their Ancestours Idolatry.
An Indian ever shall an Indian be
A Turk a Turk. To this *Corvin* anon;
I give not this infallibility
To every Church, but onely to our own
Full witnesse to her self of all the truths she'll own.

86

Gr. That then is truth what she will say is true.
But not unlesse her the true Church thou hold.
How know'st thou then her such, good *Corvin* shew.
Friend *Graculo* in talk we be too bold.
Let's go, I fear my self and horse take cold.
But t'answer to that question, 'fore we go
The Church is true as she her self me told.
A goodly answer said Don *Graculo*.
You dispute in a Circle as all Logicians know.

Here

87

Here *Pſittaco* could not but inly ſmile
To ſee how *Graculo Corvin* did orecrow,
And fair replying with demeanance mild,
The truth, ſaid he, the Scriptures onely ſhow.
Streight nimble *Graculus*; But who can know
The ſenſe of Scripture without reaſon ſound?
The Scripture is both key and treaſure too
It opes it ſelf (ſo ſaid that Clerk profound)
This place with that compar'd. This is the ſtrongeſt ground.

88

Gr But what with judgement doth them both compare?
Is't reaſon or unreaſonableneſſe, I pray.
To which grave *Pſittacus*, you ſo ſubtill are,
I liſt not with ſuch cunning wits to play.
Here I ſtept in and thus began to ſay.
Right worthy Clerks, for ſo you be I ween,
Your queint diſcourſe your breedings doth bewray,
Long time you have at learned Athens been
And all the dainty tricks of Art and Science ſeen.

89

If me a ſtranger wight it may be beſeem
But homely bred, as yet unripe in years,
Who conſcious of his weakneſſes doth deem
Himſelf unfit to ſpeak among his peers,
Much more unfit for your judicious ears
Whom Age and Arts do equally adorn
And ſolemne habit no ſmall ſemblance bears
Of higheſt knowledge, might I be but born
A word or two to ſpeak, now would I take my turn.

90

Say on ſaid *Pſittaco*. There's a third, ſaid I,
Nor reaſon nor unreaſonableneſſe hight.
Here *Graccus*. The disjunction you deny.
Then I, There is a third ycleep'd Gods ſpright
Nor reaſon nor unreaſonableneſſe hight.
Corvino ſtraight foam'd like his champing jade
And ſaid I was a very ſilly wight,
And how through melancholy I was mad
And unto private ſpirits all holy truth betray'd.

91

But I nould with like fury him invade
But mildly as I mought made this reply.
Gods Spirit is no private empty shade
But that great Ghost that fills both earth and sky,
And through the boundlesse Universe doth ly,
Shining through purged hearts and simple minds
When doubling clouds of thick hypocrisie
Be blown away with strongly brushing winds;
Who first this tempest feels the Sun he after finds.

92

Thus wise and godly men I hear to teach,
And know no hurt this doctrine to believe.
Certes it much occasion doth reach
To leave the world and holily to live.
All due observance to Gods laws to give.
With care and diligence to maken pure
Those vessels that this heavenly dew receive.
But most in point of faith sleep too secure
And want this bait their souls to goodnesse to allure.

93

For they believen as the Church believes
Never expecting any other light.
And hence it is, each one so loosely lives,
Hopelesse of help from that internall spright.
Enough! said *Graculo*, *Corvino's* right.
Let's hear, dispute in figure and in mood.
And stifly with smart syllogismes fight
That what thou wouldst may wel be understood,
But now thou roves't out, and rav'st as thou wert wood.

94

Reason I say all Scripture sense must judge
Do thou one reason 'gainst this truth produce:
Reason, said I, in humane things may drudge
But in divine thy soul it may seduce.
Gr. Prove that. Ma. I prove it thus. For reasons use
Back'd with advantage of all sciences,
Of Arts, of tongues, cannot such light transfuse
But that most learned men do think amisse
In highest points divided as well you know, I wisse.

Here

95

Here *Graculo* learing up with one eye
View'd the broad Heavens long resting in a pause
And all the while he held his neck awry
Like listning daw, turning his nimble nose,
At last these words his silent tongue did loose.
What is this spirit, say what's this spirit, man!
Who has it, answer'd I, he onely knows.
'Tis the hid Manna and the graven stone.
He canteth, said *Corvino*, come *Grac*, let's be gone.

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96

But *Grac* stayd still this question to move.
Doth not, said he, reason to us descry
What things soever reasonable prove?
Not so. For the whole world that ope doth lie
Unto our sight, not reason but our eye
Discovers first, but upon that fair view
Our reason takes occasion to trie
Her proper skill and curiously pursue
The Art and sweet contrivance Heaven and Earth do shew.

97

There's no man colour smels, or sees a sound,
Nor sucks the labour of the hony-bee
With's hungry lugs, nor binds a gaping wound
With's slippery ey-balls. Every faculty
And object have their due Analogy,
Nor can reach further than it's proper sphear.
Who divine sense by reason would descry
Unto the Sun shine lispers with his ear.
So plain this truth to me, *Don Graco*, doth appear.

98

How then, said *Graco*, is the spirit known
If not by reason? To this I replyde,
Onely the spirit can the spirit own.
But this, said he, is back again to slide
And in an idle Circle round to ride.
Why so, said I, Is not light seen by light?
Streight *Graculo* did skilfully divide
All knowledge into sense and reason right.
Be't so, said I, *Don Graco*, what's this reasons might?

99

If then ſaid he, the ſpirit may not be
Right reaſon, ſurely we muſt deem it ſenſe.
Yes ſenſe it is, this was my ſhort reply:
Senſe upon which holy Intelligence
And heavenly Reaſon and comely Prudence
(O beauteous branches of that root divine!)
Do ſpringen up, through inly experience
Of Gods hid wayes, as he doth ope the ey'n
Of our dark ſouls and in our hearts his light enſhrine.

100

Here *Graculus* did ſeem exceeding glad
On any terms to hear but reaſon nam'd,
And with great joy and jollity he bad
Adew to me as if that he had gain'd
The victory. Beſides *Corvino* blam'd
His too long ſtay. Wherefore he forward goes
Now more confirm'd his Nutſhell-cap contain'd
What ever any living mortall knows.
Ne longer would he ſtay this ſweet conceit to looſe.

101

Thus *Pſittaco* and I alone were left
In ſober ſilence holding on our way.
His muſing skull, poor man! was well nigh cleft
By ſtrong diſtracting thoughts drove either way;
Whom pittying I thus began to ſay.
Dear *Pſittaco* what anxious thoughts oppreſſe
Thy carefull heart and muſing mind diſmay?
I am perplexed much I muſt confeſſe
Said he, and thou art authour of my heavineſſe.

102

My ſelf *Corvino*'s Church-Autority
No certain ground of holy truth do deem.
And Scripture the next ground alledg'd by me
By *Graco* was confuted well, I ween.
But thou as in theſe points farre deeper ſeen
Than either *Corvin* or *Don Graculo*
Yea than my ſelf, aſſent doth almoſt win
That Church nor Scripture, caſt in reaſon too
Can to our ſearching minds truth's hidden treaſures ſhow.

Where-

103

Wherefore a fourth, ſole ground of certainty
Thou didſt produce; to weet, the Spirit divine.
But now, alas! here is the miſery,
That left to doubt we cannot well enjoyn
Nor this nor that, nor Faith-forms freely coyn
And make the trembling conſcience ſwear thereto,
For we our ſelves do but gheſſe and divine
What we force other men to ſwear is true,
Untill the day-ſtar riſe our eyes with light t' embew.

104

Which gift though it be given to me and you,
Mn. (Not unto me, courteous *Don Pſittaco!*)
Pſ. Yet certainly there be but very few
That ſo ſublime a pitch aſcend unto.
Mn. My ſelf, alas! a ſilly Swain I know
So far from ſolving theſe hard knots, ſaid I,
That more and harder my ranck brain o'regrow
And wonder that thy quick ſagacity
Doth not winde out a further inconveniency.

105

If light divine we know by divine light
Nor can by any other means it ſee
This ties their hands from force that have the ſpirit.
How can, ſaid *Pſittaco*, theſe things agree?
For without force vain is Church-Polity;
Mn. But to uſe force 'gainſt men that thing to do
In which they 've not the leaſt ability
May ſeem unjuſt and violent; I trow,
'Gainſt reaſon, 'gainſt Religion, 'gainſt all ſence and law.

106

For 'tis as if the King of Arragon
Who was well skilled in Aſtronomy,
Should by decree deprive each Countrey Clown
Of life, of lands, or of ſweet liberty
That would not fully avow each ſtar in sky
Were bigger then the Earth. Here *Pſittaco*
Though what I ſaid did not well ſatisfie
His grave judicious ſelf, yet he did know
Of whom this talk much 'plauſe would gain and kindneſſe too:

And

107

And ſtraight gan ſay. Dear *Glaucis!* hadſt thou been
At this diſcourſe, how would thy joyous ſpright
Have danc'd along. For thou art or well ſeen
In theſe queint points, or doſt at leaſt delight
Exceeding much to hear them open'd right.
And, well I wot, on earth ſcarce can be found
So witty girl, ſo wily female wight
As this my *Glaucis*, over all renown'd;
I mean for quicker parts, if not for judgment ſound.

108

How fit an Auditour would ſhe then prov'd
To thee, young *Mnemon?* how had ſhe admired
Thy ſifting wit, thy ſpeech and perſon lov'd,
Clove to that mouth with melting zeal all fired,
And hung upon thoſe lips ſo highly inſpired?
Mn. Certes ſhe'd been a bold immodeſt wight
To come ſo near when not at all deſired,
Pſ. Alas! good *Mnemon* you miſtake me quite
I meant no fond ſalutes, but what is juſt and right;

109

Her due attention on thy wiſe diſcourſe,
Though what thou deemſt, and more then thou didſt deem
May fit you too. For why? by Natures courſe
Like joyn with like: wherefore, right well I ween,
Mought I but make the match 't would well beſeem.
For your conſpiring minds exactly agree
In points, which the wide world through wrath and teen
Rudely divide, I mean free Liberty.
Be 't ſo, ſaid I, yet may our grounds farre different be.

110

For might I but repeat without offence
What I have heard, ill ſymtomes men deſcry
In this thy *Glaucis*, though the nimble wench
So dexterouſly can pray and prophecy,
And lectures read of drad mortality,
Claſping her palms with fatall noiſe and ſhreeks,
Inculcating approching miſery
To ſad afflicted houſes, when ſhe ſtrikes
With bruſhing ſtrokes the glaſſie doors and entrance ſeeks.

Na

111

Nor doth her ſolemne looks much like her Sire
Or native zeal which ſhe did once derive
From thee grave *Pſittaco!* exalt her higher
Then Earth and Nature: For men do conceive
Black ſanguine fumes my ſpouſe do thus deceive
Tranſlating her into fools Paradiſe
And ſo of ſenſe and reaſon her bereave,
And that that melting love which doth ſo pleaſe
Her gulled ſoul, the thawing is of her own greaſe.

112

The naturall ſpright it ſelf doth ſweetly hug
In falſe conceit and ill-deceiving guile,
Sucking fond ſolace from it's own dear dug,
Like the miſtaken Cat that lick'd the file
And drawing bloud, unceſſantly did toyl
To ſuck hat ſweet, as if there Moſes rock
Had ſwet new milk. Thus *Glaucis* doth beguil
Her likoriſh taſte, als' doth delude her flock,
Teaching them ſuck themſelves, their empty ſouls to mock.

113

Thus they intoxicate with their own bloud
Miſtaken Elves! deem it no worſe a thing
Then pure Ambroſian Nectar freſh and good,
In golden ſtreams that from great Jove did ſpring:
And count themſelves His onely choice Ofspring
Upon no count but that their count is ſo.
O ſweet conceit! full joy! Soul-raviſhing
Delight! Pure faith! Self-love keep cloſe thereto.
Allow but this to us, we'll any thing allow.

114

Beſides the fixedneſſe of th' eternall Fates
And Adamantine laws of Gods decree
Whereby immutably he loves and hates
May prove new grounds of *Glaucis* liberty.
No danger then nor detriment can be
To his own people whom of old he choſe
From the out goings of Eternity.
No infecting poyſon may them ill diſpoſe.
What worthleſſe wit of man this puzling knot may looſe.

115

Did not I tell thee what a wily laſſe,
Said *Pſittace*, my daughter *Glaux* would prove?
And well perceiving how averſe I was
From her ſtrange manners, left all ſuits of love,
And ſtraight gan ſhow me how ſhe did improve
Her principles to lewdneſſe and exceſſe:
Secure, no fault, no filth can ever move
Her Maker to diſlike, no unrighteouſneſſe
Can hurt her ſoul, ne ſorrow needs ſhe to expreſſe.

116

Thus in the wicked wench rank fields do grow
Of Rapine, Riot, Luſt, and Covetize,
Of Pride, of Sacriledge, and a thouſand moe
Diſorders, which no mortall can deviſe,
Said I, from ought, but that miſtake t' ariſe
Of naked Faith disjoyn'd from Purity.
So with full bitter words he did chaſtiſe
His abſent child; but whether zeal it be,
Or deep conceived hatred, I no'te well deſcry.

117

Nor ſtopt he here, but told me all her guiſe
How law-leſſe quite and out of ſhape ſhe's grown
Affecting ſtill wilde contrarieties,
Averſe from what for good all others own.
Prepoſterous Girl! how often haſt thou thrown
Thy ſelf into dark corners at Mid-day,
And then at dead of Night away art flown
To ſome old barn, thereon to preach and pray
Ending thy dark devotions juſt at Break of day.

118

When others ſleep or weep, then doſt thou ſing
In froſty night on neighbours chimney ſet,
When others faſt 'ginſt thou thy revellings;
Thy luſtfull ſparrows greedily doſt eat,
Which thou by bloud and violence doſt get.
When others eyes plainly can nothing ſee,
Then thy prodigious lamps by night unwet
And unblown-out, can read right readily
Withouten ſpectacles, the ſmalleſt prints that be.

119

If chance or free election ever brings
Thee to our Churches, then with hooting wild,
Thou causeſt uproars, and our holy things
Font, Table, Pulpit, they be all defil'd
With thy broad mutings and large ſquirtings vilde.
Mr. Phy; *Pſittaco!* hide ſuch infirmities
From ſtranger wight: Who would his own dear child
Thus ſhamefully diſgrace? With mine own eyes
Have I thy *Glaucis* ſeen, and better things ſurmiſe.

120

Good ſooth, methinks, ſhe is not ſo defac'd
And all miſhapen, and grown out of ſquare,
But that my ſelf moſt evidently trac'd
Thy comely feature in her viſage bare.
Spare then thy ſelf, if her thou wilt not ſpare.
Ill may it ſeem what thine own ſtrength begot
With foul reproach and ſhame thus to beſmear,
And through thy zeal thine own great name to blot:
To two ſo worthy wights befall ſome better lot.

121

Thus in my youth, ſaid *Mnemon*, did I uſe
With Reverend Ignorance to ſport and toy,
And ſlily would obnoxius Age abuſe;
For I was a crank wit, a brisk young boy;
But naturally abhorr'd hypocriſie,
And craft the upſhot of experienc'd Age;
And more then life I lov'd my liberty,
And much ſuſpected all that would engage
My heart to their own ſect, and free-born ſoul encage.

122

For I ev'n at thoſe years was well aware
Of mans falſe friendſhip, and grown ſubtilty,
Which made me ſnuf the wind, drink the free aire
Like a young Colt upon the mountains high,
And turning tail my hunters all defie.
Ne took I any guide but th' innate light
Of my true Conſcience, whoſe voice to deny,
Was the ſole ſting of my offended ſpright:
Thus God and Nature taught their rude Coſmopolite.

123

I mean not Natures harſh obdurate light,
The ſhameleſſe eye-brows of the Serpent old,
That arm'd with cuſtome will not ſtick to fight
With God and him affront with courage bold:
But that ſweet temper we may oft behold
In virgin Youth as yet immaculate,
And unto drudging Policy unſold,
Who do without deſigne, now love, now hate
And freely give and take withouten price or rate.

124

Dear lads! How do I love your harmleſſe years
And melt in heart while I the Morning-ſhine
Do view of riſing virtue which appears
In your ſweet faces, and mild modeſt eyne.
Adore that God that doth himſelf enſhrine
In your untainted breaſts; and give no eare
To wicked voice that may your ſouls encline
Unto falſe peace, or unto fruitleſſe fear,
Leaſt looſened from your ſelves Harpyes away you bear.

125

Abſtain from cenſure, ſeek and you ſhall find,
Drink your own waters drawn from living well,
Mend in your ſelves what ill elſewhere you mind,
Deal ſo with men as you would have them deal,
Honour the Aged that it may go well
With you in Age: For I my ſelf indeed
Have born much ſcorn for theſe pranks, I you tell,
By boyes oft bearded, which I deem the meed
Of my abuſive youth. But now I will proceed.

126

By this we came into a way that did
Divide it ſelf into three parts; the one
To *Leontopolis*; that in the mid
Did lead ſtraight forth out of wide *Beiron*,
That was the way that I mought take alone;
The third way led unto *Onopolis*,
And thitherward *Don Pſittaco* put on.
With both theſe towns *Alopecopolis*
Is in firm league, and golden *Myrmecopolis*.

For

127

For nothing they attempt without the aid
Of these two Cities. They 'll not wagen war,
Nor peace conclude, nor permit any trade,
Nor make decrees, nor slake the civil jar,
Nor take up private wrongs, nor plead at bar,
Nor Temples consecrate, nor Mattins say;
They nought begin divine or secular,
But they advisen with those Cities tway.
O potent Citizens that bear so great a sway!

128

No truth of justice in *Beirah* lond:
No sincere faith void of slie subtilty,
That alwayes seeks it self, is to be found;
But law delusion and false Polity,
False Polity that into Tyrannie
Would quickly wend, did not stern Fear restrain
And keep in aw. Th' *Onites* Democracy
Is nought but a large hungry tyrant-train:
Oppression from the poore is an all-sweeping rain.

129

A sweeping torrent that beats down the corn,
And wasts the oxens labour, head-long throws
The tallest trees up by the root ytorn,
Its ranging force in all the land it shows;
Woods rent from hence, its rowling rage bestows
In other places that were bare before,
With muddied arms of trees the earth it strows;
The list'ning shepherd is amazed sore,
While it with swift descent so hideously doth rore.

130

Such is the out-rage of Democracie,
When fearlesse it doth rule in *Beirah:*
And little better is false Monarchy,
When it in this same countrey bears the sway.
(Is 't not a part of *Autæsthesia?*)
So to an inward sucking whirlpools close
They change this swelling torrents furquedry,
Much treasure it draws in, and doth include
In 'ts winding mouth, but whither then, there 's no man knows.

131

O falſeſt *Beiromites*, what gars you plain
One of another, and vainly accuſe,
Of foul offence? when you all entertain
Tyrannick thoughts. You all alike do muſe
Of your own private good, though with abuſe
Of thoſe you can tread down with ſafety,
No way to wealth or honour you refuſe.
Falſe *Onople* doth grudge, and grone, and cry,
Becauſe ſhe is denied a greater tyranny.

132

Two of that City whylom on the way,
With languid lugs, and count'nance gravely ſad,
Did deeply ſigh, and rudely rough did bray
'Gainſt *Leontopolis*. The equall pad
Of juſtice now, alas! is ſeldome trad,
Said they; The Lions might is law and right.
Where's love or mercy now? with that out ſtrad
A little dog, his dames onely delight,
And ran near to their tails, and bark'd with all his might.

133

The ſurly irefull *Onopolitan*
Without all mercy kickt with yron heel
The little bawling curre, that at him ran;
It made his feeble corſe to th'earth to reel,
That was ſo pierc'd with the imprinted ſteel,
That it might grieve a heart of flinty ſtone.
No herbs, no ſalves the breach could ever heal;
The good old wife did then keep houſe alone,
Falſe hearted carles, is this your great compaſſion?

134

There's no ſociety in *Behirah*,
But beaſtlike grazing in one paſture ground.
No love but of the animated clay
With beauties fading flowers trimly crown'd,
Or from ſtrong ſympathies heart-ſtriking ſtound.
No order but what riches ſtrength and wit
Preſcribe. So bad the good eas'ly confound.
Is H eſty in ſuch unruly fit
oeld in no rank? they 'ſteem it not awhit.

135

But I am weary of this uncouth place;
If any man their bad condition
And brutish manners listeth for to trace;
We may them read in the creation
Of this wide Sensible; where every passion
Of birds and beasts distinctly do display
To but an ord'nary imagination,
The life and soul of them in *Behirah*:
This *Behirah* that hight the greater *Adamah*.

136

The swelling hatefull Toad, industrious Ant,
Lascivious Goat, Parrot, or prating Py,
The kingly Lion, docil Elephant,
All-imitating Ape, gay Butterfly,
The crafty Fox famous for subtilty,
Majestick Horse, the beast that twixt two trees
(A fit resemblance of foul gluttonny)
When he hath fil'd his gorge, himself doth squeeze
To feed afresh, Court Spaniels, and politick Bees;

137

With many more which I list not repeat;
Some foul, some fair: to th' fair the name they give
Of holy virtues; but 'tis but deceit,
None in *Beiron* virtuously do live;
None in that land so much as ever strive
For truth of virtue, though sometimes they wont,
As Swine do Swine, their own blood to relieve.
Beiron's all bruits, the true manhood they want,
If outward form you pierce with phansie fulminant.

138

So having got experience enough
Of this ill land, for nothing there was new,
My purpose I held on, and rode quite through
That middle way, and did th' extremes eschew.
When I came near the end there was in view
No passage: for the wall was very high,
But there no doore to me it self did shew:
Looking about at length I did espy
A lively youth, to whom I presently gan cry.

139

More willing he's to come then I to call:
Simon he hight, who also's cal'd a Rock:
Simon is that obedientiall
Nature, who boysterous seas and winds doth mock;
No tempest can him move with fiercest shock;
The house that's thereon built doth surely stand:
Nor blustring storm, nor rapid torrents stroke
Can make it fall; it easily doth withstand
The gates of Death and Hell, and all the Stygian band.

140

When I gan call, forthwith in seemly sort
He me approch'd in decent russet clad,
More fit for labour then the flaunting Court.
When he came near, in chearfull wise he bad
Tell what I would: then I unto the lad
Gan thus reply; alas! too long astray
Here have I trampled foul *Behirons* pad:
Out of this land I thought this the next way,
But I no gate can find, so vain is mine assay.

141

Then the wise youth, Good Sir, you look too high:
The wall aloft is rais'd; but that same doore
Where you must passe in deep descent doth lie:
But he bad follow, he would go before.
Hard by there was a place, all covered o're
With stinging nettles and such weedery,
The pricking thistles the hard'st legs would gore,
Under the vvall a straight doore we descry;
The wall hight *Self-conceit*; the doore *Humility*.

142

When we came at the doore fast lockt it was,
And *Simon* had the key, but he nould grant,
That I into that other land should passe,
Without I made him my Concomitant.
It pleas'd me well, I mus'd not much upon't,
But straight accord: for why? a jolly Swain
Me thought he was; meek, chearfull, and pleasant.
When he saw this, he thus to me again,
Sir, See you that sad couple? Then I; I see those twain.

A sorry

143

A ſorry couple certainly they be.
The man a bloudy knife holds at his heart
With chearleſſe countenance, as ſad is ſhe.
Or eld, or elſe intolerable ſmart,
Which ſhe can not decline by any Art,
Doth thus diſtort and writh her wrinkled face;
A leaden Quadrate ſwayes hard on that part
That's fit for burdens; foulneſſe doth deface
Her aged looks; with a ſtrait ſtaff her ſteps ſhe ſtayes.

144

Right well you ſay, then ſaid that luſty Swain:
Yet this poore couple be my Parents dear;
Nor can I hence depart without theſe twain:
Theſe twain give life to me, though void of chear
They be themſelves. Then let's all go yfere.
The young mans ſpeech caus'd ſad perplexity
Within my breſt, but yet I did forbear,
And faitly ask'd their names. He anſwered me:
He *Autaparnes* hight; but ſhe *Hypomone*.

145

I *Simon* am the ſon of this ſad pair,
Who though full harſh they ſeem to outward ſight;
Yet when to *Dizoie* men forth do fare,
No company in all the land ſo meet
They find as theſe. Their pace full well I weet,
Is very ſlow, and ſo to youthfull haſte
Diſpleaſing, and their counſels nothing ſweet
To any *Beironite*: but ſweeteſt taſte
Doth bitter choler breed, and haſte doth maken waſte.

146

Nor let that breaſt impierc'd with weeping wound,
An uncouth ſpectacle, diſturb your mind.
His blood's my food: If he his life effund
To utmoſt death, the high God hath deſign'd
That we both live. He in my heart ſhall find
A ſeat for his transfuſed ſoul to dwell;
And when that's done, this death doth eke unbind
That heavie weight that doth *Hypom'ne* quell,
Then I *Anautæſthetus* hight, which ſeems me well.

147

So both their lives do vaniſh into mine,
And mine into *Atuvus* life doth melt.
Which fading flux of time doth not define,
Nor is by any *Autæſthegan* felt.
This life to *On* the good *Atuvus* delt;
In it's all Joy, Truth, Knowledge, Love and Force;
Such force no weight created can repel't.
All ſtrength and livelyhood is from this ſourſe,
All Lives to this firſt ſpring have circular recourſe.

148

A lecture ſtrange he ſeem'd to read to me;
And though I did not rightly underſtand
His meaning, yet I deemed it to be
Some goodly thing, and weary of that land
Where then I ſtood, I did not him withſtand
In his requeſt, although full loth I were
Slow-footed eld the journey ſhould command;
Yet we were guided by that ſorry pair,
And ſo to *Dizoie* full ſoftly we do fare.

The Argument of
PSYCHOZOIA,
Or
The life of the Soul.

CANT. III.

Strange ſtate of Dizoie Mnemons skill
Here wiſely doth explain,
Ida's ſtrong charms, and Eloim-hill,
With the drad dale of Ain.

1

BUt now new Stories I 'gin to relate,
Which aged *Mnemon* unto us did tell,
Whiles we on graſſie bed did lie proſtrate
Under a ſhady Beach, which did repell
The fiery ſcorching ſhafts which *Uriel*
From Southern quarter darted with ſtrong hand.
No other help we had; for *Gabriel*
His wholeſome cooling blaſts then quite reſtrain'd.
The Lions flaming breath with heat parch'd all the Land.

2

Here ſeemly ſitting down, thus gan that Sage,
Laſt time we were together here ymet,
Beirah wall, that was the utmoſt ſtage
Of our diſcourſe, if I do not forget.
When we departed thence the Sun was ſet,
Yet natheleſſe we paſt that lofty wall
That very Evening. The Nights nimble net
That doth encompaſſe every opake ball,
That ſwim's in liquid aire, did *Simon* nought apall.

When

3

When we that ſtately wall had undercrept,
We ſtraightway found our ſelves in *Dizoie:*
The melting clouds chill drizzeling tears then wept;
The miſtie aire ſwet for deep agonie,
Swet a cold ſweat, and looſe frigiditie
Fill'd all with a white ſmoke; pale *Cynthia*
Did foul her ſilver limbs with filthy die,
Whiles wading on ſhe meaſured out her way,
And cut the muddy heavens defil'd with whitiſh clay.

4

No light to guide but the Moons pallid ray,
And that even loſt in miſtie troubled aire:
No tract to take, there was no beaten way;
No chearing ſtrength, but that which might appear
From *Dians* face; her face then ſhin'd not clear,
And when it ſhineth cleareſt, little might
She yieldeth, yet the goddeſſe is ſevere.
Hence wrathfull dogs do bark at her dead light:
Chriſt help the man thus clos'd and priſon'd in drad Night.

5

O'rewhelm'd with irkſome toyl of ſtrange annoyes
In ſtony ſtound like ſenſeleſſe ſtake I ſtood,
Till the vaſt thumps of maſſie hammers noiſe,
That on the groning ſteel laid on ſuch lode,
Empierc'd mine ears in that ſad ſtupid mood.
I weening then ſome harbour to be nigh,
In ſory pace thitherward ſlowly yode,
By eare directed more then by mine eye,
But here, alas! I found ſmall hoſpitality.

6

Foure griſly Black-ſmiths ſtoutly did their task
Upon an anvile form'd in Conick wiſe.
They neither minded who, nor what I ask,
But with ſtern grimy look do ſtill aviſe
Upon their works; but I my firſt empriſe
Would not forſake, and therefore venture in.
Or none hath liſt to ſpeak, or none eſpies,
Or hears; the heavy hammers never lin;
And but a blue faint light in this black ſhop did ſhine.

7

There I into a darkſome corner creep,
And lay my weary limbs on duſty flore,
Expecting ſtill when ſoft down-ſliding ſleep
Should ſeize mine eyes, and ſtrength to me reſtore:
But when with hovering wings ſhe 'proch'd, e're more
The mighty ſouſes thoſe foul knaves laid on,
And thoſe huge bellows that aloud did rore,
Chac'd her away that ſhe was ever gone
efore ſhe came, on pitchy plumes, for fear yſlone.

8

The firſt of thoſe rude raſcals *Lypon* hight,
A foul great ſtooping ſlouch with heavie eyes,
And hanging lip: the ſecond ugly ſight
Pale *Phobon*, with his hedghog-hairs diſguiſe.
Aelpon is the third, he the falſe skies
No longer truſts; The fourth of furious faſhion
Phrenition hight, fraught with impatiencies,
The bellows be ycleep'd deep *Suſpirations*
ach knave theſe bellows blow in mutuall circulation.

9

There is a number of theſe loneſome forges
In *Bacha* vale (this was in *Bacha* vâle)
There be no Innes but theſe, and theſe but ſcourges;
In ſtead of eaſe they work much deadly bale
To thoſe that in this lowly trench do trale
Their feeble loins. Ah me! who here would fare?
Sad ghoſts oft croſſe the way with viſage pale,
Sharp thorns and thiſtles wound their feeten bare:
et happy is the man that here doth bear a ſhare.

10

When I in this ſad vale no little time
Had meaſured, and oft had taken Inne,
And by long penance paid for mine ill crime
Methought the Sunne it ſelf began to ſhine,
And that I'd paſt *Diana's* diſcipline.
But day was not yet come, 'twas perfect night:
I *Phœbus* head from *Ida* hill had ſeen;
For *Ida* hill doth give to men the ſight,
f *Phœbus* form, before *Aurora's* ſilver light.

11

But *Phœbus* form from that high hill's not clear
Nor figure perfect. It's inveloped
In purple cloudy veil; and if 't appear
In rounder shape with skouling dreryhed
A glowing face it shows, ne rayes doth shed
Of lights serenity, yet duller eyes
With gazing on this irefull sight be fed
Best to their pleasing; small things they will prise
That never better saw, nor better can devise.

12

On *Ida* hill there stands a Castle strong,
They that it built call it *Pantheothen*.
(Hither resort a rascall rabble throng
Of miscreant wights;) but if that wiser men
May name that Fort, *Pandœmoniothen*
They would it cleep. It is the strong'st delusion
That ever *Dœmon* wrought; the safest pen
That e're held silly sheep for their confusion.
Ill life and want of love, hence springs each false conclusion.

13

That rabble rout that in this Castle won,
Is irefull-ignorance, Unseemly-zeal,
Strong-self-conceit, Rotten-religion,
Contentious-reproch-'gainst-Michael-
If-he-of-*Moses*-body-ought-reveal-
Which-their-dull-skonses cannot-eas'ly-reach,
Love-of-the-carkas, An Inept-appeal-
T' uncertain papyrs, a-False-formall-fetch-
Of-feigned-sighs, Contempt-of-poore-and-sinfull-wretch.

14

A deep self-love, Want of true sympathy-
With all mankind, Th'admiring their own heard,
Fond pride a sanctimonious cruelty
'Gainst those by whom their wrathfull minds be stird
By strangling reason, and are so afeard
To lose their credit with the vulgar sort;
Opinion and long speech 'fore life preferr'd,
Lesse reverence of God then of the Court,
Fear, and despair, Evill surmises, False report;

Oppression-

15

Oppreſſion-of-the-poore, Fell-rigourouſneſſe,
Contempt-of-Government, Fierceneſſe, Fleſhly luſt,
The-meaſuring-of-all-truſe righteouſneſſe
By-their own-modell, Cleaving unto-duſt,
Raſh-cenſure, and deſpiſing- of the-juſt-
That-are-not-of-their-ſect, Falſe-reaſoning-
Concerning-God, Vain-hope, needleſſe miſtruſt,
Strutting-in knowledge, Egre ſlavering-
ſter hid-skill, with every inward uncouth thing.

16

Theſe and ſuch like be that rude Regiment,
That from the glittering ſword of *Michael* fly:
They fly his outſtretch'd arm, elſe were they ſhent
If they unto this Caſtle did not hie,
Strongly within its walls to fortifie
Themſelves: Great *Dæmon* hath no ſtronger hold
Then this high Tower. When the good Majeſty
Shines forth in love and light, a vapour cold
And a black helliſh ſmoke from hence doth all infold:

17

And all that love and light and offer'd might
Is thus chok'd up in that foul Stygian ſteem:
If Hells dark jawes ſhould open in deſpight,
And breath its inmoſt breath which foul'ſt I deem;
Yet this more deadly foul I do eſteem,
And more contagious, which this charmed tower
Ever ſpues forth, like that fell Dragons ſteem
Which he from poyſon'd mouth in rage did poure
At her, whoſe firſt-born child his chaps might not devour.

18

But leſt the raſher wit my Muſe ſhould blame,
As if ſhe did thoſe faults appropriate
(Which I even now in that black liſt did name)
Unto *Pantheothen*; The ſelf ſame ſtate
I dare avouch you'll find, where ever Hate
Back'd with rough zeal, and bold for want of skill,
All ſects beſides its own doth execrate.
This peeviſh ſpright with wo the world doth fill,
While each man all would bind to his fierce furious will.

19

O Hate! the fulsome daughter of fell Pride;
Sister to surly Superstition,
That clear out-shining Truth cannot abide,
That loves it self and large Dominion,
And in false show of a fair Union
Would all encroch to 't self, would purchase all
At a cheap rate, for slight Opinion.
Thus cram they their wide-gaping Crumenall:
But now to *Ida* hill me lists my feet recall.

20

No such inchantment in all *Dixoie*
As on this hill; nor sadder sight was seen
Then you may in this rufull place espy.
'Twixt two huge walls on solitary Green,
Of funerall Cypresse many groves there been,
And eke of Ewe, Eben, and Poppy trees:
And in their gloomy shade foul grisly fiend
Use to resort, and busily to seize
The darker phansied souls that live in ill disease.

21

Hence you may see, if that you dare to mind,
Upon the side of this accursed hil,
Many a dreadfull corse ytost in wind,
Which with hard halter their loathd life did spill.
There lies another which himself did kill
With rusty knife, all roll'd in his own blood,
And ever and anon a dolefull knill
Comes from the fatall Owl, that in sad mood
With drery sound doth pierce through the death-shadowed wood

22

Who can expresse with pen the irksome state
Of those that be in this strong Castle thrall?
Yet hard it is this Fort to ruinate,
It is so strongly senc'd with double wall.
The fiercest but of Ram no'te make them fall:
The first *Inevitable Destiny*
Of Gods Decree; the other they do call
Invinsible fleshie Infirmitie:
But Keeper of the Tower 's *unfelt Hypocrisie.*

What

23

What Poets phancies fain'd to be in Hell
Are truly here, A Vulture *Tytius* heart
Still gnaws, yet death doth never *Tityus* quell:
Sad *Siſyphus* a ſtone with toylſome ſmart
Doth roul up hill, but it tranſcends his art,
To get it to the top, where it may lye,
On ſteddy Plain, and never backward ſtart,
His courſe is ſtopt by ſtrong Infirmity.
His roul comes to this wall, but then back it doth fly.

24

Here fifty Siſters in a ſieve do draw
Thorough-ſiping water: *Tantalus* is here,
Who though the glory of the Lord ore-flow
The earth, and doth incompaſſe him ſo near,
Yet waters he, in waters doth requere.
Stoop *Tantalus* and take thoſe waters in.
What ſtrength of witchcraft thus blinds all yfere
Twixt theſe two maſſie walls, this hold of ſinne?
Aye me! who ſhall this Fort ſo ſtrongly fenced win!

25

I hear the clattering of an armed troup.
My ears do ring with the ſtrong prancers heels.
(My ſoul get up out of thy drowſie droop,
And look unto the everlaſting Hills)
The hollow ground, ah! how my ſenſe it fills
With ſound of ſolid horſes hoofs. A wonder
It is, to think how cold my ſpirit thrills,
With ſtrange amaze. Who can this ſtrength diſſunder?
Hark how the warlike Steeds do neigh, their necks do thunder.

26

All Milkwhite Steeds in trappings goodly gay,
On which in golden letters be ywrit
Theſe words (even he that runs it readen may)
True righteouſneſſe unto the Lord of might.
O comely ſpectacle! O glorious ſight!
'Twould eaſily raviſh the beholders eye
To ſee ſuch beaſts, ſo fair ſo full of ſpright,
All in due ranks to prance ſo gallantly,
Bearing their riders arm'd with perfect panoply.

27

In perfect silver glistring panoply
They ride, the army of the highest God.
Ten thousands of his Saints approchen nie,
To judge the world, and rule it with his rod.
They leave all plain whereever they have trod.
Each Rider on his shield doth bear the Sun
With golden shining beams dispread abroad,
The Sun of righteousnesse at high day noon,
By this same strength, I ween, this Fort is easily wonne.

28

They that but hear thereof shall straight obey;
But the strange children shall false semblance make,
But all hypocrisie shall soon decay,
All wickednesse into that deadly lake,
All darknesse thither shall it self betake.
That false brood shall in their close places fade.
The glory of the Lord shall ne're forsake
The earth again, nor shall deaths dreadfull shade
Return again. Him praise that this great day hath made.

29

This is the mighty warlick *Michaels* host,
That easily shall wade through that foul spue
Which the false Dragon casts in every coast,
That the moon-trampling woman much doth rue
His deadly spaul; but no hurt doth accrew
To this strong army from this filthy steam.
Nor horse nor man doth fear its lurid hew.
They safely both can swim in this foul stream;
This stream the Earth sups up cleft ope by Michaels beam.

30

But whiles it beareth sway, this poysons might
Is to make sterill or prolong the birth,
To cause cold palsies, and to dull the sight
By sleepy sloth; the melancholick earth
It doth increase, that hinders all good mirth.
Yet this dead liquor dull *Pantheotben*
Before the nectar of the Gods preferr'th.
But it so weakens and disables men,
That they of manhood give no goodly specimen.

Her

31

Here one of us began to interpeal
Old *Mnemon*. *Tharrhon* that young ladkin hight,
He prayed this aged Sire for to reveal
What way this Dragons poyſonous deſpight,
And ſtrong *Pantheothens* inwalling might,
We may eſcape. Then *Mnemon* thus gan ſay;
Some ſtrange deviſe, I know, each youthfull wight
Would here expect, or lofty brave aſſay:
But I'll the ſimple truth, in ſimple wiſe convey.

32

Good Conſcience, kept with all the ſtrength and migl
That God already unto us hath given;
A preſſe purſuit of that foregoing light
That egs us on 'cording to what we have liven,
And helps us on 'cording to what we have ſtriven,
To ſhaken off the bonds of prejudice,
Nor dote too much of that we have firſt conceiven;
By hearty prayer to beg the ſweet delice
Of Gods all-loving ſpright: ſuch things I you adviſe.

33

Can pity move the hearts of parents dear,
When that their hapleſſe child in heavie plight
Doth grieve and moan! whiles pinching tortures tear
His fainting life, and doth not that ſad ſight
Of Gods own Sonne empaſſion his good ſpright
With deeper ſorrow? The tender babe lies torn
In us by cruell wounds from hoſtile might:
Is Gods own life of God himſelf forlorn?
Or was he to continuall pain of God yborn?

34

Or will you ſay if this be Gods own Sonne,
Let him deſcend the Croſſe: for well we ween
That he'll not ſuffer him to be fordonne
By wicked hand, if Gods own Sonne he been.
But you have not thoſe ſacred myſteries ſeen,
True-crucifying Jews! The weaker thing
Is held in great contempt in worldly eyen:
But time may come when deep impierced ſting
Shall prick your heart, and it ſhall melt with ſorrowing.

35

Then you ſhall view him whom with cruell ſpear
You had transfix'd, true crucified Sonne
Of the true God, unto his Father dear,
And dear to you, nought dearer under Sun:
Through this ſtrong love and deep compaſſion,
How vaſtly God his Kingdome would enlarge
You'll eaſily ſee, and how with ſtrong iron
He'll quite ſubdue the utmoſt earthly verge.
O fooliſh men! the heavens why do you fondly charge?

36

Subtimidus, when *Tharrhon* ſped ſo well,
Took courage to himſelf, and thus gan ſay
To *Mnemon*; Pray you Sir vouchſafe to tell
What *Autaparnes* and *Hypomone*
And *Simon* do this while in *Dizoie*.
With that his face ſhone like the roſie Morn
With maiden bluſh from inwatd modeſty,
Which wicked wights do holden in ſuch ſcorn,
Sweet harmleſſe Modeſty a roſe withouten thorn!

37

Old *Mnemon* lov'd the Lad even from his face,
Which blameleſſe bluſh with ſanguin light had dyed;
His harmleſſe lucid bright with flouring grace
His outward form ſo ſeemly beautified.
So the old man him highly magnified
For his ſo fit inquiry of thoſe three;
And to his queſtion thus anon replyed,
There's ſmall recourſe (till that Fort paſſed be)
To *Simon Autaparnes* or *Hypomone*.

38

For all that ſpace from *Behirons* high wall
Unto *Pantheothen*, none dares ariſe
From his baſe dunghill warmth; ſuch Magicall
Attraction his flagging ſoul down ties
To his foul fleſh: mongſt which, alas! there lyes
A little ſpark of Gods vitality,
But ſmoreing filth ſo cloſe it doth comprize
That it cannot flame out nor get on high:
This Province hence is hight earth-groveling *Aptery*.

39

But yet fair ſemblances theſe *Apterites*
Do make of good, and ſighen very ſore,
That God no ſtronger is. Falſe hypocrites!
You make no uſe of that great plenteous ſtore
Of Gods good ſtrength which he doth on you pour.
But you faſt friends of foul carnality,
And falſe to God, his tender ſonne do gore,
And plaud your ſelves, if 't be not mortally;
Nor let you him live in eaſe, nor let you him fairly dy.

40

Like faithleſſe wife that by her frampared guize,
Perviſh demeanour, ſullen ſad diſdain
Doth inly deep the ſpright melancholize
Of her aggrieved husband, and long pain
At laſt to ſome ſharp ſickneſſe doth conſtrain
His weakned nature to yield victory:
His ſcorching torture then counts death a gain.
But when Death comes, in womaniſh phrenſie
That froward femall wretch doth ſhreek and loudly cry.

41

So through her moody importunity
From down right death ſhe reſcues the poore man:
Self favouring ſenſe; not that due loyaltie
Doth wring from her this falſe compaſſion,
Compaſſion that no cruelty can
Well equalize. Her husband lies agaſt;
Death on his horrid face ſo pale and wan
Doth creep with aſhy wings. He thus embrac'd
Te: force too many dayes in deadly wo doth waſt.

42

This is the love that's found in *Apterÿ*
To Gods dear life. If they his Son preſent
Half live, half dead, handled deſpightfully,
Or ſunk in ſickneſſe, or with deep wound rent,
So be he 's not quite dead they 'r well content.
And hope ſure favour of his Sire to have.
They have the ſignes how can they then be ſhent?
The God of love for his dear life us ſave
From ſuch conceits, which men to ſin do thus inſlave.

43

But when from *Aptery* we were ygone,
And paſt *Pantheothens* inthralling power;
Then from the Eaſt chearfull *Eous* ſhone,
And drave away the Nights dead lumpiſh ſtour:
He took by th' hand Aurora's vernall hour;
Theſe freſhly tripp'd it on the ſilver hills,
And thorow all the fields ſweet life did ſhower:
Then gan the joyfull birds to try their skills;
They skipt, they chirpt amain, they pip'd, they danc'd their fills.

44

This other Province of *Dizoia*
Hight *Pteroeſſa*. On the flowry ſide
Of a green bank, as I went on my way
Strong youthfull *Gabriel* I there eſpide,
Courting a Nymph all in her maiden pride,
Not for himſelf: His ſtrife was her to win
To *Michael*, in wedlock to be tide,
He promiſed ſhe ſhould be *Michaels* Queen,
And greater things then eare hath heard, or eye hath ſeen:

45

This lovely Maid to *Gabriel* thus replide,
Thanks, Sir, for your good news; but may I know
Who *Michael* is, that would have me his Bride?
Its *Michael*, ſaid he, that works ſuch woe
To all that fry of Hell; and on his foe
Thoſe fiends of darkneſſe ſuch great triumphs hath:
The powers of ſin and death he down doth mow.
In this ſtrong Arm of God have thou but faith,
That in great *Dæmons* troups doth work ſo wondrous ſcath.

46

The ſimple Girl believed every word,
Nor did by ſubtile querks elude the might
And proferr'd ſtrength of the ſoul-loving Lord;
But anſwered thus. Good Sir, but reade aright
When ſhall I then appear in *Michaels* ſight?
When *Gabriel* had won her full aſſent,
And well obſerv'd how he had flam'd her ſpright,
He anſwered, After the compliſhment

47

She willingly took the condition,
And pliable she promised to be;
And *Gabriel* ware he would wait upon
Her Virginship, whiles in simplicity
His masters will with all good industry
She would fullfill. So here the simple Maid
Strove for her self in all fidelity,
Nor took her self for nothing; but she plaid
Her part, she thought, as if Indentures had been made.

48

For she did not with her own self gin think
So curiously, that it is God alone
That gives both strengths when ever we do swink:
Graces and Natures might be both from one,
Who is our lifes strong sustentation.
Impossible it is therefore to merit,
When we poore men have nothing of our own:
Certes by him alone she stands upright;
And surely falls without his help in perilous fight:

49

But we went on in *Peteroessa* lond.
The fresh bright Morning was no small repast
After the toil in *Aptery* we found,
So that with merry chear we went full fast:
But I observed well that in this haste
Simon wax'd faint, and feeble, and decay'd,
In strength and life before we far had past:
And by how much his youthfull flower did fade,
So much more vigour to his parents was repai'd.

50

For that old crumpled wight gan go upstraight,
And *Autaparnes* face recovered blood!
But *Simon* looked pale withouten might,
Withouten chear, or joy, or livelyhood:
Cause of all this at last I understood.
For *Autaparn* that knife had from him cast,
And almost clos'd the passage of that flood.
That flood, that blood, was that which *Simons* taste
Alone could fit; if that were gone the lad did waste.

51

And his old mother, call'd *Hypomone*,
Did eaſe her back from that down-ſwaying weight,
That loaden Quadrate, which did miſerably
Annoy her craſie corſe; but that more light
She might fare on, ſhe in her husbands ſight
Threw down her load, where he threw down his blade,
And from that time began the pitious plight
Of ſickly *Simon*: ſo we them perſwade
Back to retreat, and do their dying ſon ſome aid.

52

Though loth, yet at the length they do aſſent:
So we return unto the place where lay
The heavy Quadrate, and that inſtrument
Of bleeding ſmart. It would a man diſmay
To think how that ſquare lead her back did ſway;
And how the half-clos'd wound was open tore
With that ſharp-pointed knife: and ſooth to ſay
Simon himſelf was inly grieved ſore,
Seeing the deadly ſmart that his dear parents bore.

53

So we remeaſure the way we had gone,
Still fareing on toward *Theoprepy*.
Great ſtrength and comfort 'twas to think upon
Our good eſcape from liſtleſſe *Aptery*,
And from the thraldome of *Infirmity*.
Now nought perplex'd our ſtronger plumed ſpright,
But what may be the blameleſſe verity:
Oft we conceiv'd things were tranſacted right:
And oft we found our ſelves guld with ſtrong paſſions might.

54

But now more feeble farre we find their force
Then erſt it was, when as in *Aptery*
To ſtrong *Pantheothen* they had recourſe:
For then a plain impoſſibility
It was to overcome their cruelty.
But here encouraged by *Gabriel*
We ſtrongly truſt to have the victory.
And if by chance they do our forces quell;
It's not by ſtrength of armes, but by ſome miſty ſpell.

55

So bravely we went on withouten dread,
Till at the laſt we came whereas a hill
With ſteep aſcent highly lift up his head:
To th' aged-hoof it worken would much ill
To climb this cliff; with weary ach 't would fill
His drier bones. But yet it's ſmooth and plain
Upon the top. It paſſeth farre my skill
The ſprings, the bowers, the walks, the goodly train
ffaire chaſte Nymphs that haunt that place, for to explain.

56

I ſaw three ſiſters there in ſeemly wiſe
Together walking on the flowry Green,
Yclad in ſnowy ſtoles of fair agguize.
The gliſtring ſtreams of ſilver waving ſhine,
Skilfully interwove with ſilken line,
So variouſly did play in that fair veſt,
That much it did delight my wondring eyne:
Their face with Love and Vigour was ydreſt,
ith Modeſty and Joy; their tongue with juſt beheſt:

57

Their locks hung looſe, A triple coronet
Of flaming gold and ſtar-like twinkling ſtone
Of higheſt price, was on their temples ſet:
The Amethiſt, the radiant Diamond,
The Jaſper, enemy to ſpirits won,
With many other glorious for to ſee.
Theſe three enameld rimmes of that fair Crown
Be theſe: the firſt hight *Dicæoſyne*,
hiloſophy the next, the laſt ſtiff *Apathy*.

58

I gaz'd, and mus'd and was well nigh diſtraught
With admiration of thoſe three maids,
And could no further get, ne further ſaught;
Down on the hill my weary limbs I laid,
And fed my feeble eyes, which me betray'd
Unto Loves bondage. *Simon* lik'd it not
To ſee me ſo bewitch'd, and thus aſſay'd
By wiſeſt ſpeech to looſe this Magick knot:
reat pity things ſo fair ſhould have ſo foul a ſpot:

What

59

What ſpot, ſaid I, can in theſe fair be found?
Both ſpot in thoſe white veſts, and eke a flaw
In thoſe bright gems wherewith theſe Maids be crown'd,
If you 'll but liſt to ſee, I'll eas'ly ſhow.
Then I, both Love of man and holy law
Exactly's kept upon this ſacred hill;
True Fortitude that trueſt foes doth awe,
Juſtice and Abſtinence from ſweeteſt ill,
And Wiſedome like the Sun doth all with light o're ſpill.

60

Thanks be to God we are ſo well arriv'd
To the long-ſought for land, *Theoprepy.*
Nay ſoft good Sir, ſaid *Simon*, you'r deceiv'd,
You are not yet paſt through *Autæſthesy*:
With that the ſpot and flaw he bad me ſee
Which he deſcry'd in that goodly array.
The ſpot and flaw ſelf-ſens'd *Autopathy*
Was hight, the eldeſt Nymph *Pythagoriſſa*,
Next *Platoniſſa* hight; the laſt hight *Stoiciſſa*.

61

But this high Mount where theſe three ſiſters wonne,
Said *Simon*, cleeped is, *Har Eloim*.
To theſe it's ſaid, Do worſhip to my Sonne:
It's right, that all the Gods do worſhip him,
There's none exempt: thoſe that the higheſt climbe
Are but his Miniſters, their turns they take
To ſerve as well as thoſe of lower ſlime.
What ſo is not of Chriſt but doth partake
Of th' *Autæſthesian* ſoil, is life *Dæmoniake*.

62

His words did ſtrangely work upon my ſpright,
And wean'd my mind from that I dearly lov'd;
So I nould dwell on this ſo pleaſing ſight,
But down deſcended, as it me behov'd,
And as my truſty guide me friendly mov'd.
So when we down had come, and thence did paſſe
On the low plain, *Simon* more clearly prov'd,
That though much beauty there and goodneſſe was,
Yet that in *Theoprepia* did farre ſurpaſſe.

63

So forward on we fare, and leave that hill,
And preſſe ſtill further, the further we go,
Simon more ſtrength, more life and godly will,
More vigour he and livelyhood did ſhow;
But *Autaparnes* wox more wan and wo:
He faints, he ſinks, ready to give up ghoſt,
And ag'd *Hypom'ne* trod with footing ſlow,
And ſtagger'd with her load; ſo ill diſpos'd
Their fading ſpirits were, that life was well nigh loſt.

64

By this in ſight of that black wall we came,
A wall by ſtone-artificer not made:
For it is nought but ſmoke from duskiſh flame;
Which in that low deep valleys pitchy ſhade
Doth fiercely th' *Autopathian* life invade,
With glowing heat, and eateth out that ſpot.
This dreadfull triall many hath diſmaid;
When *Autaparnes* ſaw this was his lot,
Fear did his ſenſe benum, he wox like earthly clot.

65

In ſolem ſilency this vapour roſe
From this drad Dale, and hid the Eaſtern sky
With its deep darkneſſe, and the Evening-cloſe
Foreſtall'd with Stygian obſcurity;
Yet was't not thick, nor thin, nor moiſt, nor dry;
Nor ſtank it ill, nor yet gave fragrant ſmell,
Nor did 't take in through pellucidity
The penetrating light, nor did 't repell
Through groſſe opacity the beams of *Michael*.

66

Yet terrible it is to *Pſyche*'s brood,
That ſtill retain the life *Dæmoniake*;
Conſtraining fear calls in their vitall flood,
When the drad Magus once doth mention make
Of the deep dark Abyſſe; for fear they quake
At that ſtrong-awing word: But they that die
Unto ſelf feeling life, naught ſhall them ſhake;
Baſe fear proceeds from weak *Autopathy*.
This dale hight *Aim*, the fumes hight *Anautæſthesy*.

Into

67

Into this dismall Dale we all descend.
Here *Autaparnes* and *Hypomone*
Their languid life with that dark vapour blend.
Thus perished fading vitality,
But nought did fade of Lifes reality.
When these two old ones their last gasp had fet,
In this drad valley their dead corps did lie;
But what could well be sav'd to *Simon* flet.
Here *Simon* firſt became spotlesse *Anautæsthet.*

68

When we had waded quite through this deep shade,
We then appear'd in bright *Theoprepy*:
Here Phœbus ray in straightest line was laid,
That earst lay broke in grosse consistency
Of cloudy substance. For strong sympathy
Of the divided natures Magick band
Was burn't to dust in *Anautæsthesie*:
Now there's no fear of Death's dart holding hand:
Fast love, fix'd life, firm peace in *Theoprepia* land.

69

When *Mnemon* hither came, he leaned back
Upon his seat, and a long time respired.
When I perceiv'd this holy Sage so slack
To speak (well as I might) I him desired
Still to hold on, if so he were not tired;
And tell what fell in blest *Theoprepy*;
But he nould do the thing that I required,
Too hard it is, said he, that kingdomes glee
To show; who list to know himself must come and see.

70

This story under the cool shadowing Beach
Old *Mnemon* told of famous *Dizoie*:
To set down all he said passeth my reach,
That all would reach even to infinity.
Strange things he spake of the biformity
Of the *Dizoians*; What mongrill sort
Of living wights; how monstrous shap'd they be,
And how that man and beast in one consort; (short.
Goats britch, mans tongue, goose head, with monki's mouth di-

71

Of *Centaures*, *Gynocephals*, walking trees;
Tritons, and *Mermayds*, and ſuch uncouth things;
Of weeping Serpents with fair womans eyes,
Mad-making waters, ſex transforming ſprings;
Of foul *Circean* ſwine with golden rings,
With many ſuch like falſhoods; but the ſtreight
Will eaſily judge all crooked wanderings.
Suffice it then we have taught that ruling Right,
The Good is uniform, the Evil infinite.

PSYCHATHANASIA
OR
The second part of the Song of the SOUL,

Treating

Of the Immortality of Souls, especially MANS SOUL.

By *H. M.* Master of Arts, and Fellow of Christs Colledge in *Cambridge.*

Φύσις ἀθανάτου ἔστιν
Ἀλλὰ μόνον μίξις τε διάλλαξίς τε μιγέντων,
Empedocles.

Omnia mutantur, nihil interit,
Ovid.

Πᾶν ἀεὶ ζῶον ἀθάνατον· πάντων δὲ μᾶλλον ὁ ἄνθρωπος, ὁ καὶ τῷ θεῷ ὁμοιότατος, καὶ τῷ θεῷ σωτηριαστός. Trismegist.



CAMBRIDGE,
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The Preface to the Reader.

THe very nerves and ſinews of Religion is hope of immortality. What greater incitement to virtue and juſtice then eternall happineſſe? what greater terrour from wickedneſſe, then a full perſwaſion of after-judgement and continuall torture of ſpirit? But my labour is ſuperfluous, Men from their very childhood are perſwaded of theſe things. Verily, I fear how they are perſwaded of them when they become men. Elſe would not they whom the fear of hell doth not affright, die ſo unwillingly, nor wicked men ſo ſecurely; nor would ſo many be wicked. For even naturall-providence would bid them look forward.

Beſide ſome men of a melancholick temper (which commonly diſtruſt and ſuſpicion do accompany) though otherwiſe pious, yet out of an exceeding deſire of eternall being, think they can never have ſecurity enough for this ſo pleaſing hope and expectation, and ſo even with anxiety of mind buſie themſelves to prove the truth of that ſtrongly, which they deſire vehemently to be true. And this body, which diſſolution waits upon, helpeth our infidelity exceedingly. For the ſoul not ſeeing it ſelf, judgeth it ſelf of ſuch a nature, as thoſe things are to which ſhe is neareſt united: Falſely ſaith, but yet ordinarily, I am ſick, I am weak, I faint, I die; when it is nought but the periſhing life of the body that is in ſuch plight, to which ſhe is ſo cloſe tyed in moſt intimate love and ſympathy. So a tender mother, if ſhe ſee a knife ſtruck to her childs heart, would ſhreek and ſwound as if her ſelfe had been ſmit; when as if her eye had not beheld

held that ſpectacle, ſhe had not been moved though the thing were ſurely done. So I do verily think that the mind being taken up in ſome higher contemplation, if it ſhould pleaſe God to keep it in that ecſtaſie, the body might be deſtroyed without any diſturbance to the ſoul. for how can there be or ſenſe or pain without animadverſion.

But while we have ſuch continuall commerce with this frail body, it is not to be expected, but that we ſhall be aſſaulted with the fear of death and darkneſſe. For alas! how few are there that do not make this viſible world, their Adonai, their ſtay and ſuſtentation of life, the prop of their ſoul, their God? How many Chriſtians are not prone to whiſper that of the Heathen Poet,

Soles occidere & redire poſſunt;
Nobis cùm ſemel occidit brevis lux
Nox eſt perpetua una dormienda.

The Sunne may ſet and riſe again;
If once ſets our ſhort light,
Deep ſleep us binds with iron chain,
Wrapt in eternall Night.

But I would not be ſo injurious, as to make men worſe then they are, that my little work may ſeem of greater uſe and worth then it is.

Admit then that men are moſt what perſwaded of the ſouls immortality, yet here they may read reaſons to confirm that perſwaſion, and be put in mind, as they reade, of their end, and future condition, which cannot be but profitable at leaſt.

For the pleaſure they'll reap from this Poem, it will be according as their Genius is fitted for it. For as Plato ſpeaks in his Io, Ὁ μὲν θεὸς ποιητὰς ἐξ ἄλλης Μούσης, ὁ δ' ἐξ ἄλλης ἐξήπτησι, or according to the more uſuall phraſe κατὰ χάριν, &c. The ſpirit of every Poet is not alike, nor his writings alike

alike ſuitable to all diſpoſitions. As Io, the reciter of Homers verſes, profeſſeth himſelf to be ſnatcht away with an extradodinary fury or ecſtaſie at the repeating of Homers Poeſie, but others ſo little to move him that he could even fall aſleep. So that no man is raſhly to condemn another mans labour in this kind, becauſe he is not taken with it. As wiſe or wiſer then himſelfe may.

But this is a main piece of idolatry and injuſtice in the world, that every man would make his private Genius an univerſall God; and would devour all mens apprehenſions by his own fire, that glowes ſo hot in him, and (as he thinks) ſhines ſo clear.

As for this preſent ſong of the Immortality of the ſoul, it is not unlikely but that it will prove ſung *Montibus & Sylvis* to the waſte woods and ſolitary mountains. For all men are ſo full of their own phanſies and idiopathies, that they ſcarce have the civility to interchange any words with a ſtranger. If they chance to hear his exotick tone, they entertain it with laughter, a paſſion very incident upon that occaſion to children and clowns. But it were much better neither to emboſome nor reject any thing, though ſtrange, till we were well acquainted with it.

Exquiſite diſquiſition begets diffidence; diffidence in knowledge, humility; humility, good manners and meek converſation. For mine own part, I deſire no man to take any thing I write, upon truſt, without canvaſing; and would be thought rather to propound then to aſſert what I have here or elſewhere written. But continually to have expreſt my diffidence in the very tractates themſelves, had been languid and ridiculous.

It were a piece of injuſtice to expect of others, that which I could never indure to ſtoop to my ſelf. That knowledge which is built upon humane authority, is

no better then a Caſtle in the Aire. For what man is αὐτόπτης or at leaſt can be proved to us to be ſo? Wherefore the foundation of that argument will but prove precarious, that is ſo built. And we have rather a ſound of words ſignifying the thing is ſo, then any true underſtanding that the thing is ſo indeed.

What ever may ſeeme ſtrange in this Poem, condemne it not, till thou findeſt it diſſonant to Plato's School, or not deducible from it. But there be many arguments, that have no ſtrangeneſſe at all to prove the Souls immortality; ſo that no man that is not utterly illiterate ſhall loſe his labour in reading this ſhort Treatiſe.

I muſt confeſſe I intended to ſpin it out to a greater length; but things of greater importance then curious Theory, take me off; beſide the hazard of ſpeaking hard things to a multitude.

I make no queſtion, but thoſe that are rightly acquainted with Platoniſme, will accept of that ſmall pains, and make a good conſtruction of my labours. For I well aſſure thee (Reader) that it will be nothing but ignorance of my ſcope, that ſhall make any do otherwiſe. I fly too high to take notice of leſſer flaws. If thou ſeeſt them, I give thee free liberty to mend them. But if thou regardeſt not leſſer trifles, we be well met.

Farewell.

H. M.

The Argument of
PSYCHATHANASIA.
Or
The Immortality of the Soul.

BOOK I. CANT. I.

Struck with ſtrong ſenſe of Gods good will
The immortality
Of Souls I ſing; Praiſe with my quill
Plato's Philoſophy.

1

WHatever man he be that dares to deem
True *Poets* skill to ſpring of earthly race,
I muſt him tell, that he doth miſeſteem
Their ſtrange eſtate, and eke himſelfe diſgrace
By his rude ignorance. For there's no place
For forced labour, or ſlow induſtry
Of flagging wits, in that high fiery chace,
So ſoon as of the Muſe they quickned be,
At once they riſe, and lively ſing like Lark in skie.

2

Like to a Meteor, whoſe materiall
Is low unwieldy earth, baſe unctuous ſlime,
Whoſe inward hidden parts ethereall
Ly cloſe upwrapt in that dull ſluggiſh ſime,
Ly faſt alleep, till at ſome fatall time
Great *Phœbus* lamp has fir'd its inward ſpright,
And then even of it ſelf on high doth climb;
That earſt was dark becomes all eye, all ſight,
Bright ſtarre, that to the wiſe of future things gives light.

3

Even ſo the weaker mind, that languid lies
Knit up in rags of dirt, dark cold and blind,
So ſoon that purer flame of Love unties
Her clogging chains, and doth her ſpright unbind,
Shee ſores aloft; for ſhee her ſelf doth find
Well plum'd; ſo rais'd upon her ſpreaden wing,
She ſoftly playes, and warbles in the wind,
And carols out her inward life and ſpring
Of overflowing joy, and of pure love doth ſing.

4

She ſings of pureſt love, not that baſe paſſion
That fouls the ſoul with filth of lawleſſe luſt,
And Circe like her ſhape doth all misfaſhion;
But that bright flame that's proper to the juſt,
And eats away all droſſe and cankred ruſt
With its refining heat, unites the mind
With Gods own ſpright, who raiſeth from the duſt
The ſlumbring ſoul, and with his uſage kind
Makes 't breath after that life that time hath not defin'd.

5

So hath he rais'd my ſoul, and ſo poſſeſt
My inward ſpright, with that unfained will
He bears to *Pſyche's* brood, that I nere reſt
But ruth or rageful indignation fill
My troubled veins, that I my life near ſpill
With ſorrow and diſdain, for that foul lore
That crept from diſmall ſhades of Night, and quill
Steep'd in ſad Styx, and fed with ſtinking gore
Suckt from corrupted corſe, that God and men abhorre.

6

Such is thy putid muſe, Lucretius,
That fain would teach that ſouls all mortall be;
The duſty Atoms of Democritus
Certes have fall'n into thy feeble eye,
And thee bereft of p rſpicacity.
O hers through the ſtrong ſteem of their dull bloud,
Without the help of that Philoſophy,
Have with more eaſe the truth not underſtood,
And the ſame thing conclude in ſome ſad drooping mood.

7

But moſt of all my ſoul doth them refuſe
That have extinguiſh'd natures awfull light
By evil cuſtome, and unkind abuſe
Of Gods young tender work, that in their ſpright
He firſt gins frame. But they with heddy might
Of over-whelming liquour that life drownd,
And reaſons eye ſwell up or put out quite.
Hence horrid darkneſſe doth their ſouls confound;
And foul blaſphemous belch from their furd mouth reſounds.

8

Thus while falſe way they take to large their ſpirit
By vaſter cups of Bacchus, they get fire
Without true light, and 'cording to demerit
Infernall blaſts blind confidence inſpire:
Bold heat to uncouth thoughts is their bad hire.
Which they then dearly hug, and ween their feet
Have clombe, whither vulgar men dare not aſpire.
But its the fruit of their burnt ſootie ſpright:
Thus dream they of drad death, and an eternall night.

9

Now in the covert of dame Natures cell
They think they'r ſhrowded, and the myſtery
Of her deep ſecrets they can wiſely ſpell;
And 'pprove that art above true piety;
Laugh at religion as a mockery,
A thing found out to aw the ſimpler ſort:
But they, brave ſparks, have broke from this dark tie:
The light of nature yields more ſure comfort.
Alas! too many ſouls in this fond thought conſort.

10

Like men new made contriv'd into a cave
That ne're ſaw light, but in that ſhadowing pit,
Some uncouth might them hoodwink hither drave,
Now with their backs to the dens mouth they ſit,
Yet ſhoulder not all light from the dern pit,
So much gets in as Optick art counts meet
To ſhew the forms that hard without do flit.
With learned quære each other here they greet:
True moving ſubſtances they deem each ſhadow ſlight:

11

When fowls flie by, and with their ſwapping wings
Beat the inconſtant air, and mournfull noiſe
Stirre up with their continuall chaſtiſings
In the ſoft yielding penitents the voice /
Theſe ſolemn Sages nought at all accoyes.
'Tis common; onely they philoſophize,
Buſying their brains in the myſterious toyes
Of flittie motion, warie well advize
On'ts inward principles the hid *Entelechies*:

12

And whereabout that inward life is ſeated,
That moves the living creature, they eſpie
Paſſing in their dim world. So they'r defeated,
Calling thin ſhadows true realitie,
And deeply doubt if corporalitie,
(For ſo they term thoſe viſibles) were ſtroy'd
Whether that inward firſt vitalitie
Could then ſubſiſt. But they are ill accloy'd
With cloddie earth, and with blind duskiſhneſſe annoy'd.

13

If roaring Lion or the neighing Horſe,
With friſking tail to bruſh off buſie flies,
Approch their den, then haply they diſcourſe
From what part of theſe creatures may ariſe
Thoſe greater ſounds. Together they adviſe,
And gravely do conclude that from the thing
That we would term the tail, thoſe thund'ring neyes
Do iſſue forth: tail of that ſhadowing
They ſee then moved moſt, while he is whinneying.

14

And ſo the Lions huge and hideous roar
They think proceeds from his rugg'd flowing mane,
Which the fierce winds do toſſe and touſell ſore;
Unleſſe perhaps he ſtirre his buſhie train:
For then the tail will carrie it again.
Thus upon each occaſion their frail wit
Beſtirres it ſelf to find out errours vain
And uſeleſſe theories in this dark pit:
Pond reaſoning they have, ſeldome or never hit.

So

15

So soon new shadows enter in the cave,
New *entelechias* they then conceive
Brought forth of nature; when they passed have
Their gloomy orb (false shades eas'ly deceive)
Not onely they that visible bereave
Of life and being, but the hidden might
And moving root, unliv'd, unbeen'd they leave
In their vain thoughts: for they those shadows slight
Do deem sole prop and stay of th' hidden motive spright.

16

This is that awfull cell where Naturalists
Brood deep opinion, as themselves conceit;
This Errours den where in a magick mist
Men batch their own delusion and deceit,
And grasp vain shows. Here their bold brains they beat,
And dig full deep, as deep as *Hyle's* hell,
Unbare the root of life (O searching wit!)
But root of life in *Hyles* shade no'te dwell.
For God's the root of all, as I elsewhere shall tell.

17

This is the stupid state of drooping soul,
That loves the body and false forms admires;
Slave to base sense, fierce 'gainst reasons controul,
That still it self with lower lust bemires;
That nought believeth and much lesse desires
Things of that unseen world and inward life,
Nor unto height of purer truth aspires:
But cowardly declines the noble strife
'Gainst vice and ignorance; so gets it no relief.

18

From this default, the lustfull Epicure
Democrite, or th' unthankfull Stagirite,
Most men preferre 'fore holy Pythagore,
Divinest Plato, and grave Epictete:
But I am so inflam'd with the sweet sight
And goodly beauty seen on *Eloim-hill*,
That maugre all mens clamours in despight
I'll praise my *Platonissa* with loud quill;
My strong intended voice all the wide world shall fill.

19

O ſacred Nymph begot of higheſt Jove!
Queen of Philoſophie and virtuous lear!
That fireſt the nobler heart with ſpotleſſe love,
And ſadder minds with Nectar drops doſt chear,
That oft bedrencht with ſorrows while we're here
Exil'd from our dear home, that heavenly ſoil.
Through wandring wayes thou ſafely doſt us bear
Into the land of truth, from dirtie foil
Thou keepſt our ſlipping feet oft wearied with long toil.

20

When I with other beauties thine compare,
O lovely maid, all others I muſt ſcorn.
For why? they all rude and deform'd appear:
Certes they be ill thew'd and baſer born:
Yet thou, alas! of men art more forlorn.
For like will to its like: but few can ſee
Thy worth; ſo night-birds flie the glorious morn.
Thou art a beam ſhot from the Deitie,
And neareſt art ally'd to Chriſtianitie.

21

But they be ſprung of ſturdie *Giants* race,
Ally'd to *Night* and the foul *Earthy clay*,
Love of the carcaſe, *Envie*, *Spight*, *Diſgrace*,
Contention, *Pride*, that unto th' higheſt doth bray,
Raſh labour, a *Titanicall aſſay*
To pluck down wiſdome from her radiant ſeat,
With mirie arms to bear her quite away.
But thy dear mother *Thorough-cleanſing virtue* hight:
Here will true wiſdome lodge, here will ſhe deigne to light.

22

Come, Gentle Virgin, take me by the hand,
To yonder grove with ſpeedie pace we'll hie:
(Its not farre off from *Alethea land*)
Swift as the levin from the ſneezing skie,
So ſwift we'll go, before an envious eye
Can reach us. There I'll purge out the ſtrong ſteem
Of prepoſſeſſing prejudice, that I
Perhaps may have contract in common ſtream;
And warie well waſh out my old conceived dream.

23

And when I've breath'd awhile in that free air,
And clear'd my ſelf from tinctures took before,
Then deigne thou to thy novice to declare
Thy ſecret skill, and hid myſterious lore,
And I due thanks ſhall plenteouſly down poure.
But well I wote thou'lt not envaſſall me:
That law were rudeneſſe. I may not adore
Ought but the laſting ſpotleſſe veritie.
Well thewed minds the mind do alwayes ſetten free.

24

Free to that inward awfull Majeſtie
Hight *Logos*, whom they term great ſonne of God,
Who fram'd the world by his deep ſciency,
The greater world. Als' makes his near abode
In the leſſe world: ſo he can trace the trod
Of that hid ancient path, when as he made
This ſtately Fabrick of the world ſo broad.
He plainly doth unfold his skilfull trade,
When he doth harmleſſe hearts by his good ſpright invade.

25

O thou eternall Spright, cleave ope the skie,
And take thy flight into my feeble breaſt,
Enlarge my thoughts, enlight my dimmer eye
That wiſely of that burthen cloſely preſt
In my ſtraight mind, I may be diſpoſſeſt:
My Muſe muſt ſing of things of mickle weight;
The ſouls eternity is my great queſt:
Do thou me guide, that art the ſouls ſure light,
Grant that I never erre, but ever wend aright.

The Argument of
PSYCHATHANASIA,
Or,
The Immortality of the Soul.

Book I. Cant. II.

What a ſoul is here I define,
After I have compared
All powers of life: That ſtamp divine
Show that brutes never ſhared.

1

NOw I'll addreſſe me to my mighty task,
So mighty task that makes my heart to ſhrink,
While I compute the labour it will ask,
And on my own frail weakneſſe I gin think.
Like tender Lad that on the rivers brink,
That fain would waſh him, while the Evening keen
With ſharper air doth make his pores to wink,
Shakes all his body, nips his naked skin,
At firſt makes ſome delay but after skippeth in:

2

So I upon a wary due debate
With my perplexed mind, after perſwade
My ſofter heart. I need no longer wait.
Lo! now new ſtrength my vitals doth invade
And rear again, that earſt began to fade,
My life, my light, my ſenſes all revive
That fearfull doubts before had ill apaid.
Leap in, my ſoul, and ſtrongly 'fore thee drive
The fleeting waves, and when thee liſt to th' bottome dive.

For

3

For thou canst dive full well, and flote aloft,
Dive down as deep as the old *Hyle's* shade,
Through that slight darknesse glid'st thou sly and soft,
Through pitchy cumbring fogs strongly canst wade,
Nor in thy flight could'st thou be ever staid,
If in thy flight thou flewest not from him,
That for himself thine excellent might hath made.
Contract desire, repulse strong Magick steem,
Then even in foul *Cocytus* thou mayest fearlesse swim.

4

Like that strange uncouth fish *Lucerna* hight,
Whose wonne is in the brackish Seas, yet fire
She eas'ly carries and clear native light
In her close mouth: and the more to admire,
In darkest night when she lists to aspire
To th' utmost surface of the wat'ry Main,
And opes her jawes, that light doth not expire,
But lively shines till she shut up again:
Nor liquid Sea, nor moistned Aire this light restrain.

5

Or like a lamp arm'd with pellucid horn,
Which ruffling winds about do rudely tosse,
And fel'y lash with injury and scorn,
But her mild light they cannot easily crosse;
She shines to her own foes withouten losse:
Even so the soul into her self collected,
Or in her native hew withouten drosse,
In midst of bitter storms is not dejected.
Nor her eternall state is any whit suspected.

6

As Cynthia in her stouping Perigee,
That deeper wades in the earths duskish Cone,
Yet safely wallows through in silency
Till she again her silver face hath shown,
And tells the world that she's the self-same Moon,
Not now more listlesse then I was whileare
When I was hid in my Apogæon,
For I my self alike do alwayes bear
In every circling race: blind ignorance breeds fear.

Nor

7

Nor being hid after my monthly wane,
Long keppen back from your expecting ſight,
Dull damps and darkneſſe do my beauty ſtain;
When none I ſhow then have I the moſt light,
Nearer to Phœbus more *I* am bedight
With his fair rayes. And better to confute,
All vain ſuſpicion of my worſer plight,
Mark aye my face, after my cloſe ſalute
With that ſharp-witted God, ſeem I not more acute ?

8

This is the ſtate of th' evermoving ſoul,
Whirling about upon her circling wheel;
Certes to ſight ſhe variouſly doth roll,
And as men deem full dangerouſly doth reel,
But oft when men fear moſt, her ſelf doth feel
In happieſt plight conjoy'nd with that great Sun
Of laſting bliſſe, that doth himſelf reveal
More fully then, by that cloſe union,
Though men, that miſſe her here, do think her quite undone.

9

But leſt we raſhly wander out too farre,
And be yblown about with wanton wind,
Withouten ſtern, or card, or Polar ſtarre,
In its round little liſt ſo cloſe confin'd:
Let the ſouls nature firſt be well defin'd:
Then we'll proceed. But all the while I crave
When e're I ſpeak 'cording to Plato's mind,
That you my faultleſſe drift do not deprave.
For I the free-born ſoul to no ſect would inſlave.

10

Divers conceits the wizards of old time
Have had concerning that we here inquire,
And would ſet forth in an eternall rhyme;
But we liſt not our dainty Mule to tire
In ſuch foul wayes, and plunge her in the mire.
Strange dreams their drowſie ſcholars they have taught,
The *heart*, the *heart-bloud*, *brains*, fleet *aire*, hot *fire*
To be the thing that they ſo preſly ſought,
Some have defin'd, ſome *temper*, ſome *atomes*, ſome *nought*.

11

But I muſt needs decline this wandring path;
For well I wote errour is infinite,
But he that ſimple truth once reached hath
Needs not with every ſingle ſhade to fight:
One ſtroke will put all falſities to flight.
So ſoon as Sol his fiery head doth rear
Above the Eaſtern waves his glowing ſight
As angry darkneſſe ſo long rule did bear,
Straight all night-trifling ſprights doth chaſe away with fear.

12

Long have I ſwonk with anxious aſſay
To finden out what this hid ſoul may be,
That doth her ſelf ſo variouſly bewray
In different motions. Other we her ſee
When ſhe ſo fairly ſpreads the branching tree;
Other when as ſh' hath loos'd her ſelf from ground,
And opes her roor, and breaths in heaven free,
And doth her wants in the wide air reſound,
Speaks out her joy, no longer whiſpers under-ground.

13

Such is the noiſe of chearfull chirping birds,
That tell the' ſweet impreſſions of the Spring;
Or 'fore ſome ſtorm, when their quick ſprights be ſtird
With nearer ſtrong appulſe and hid heaving,
That fills their little ſouls, and makes them ſing,
Puft up with joy and o'rflowing delight:
Eftſoons with ratling winds the air doth ring.
The ſturdy ſtorm doth make them take their flight
Into thick buſh or hedge to ſave them from heavens ſpight.

14

From this ſame ſourſe of ſenſe are murmuring moans
Of bellowing bullocks, when ſharp hunger bites;
Hence whining dog ſo pittifully groans
When as with knotted whip his Lord him ſmites;
And every beaſt when with Deaths pangs he fights.
But ſenſleſſe trees nor feel the bleaker wind,
That nip their ſides, nor the Suns ſcorching might,
Nor the ſharp ax piercing their ruggid rind;
Yet have they ſoul, whoſe life in their ſweet growth we find.

So

15

So plants ſpring up flouriſh and fade away,
Not marking their own ſtate: they never found
Themſelves, when firſt they 'pear'd in ſunny day;
Nor ever ſought themſelves, though in the ground
They ſearch full deep: Nor are they wak'd by wound
Of biting iron, to nought are attent
That them befalls, when cold humours abound
And clog their vitall heat, or when they 're brent
With Sirius flame, or when through eld they waxen faint.

16

Or whatſoever diſeaſes them betide
That haſten death, they nought at all regard:
But when to plantall life quick ſenſe is ti'd,
And progging phanſie, then upon her guard
She gins to ſtand, and well her ſelf to ward
From foes ſhe plainly feels, purſues her joy,
Remembers where ſhe well or ill hath far'd,
Or ſwiftly flies from that that doth annoy,
Or ſtoutly ſtrives her fierce deſtroyer to deſtroy.

17

Thus have we run thorow theſe two degrees
Of the ſouls working ſeen in beaſt and plant;
Reaſon's the third, of common qualities
The beſt. Of this the humane race doth vaunt
As proper to themſelves; But if we skan't
Sans prejudice, it's not in them alone;
The Dog, the Horſe, the Ape, the Elephant,
Will all ruſh in ſtriving to make up one,
And ſternly claim their ſhare in uſe of right reaſon.

18

But whether brutes do reaſon and reflect
Upon their reaſoning, I'll not diſpute;
Nor care I what briſk boyes will here object:
Long task it were all fondlings to confute.
But I'll lay down that which will better ſute
With that high heavenly ſpark, the ſoul of man;
His proper character (I would he knew't)
Is that which *Adam* loſt by wily train
Of th' old ſly ſnake that *Eve* beguil'd with ſpeeches vain.

19

This was the Image of the higheſt God,
Which brutes partake not of. This Image hight
True Juſtice, that keeps ever th' even trod,
True Piety that yields to man the ſight
Of heavenly beauty, thoſe fair beams ſo bright
Of th' everlaſting Deity, that ſhed
Their ſacred fire within the purer ſpright,
The fruit of Eden wherewith ſouls be fed,
Mans awfull majeſty of every beaſt ydred.

20

Nor is that radiant force in humane kind
Extinguiſht quite, he that did them create
Can thoſe dull ruſty chains of ſleep unbind,
And rear the ſoul unto her priſtin ſtate:
He can them ſo inlarge and elevate
And ſpreaden out, that they can compaſſe all,
When they no longer be incarcerate
In this dark dungeon, this foul fleſhly wall,
Nor be no longer weeg'd in things corporeall:

21

But rais'd aloft into their proper ſphere,
That ſphere that hight th' Orb *Intellectuall*,
They quiet ſit, as when the flitting fire
That Natures mighty Magick down did call
Into the oyly wood, at its own fall
Grows full of wrath and rage, and gins to fume,
And roars and ſtrives 'gainſt its diſquietall,
Like troubled Ghoſt forc'd ſome ſhape to aſſume;
But it its holding foe at laſt doth quite conſume.

22

And then like gliding ſpright doth ſtraight diſpear,
That earſt was forc'd to take a fiery form:
Full lightly it aſcends into the clear
And ſubtile aire devoid of cloudy ſtorm,
Where it doth ſteddy ſtand, all-uniform,
Pure, pervious, immixt, innocuous, mild,
Nought ſcorching, nought glowing, nothing enorm,
Nought deſtroying, not deſtroy'd, not defil'd;
Foul fume being ſpent, juſt 'fore its flight it fairly ſmil'd.

23

Thus have I trac'd the ſoul in all her works,
And ſeverall conditions have diſplaid,
And ſhow'd all places where ſo e'r ſhe lurks,
Even her own lurking's of her ſelf bewray'd,
In plants, in beaſts, in men, while here ſhe ſtaid:
And freed from earth how then ſhe ſpreads on high
Her heavenly rayes, that alſo hath been ſaid.
Look now, my Muſe, and caſt thy piercing eye
On every kind, and tell wherein all ſouls agree.

24

Here dare I not define't, th' *Entelechie*
Of organized bodies. For this life,
This centrall life, which men take ſouls to be,
Is not among the beings relative;
And ſure ſome ſouls at leaſt are ſelf-active
Withouten body having *Energie*.
Many put out their force informative
In their ethereall corporeity,
Devoid of heterogencall organity.

25

Self-moving ſubſtance, that be th' definition
Of ſouls, that longs to them in generall:
This well expreſſeth that common condition
Of every vitall centre creaturall.
For why? both what hight form *ſpermaticall*
Hath here a ſhare, as alſo that we term
Soul ſenſitive, I'll call't form beſtiall,
It makes a beaſt added to plantall ſperm;
Adde rationall form, it makes a man as men affirm.

26

All theſe be ſubſtances ſelf-moveable:
And that we call virtue magneticall
(That what's defin'd be irreprovable)
I comprehend it in the life plantall:
Mongſt trees ther's found life *Sympathetical*;
Though trees have not animadverſive ſenſe.
Therefore the ſoul's *Autokineticall*
Alone. What ere's in this defining ſenſe,
Is ſoul, what ere's not ſoul is driven far from hence.

27

But that each ſoul's *Autokineticall*,
Is eaſily ſhown by ſifting all degrees
Of ſouls. The firſt are forms *Spermaticall*,
That beſt be ſeen in ſhaping armed trees,
Which if they want their fixt *Centreities*,
By which they fairly every part extend,
And gently inact with ſpred vitalities
The flowring boughs. How Natures work doth wend
Who knows? or from what inward ſtay it doth depend?

28

Forthy let firſt an inward centre hid
Be put. That's nought but Natures fancie ti'd
In cloſer knot, ſhut up into the mid
Of its own ſe'f: ſo our own ſpirits gride
With piercing wind in ſtorming Winter tide
Contract themſelves and ſhrivell up together,
Like ſnake the countrey man in ſnow eſpi'd,
Whoſe ſpright was quite ſhrunk in by nipping weather.
From whence things come, by fo-man forc'd they backward thi-
(ther

29

The rigid cold had forc'd into its centre
This ſerpents life; but when the rurall Swain
Plac'd her upon warm hearth, and heat did enter
Into her nummed corps, ſhe gan to ſtrain
And ſtretch herſelf, and her hoſt entertain
With ſcornfull hiſſe, ſhooting her anchor'd tongue,
Threatning her venom'd teeth; ſo ſtraight again
She prov'd a living ſnake, when ſhe along
Her corſe free life had drove from centre ſteddie ſtrong.

30

So doth the gentle warmth of ſolar heat
Eaſ'ly awake the centre *ſeminall*,
That makes it ſoftly ſtreak on its own ſeat,
And fairly forward force its life internall.
That inward life's th' impreſſe *imaginall*
Of Natures Art, which ſweetly flowreth out
From that is cleep'd the *Sphere ſpermaticall*:
For there is plac'd the never fading root
Of every flower or herb that into th' air doth ſhoot.

31

Fairly invited by Sols piercing ray
And inward tickled with his chearing ſpright,
All plants break thorough into open day,
Rend the thick curtain of cold cloying night.
The earths opakenes enemy to light,
And crown themſelves in ſign of victory
With ſhining leaves, and goodly bloſſomes bright.
Thus called out by friendly ſympathy
Their ſouls move of themſelves on their *Centreitie*.

32

But it's more plain in animalitie.
When fiery courſers ſtrike the graſſie ground
With ſwift tempeſtuous feet, that farre and nigh
They fill mens ears with a broad thundring ſound
(From hollow hoof ſo ſtrongly it doth rebound)
What's that that twitcheth up their legs ſo faſt,
And fiercely jerks them forth, that many wound
They give to their own mother in their haſt?
With eager ſteps they quickly mete the forreſt waſt.

34

That outward form is but a neuroſpaſt;
The ſoul it is that on her ſubtile ray,
That ſhe ſhoots out, the limbs of moving beaſt
Doth ſtretch ſtraight forth, ſo ſtraightly as ſhe may.
Bones joynts and ſinews ſhap'd of ſtubborn clay
Cannot ſo eas'ly lie in one ſtraight line
With her projected might, much leſſe obey
Direct retractions of theſe beames fine:
Of force, ſo ſtraight retreat they ever muſt decline.

35

But yet they follow in a courſe oblique,
With angular doublings, as the joynts permit:
So go they up together, not unlike
An iron candle-ſtick the ſmith hath fit
With many junctures, whom in ſtudious fit
Some ſcholar ſet awork: but to return,
Leſt what we aim'd at we unwares omit;
If ſouls of beaſts their bodies move and turn,
And wield at phanſies beck, as we determ'd before;

Then

36

Then be the ſouls of beaſts ſelf-moving forms,
Bearing their bodies as themſelves think meet,
Invited or provok'd, ſo they transform
At firſt themſelves within, then ſtraight in ſight
Thoſe motions come, which ſuddenly do light
Upon the bodies viſible, which move
According to the will of th' inward ſpright.
In th' inward ſpright be anger, hate and love:
Hence claws, horns, hoofs they uſe the pinching ill t' amove.

37

Thus have I plainly prov'd that ſouls of beaſts
And plants do move themſelves. That ſouls of men
Should be more ſtupid, and farre leſſe releaſt
From matters bondage ſurely there's none can
Admit of, though but ſlightly they do ſcan
The cauſe. But for to put all out of doubt,
Let's take again the ſame way we have ran,
Break down all obſtacles that hinder mought
Our future courſe to make all plain all clear throughout.

38

If there be no ſelf-motion in mans ſoul,
That ſhe nor this nor that way can propend
Of her own ſelf, nor can no whit controll
Nor will of her own ſelf, who can offend?
For no mans ſelf (if you do well perpend)
Guiltie's of ought when nought doth from him flow.
Whither do learning, laws, grave ſpeeches tend?
Speaks the rude Carter to the wagon ſlow
With threat'ning words, or to the beaſts that do it draw?

39

Surely unto the beaſts that eas'ly go:
For there's the principle of motion,
Such principle as can it ſelf foreſſow,
Or forward preſſe by incitation:
Which though it mov'd by commination
So ſtifly ſtrives, yet from it ſelf it ſtrives,
Bears it ſelf forth with ſtout contention,
And ever and anon the whip revives
That inward life, ſo bravely on the Ruſtick drives.

40

Again, all that ſweet labour would be loſt
That Gods good ſpirit takes in humane mind,
So oft we courted be ſo often croſs'd:
But nor that tender amorous courtſhip kind
Hath any place, where we no place can find
For a ſelf-yielding love; Or if ſelf-will
Be not in us, how eas'ly were declin'd
All croſſes? None could happen us untill,
How will I want, and want no croſſe paſſeth my skill.

41

Beſides when reaſon works with phantaſie,
And changeable conceits we do contrive,
Purging and pruning with all induſtrie,
What's dead or uſeleſſe, leſſe demonſtrative,
What's dull or flaccid, nought illuſtrative,
Quenching unfitted phantaſmes in our brain,
And for our better choice new flames revive;
The buſie ſoul thus doth her reaſon ſtrain
To write or ſpeak what envious tongue may never ſtain:

42

Or when quite heedleſſe of this earthie world
She lifts her ſelf unto the azure skie,
And with thoſe wheeling gyres around is hurld,
Turns in her ſelf in a due diſtancie
The erring Seven, or a ſtretch'd line doth tie
O'th' ſilver-bowed moon from horn to horn;
Or finds out Phœbus vaſt ſoliditie
By his diametre, meaſures the Morn,
Girds the ſwoln earth with linear liſt, though earth ſhe ſcorn.

43

All this is done, though bodie never move:
The ſoul about it ſelf circumgyrates
Her various forms, and what ſhe moſt doth love
She oft before her ſelf ſtabilitates;
She ſtiffly ſtayes't and wiſtly contemplates,
Or lets it ſomewhat ſlowlier deſcend
Down to the nether Night; ſhe temperates
Her ſtarrie orb, makes her bright forms to wend
Even as ſhe liſt: Anon ſhe'll all with darkneſſe blend.

44

Thus variouſly ſhe doth herſelf inveſt
With riſing forms, and reaſons all the way;
And by right reaſon doth her ſelf deveſt
Of falſer fancies. Who then can gainſay
But ſhe's ſelf-mov'd when ſhe doth with ſelf-ſway
Thus change herſelf, as inward life doth feel?
If not, then ſome inſpiring ſprights bewray
Each reaſoning. Yet though to them we deal
Firſt motion, yet our ſelves ought know what they reveal.

45

But if nor of our ſelves we moved be
At firſt, without any invaſion
Of ſtirring forms that into energie
Awake the ſoul; nor after motion
From its own centre by occaſion
Doth iſſue forth; then it's not conſcious
Of ought: For ſo 'twill want adverſion.
But nothing can animadvert for us:
Therefore all humane ſouls be ſelf-vivacious.

46

Thus have I prov'd all ſouls have centrall motion
Springing from their own ſelves. But they'll object
'Gainſt th' univerſalneſſe of this clear notion,
That whiles ſelf-flowing ſourſe I here detect
In plants, in brutes, in men, I ought reject
No ſoul from wiſhed immortalitie,
But give them durance when they are reſect
From organized corporeitie:
Thus brutes and plants ſhall gain laſting eternitie.

47

'Tis true, a never fading durancie
Belongs to all hid principles of life;
But that full graſp of vaſt *Eternitie*
Longs not to beings ſimply vegetive,
Nor yet to creatures merely ſenſitive:
Reaſon alone cannot arrive to it.
Onely ſouls *Deiform* intellective
Unto that height of happineſſe can get;
Yet immortalitie with other ſouls may ſit.

48

No force of Nature can their ſtrength annoy:
For they be ſubtiler then the ſilken air,
Which fatall fire from heaven cannot deſtroy:
All groſſeneſſe its devouring teeth may ſhear,
And preſent ſtate of viſibles empare;
But the fine curtains of the laſting skie.
Though not of love, yet it perforce muſt ſpare.
If they could burn, each ſpark from flint would trie,
And a bright broad-ſpread flame to either Pole would hie.

49

But if all ſouls ſurvive their bulks decay,
Another difficultie will ſtraight ariſe,
Concerning their eſtate when they're away
Flit from this groſſer world. Shall Paradiſe
Receive the ſprights of beaſts? or wants it trees,
That their ſweet verdant ſouls ſhould thither take?
Who ſhall conduct thoſe ſtragling colonies?
Or be they ſtraightway drench'd in Lethe lake?
So that cold ſleep their ſhriveld life from work doth ſlake.

50

Or if that all or ſome of them awake,
What is their miſerie? what their delight?
How come they that refined ſtate forſake?
Or had they their firſt being in our ſight?
Whither to ſerve? what is the uſefull might
Of theſe ſpiritual trees? doth fearfull hare
Flie the purſuing dog? doth ſoaring kite
Prey upon ſilly chickins? is there jarre,
Or be thoſe ſprights agreed, none to other contraire?

51

If ſome contraire; then tell me, how's their fight?
What is the ſpoil? what the ſtout victors meed?
No fleſh no bloud whereon to ſpend their ſpight,
Or whereupon theſe hungry ſoul's may feed.
Or doth the ſtronger ſuck the aiery weed
Wherewith the other did it ſelf inveſt?
And ſo more freſhly deck it ſelf at need?
An aiertie prey for aierie ſpright is beſt;
Or do they want no food, but be ſtill full and reſt?

52

Die they again? draw they in any breath?
Or be they ſterill? or bring forth their young?
Beat their light feet on the ſoft aierie heath?
Expreſſe they joy or ſorrow with their tongue?
Enough! who ere thou art that thus doſt throng
My tender Muſe with rough objections ſtout,
Give me but leave to tell thee thou art wrong,
If being of a thing thou call'ſt in doubt
Cauſe its more hid conditions ſhine not clearly out.

53

Who queſtions but there is a quantitie
Of things corporeall, a trinall dimenſion,
Of ſolid bodies? yet to ſatisfie
All doubts that may be made about extenſion
Would plunge the wiſeſt Clerk. I'll only mention
That quære, of what parts it doth conſiſt,
Whether of Atoms; or what ſtrange retention
Still keepeth ſo much back, that if God liſt
He could not count the parts of a ſmall linear twiſt.

54

For his diviſion never could exhauſt
The particles, ſay they, of quantitie.
O daring wit of man that thus doth boaſt
It ſelf, and in purſuit of ſciencie
Forget the reverend laws of pietie.
What thing is hid from that all-ſeeing light?
What thing not done by his all-potencie?
He can diſcern by his clear-piercing might
The cloſe-couch'd number of each bigneſſe comes in ſight.

55

And ſo can count them out even part by part;
In number, meaſure, weight, he all things made;
Each unite he diſſevers by his Art;
But here this ſearching reaſon to evade,
Each quantum's infinite, ſtraight will be ſaid,
That's againſt ſenſe. If it be infinite
Of parts, then tell me, be thoſe parts out-ſpread?
Or not extent? if extended outright
Each flie in ſummer-Even is higher then Heavens height.

If

56

If not extended, then that quantum's nought.
Some be extended, others not extent
Already (answers a vain shifting thought)
But those potentiall parts, how be they meint
With those that now be actually distent?
Even thus you grant, that those that actuall be
Be plainly finite, against your intent,
Grant me but that, and we shall well agree.
So must sleight Atoms be sole parts of quantitie.

57

But if't consist of points: then a Scalene
I'll prove all one with an Isosceles:
With as much ease I'll evince clear and clean
That the crosse lines of a Rhomboides
That from their meeting to all angles presse
Be of one length, though one from earth to heaven
Would reach, and that the other were much lesse
Then a small digit of the lowest of seven
So as she 'pears to us, yet I could prove them even.

58

And that the moon (though her circumference
Be farre more strait then is the earthie ball)
Sometime the earth illumineth at once
And with her grasping rayes enlights it all;
And that the Sunnes great body spherical
Greater then th' earth, farre greater then the moon,
Even at midday illumines not at all
This earthy globe in his Apogeon;
So that we in deep darknesse sit, though at high noon.

59

Of will, of motion, of divine foresight,
Here might I treat with like perplexitie.
But it's already clear that 'tis not right
To reason down the firm subsistencie
Of things from ignorance of their propertie.
Therefore not requisite for to determ
The hid conditions of vitalitie
Or shrunk or sever'd; onely I'll affirm
It is, which my next song shall further yet confirm.

The Argument of PSYCHATHANASIA OR *The Immortality of the Soul.*

Book 1. Cant. 3.

Ore whelm'd with grief and pitious wo
For fading lifes decayes;
How no ſouls die, from Lunar bow,
A Nymph to me diſplayes.

1

IN ſilent night, when mortalls be at reſt,
And bathe their molten limbs in ſlothfull ſleep,
My troubled ghoſt ſtrange cares did ſtraight moleſt
And plung'd my heavie ſoul in ſorrow deep:
Large floods of tears my moiſtned cheeks did ſteep,
My heart was wounded with compaſſionate love
Of all the creatures: ſadly out I creep
From mens cloſe manſions, the more to improve
My mournfull plight, ſo ſoftly on I forward move.

2

Aye me! ſaid I, within my wearied breaſt,
And ſighed ſad, wherefore did God erect
This ſtage of miſery? thrice, foure times bleſt
Whom churliſh Nature never did eject
From her dark womb, and cruelly object
By ſenſe and life unto ſuch balefull ſmart;
Every ſlight entrance into joy is checkt
By that ſoure ſtep dames threats, and viſage tart:
Our pleaſure of our pain is not the thouſandth part.

3

Thus vex'd I was 'cauſe of mortality:
Her curſt remembrance caſt me in this plight,
That I grew ſick of the worlds vanity
Ne ought recomfort could my ſunken ſpright,
What ſo I hate may do me no delight,
Few things (alas) I hate, the more my wo,
The things I love by mine own ſad foreſight
Make me the greater torments undergo,
Becauſe I know at laſt they 're gone like idle ſhow.

Each

4

Each goodly ſight my ſenſe doth captivate
When vernall flowers their ſilken leaves diſplay,
And ope their fragrant boſomes, I that ſtate
Would not have changed but indure for aye;
Nor care to mind that that fatall decay
Is ſtill recured by faithfull ſucceſſion.
But why ſhould ought that's good thus fade away?
Should ſteddy Spring exclude Summers acceſſion?
Or Summer ſpoil the Spring with furious hot oppreſſion!

5

You chearfull chaunters of the flowring woods,
That feed your careleſſe ſouls with pleaſant layes,
O ſilly birds! ceaſe from your merry moods:
Ill ſuits ſuch mirth when dreary deaths aſſayes
So cloſely preſſe your ſory carkaſes:
To mournfull note turn your light verilayes,
Death be your ſong, and winters hoary ſprayes,
Spend your vain ſprights in ſighing Elegies:
I'll help you to lament your wofull miſeries.

6

When we lay cover'd in the ſhady Night
Of ſenſeleſſe matter, we were well content
With that eſtate, nought pierc'd our anxious ſpright,
No harm we ſuffered, no harm we ment;
Our reſt not with light dream of ill was blent:
But when rough Nature, with her iron hond,
Pull'd us from our ſoft eaſe, and hither hent,
Diſturbing fear and pinching pain we found,
Full many a bitter blaſt, full many a dreadfull ſtound.

7

Yet lifes ſtrong love doth ſo intoxicate
Our miſty minds, that we do fear to dy.
What did dame Nature brood all things of hate
And onely give them life for miſery?
Senſe for an undeſerved penalty?
And ſhow that if ſhe liſt, that ſhe could make
Them happy? but with ſpightfull cruelty
Doth force their groaning ghoſts this houſe forſake?
And to their ancient Nought their empty ſelves betake!

8

Thus in deep ſorrow and reſtleſſe diſdain
Againſt the cankered doom of envious fate,
I clove my very heart with riving pain,
While I in ſullen rage did ruminate
The Creatures vanity and wofull ſtate;
And night that ought to yield us timely reſt,
My ſwelling griefs did much more aggravate:
The ſighs and groans of weary ſleeping beaſt
Seem'd as if ſleep it ſelf their ſpirits did moleſt:

9

Or as conſtrain'd perforce that boon to wreſt
From envious Nature. All things did augment
My heavie plight, that fouly I blam'd the beſt
Of ſtubborn deſtiny cauſe of this wayment.
Even ſleep that's for our reſtauration ment,
As execrable thing I did abhorre,
Cauſe ugly death to th' life it did depeint:
What good came to my mind I did deplore,
Becauſe it periſh muſt and not live evermore.

10

Thus wrapt in rufull thought through the waſte field
I ſtaggerd on, and ſcattered my woe,
Bedew'd the graſſe with tears mine eyes did yield,
At laſt I am arriv'd with footing ſlow
Near a black pitchy wood, that ſtrongeſt throw
Of ſtarry beam no'te eaſily penetrate:
On the North ſide I walked to and fro
In ſolitary ſhade. The Moons ſly gate
Had croſs'd the middle line: It was at leaſt ſo late.

11

When th' other part of night in painfull grief
Was almoſt ſpent, out of that ſolemn grove
There iſſued forth for my timely relief,
The faireſt wight that ever ſight did prove,
So fair a wight as might command the love
Of beſt of mortall race; her count'nance ſheen
The penſive ſhade gently before her drove,
A wild ſweet light ſhone from her lovely eyne;
She ſeem'd no earthly branch but ſprung of ſtock divine.

A ſilken

12

A silken mantle, colour'd like the skie
With silver starres in a due distance set,
Was cast about her somewhat carelesly,
And her bright flowing hair was not ylet
By Arts device; onely a chappelet
Of chiefest flowers, which from far and near
The Nymphs in their pure Lilly hands had fet,
Upon her temples she did seemly weare;
Her own fair beams made all her ornaments appear.

13

What wilfull wight doth thus his kindly rest
Forsake? said she, approching me unto.
What rage, what sorrow boils thus in thy chest
That thou thus spend'st the night in wasting wo?
Oft help he gets that his hid ill doth show.
Ay me! said I, my grief's not all mine own;
For all mens griefs into my heart do flow,
Nor mens alone, but every mornfull grone
Of dying beast, or what so else that grief hath shown.

14

From fading plants my sorrows freshly spring;
And thou thy self that com'st to comfort me,
Wouldst strongst occasion of deep sorrow bring,
If thou wert subject to mortality:
But I no mortall wight thee deem to be,
Thy face thy voice immortall thee proclaim.
Do I not well to wail the vanity
Of fading life, and churlish fates to blame
That with cold frozen death lifes chearfull motions tame?

15

Thou dost not well, said she to me again,
Thou hurt'st thy self, and dost to them no good.
The sighs thou sendest out cannot regain
Life to the dead, thou canst not change the mood
Of stedfast destiny. That man is wood
That weetingly hastes on the thing he hates:
Dull sorrow chokes the sprights, congeals the blood,
The bodies fabrick quickly ruinates.
Yet foolish men do fondly blame the hasty fates.

Com

16

Come, hasty fates, said I, come take away
My weary life, the fountain of my wo:
When that's extinct or shrunk into cold clay,
Then well I wote that I shall undergo
No longer pain. O! why are you so slow;
Fond speech, said she, nor chang'd her countenance,
No signe of grief or anger she did show;
Full well she knew passions misgovernance,
Through her clear brest fond passion never yet did lance.

17

But thus spake on, Sith friendly sympathy
With all the creatures thus invades thy brest,
And strikes thine heart with so deep agony
For their decay, 'cording to that behest
Which the pure sourse of sympathy hath prest
On all that of those lovely streams have drunk,
I'll tell thee that that needs must please thee best,
All life's immortall; though the outward trunk
May changed be, yet life to nothing never shrunk.

18

With that she bad me rear my heavie eye
Up toward heaven, I rear'd them toward th' East,
Where in a roscid cloud I did espy
A Lunar rainbow in her painted vest;
The heavenly maid in the mean while surceast
From further speech, while I the bow did view:
But mine old malady was more increas'd,
The bow gan break, and all the gawdy hiew
Dispeared, that my heart the sight did inly rue.

19

Thus life doth vanish as this bow is gone,
Said I. That sacred Nymph forthwith reply'd,
Vain shewes may vanish that have gaily shone
To feeble sense; but if the truth be tri'd,
Life cannot perish or to nothing slide:
It is not life that falleth under sight,
None but vain flitting qualities are ey'd
By wondring ignorance. The vitall spright
As surely doth remain as the Suns lasting light.

This

20

This bow, whose breaking struck thy troubled heart,
Of causeless grief, I hope, shall thee recure,
When I have well explain'd with skilfull Art
By its resemblance what things must indure,
What things decay and cannot standen sure.
The higher causes of that coloured Ark,
What e're becomes of it, do sit secure.
That so (the body falling) lifes fair spark
Is safe, I'll clearly show if you but list to mark.

21

There be six Orders 'fore you do descend
To this gay painted bow: Sols centrall spright
To the first place, to th' next we must commend
His hid spread form, then his inherent light,
The fourth his rayes wherewith he is bedight,
The fifth that gliftring circle of the Moon,
That goodly round full face all silver bright,
The sixth be beams that from her visage shone;
The seventh that gawdy bow that was so quickly gone.

22

The fluid matter was that dewy cloud,
That faild as faithlesse Hyle went to fall:
New guest being come, the old she out do h croud;
But see how little Hyle did prevail,
Or sad destruction in this deemed bale!
Sols spright, hid form, fair light and out-gone rayes,
The Moons round silver face withouten veil
Do still remain, her beams she still displayes
The cloud but melt, not lost, the bow onely decayes.

32

This number suits well with the *Universe:*
The number's eight of the Orbs generall,
From whence things flow or wherein they converse,
The first we name *Nature Monadicall*,
The second hight *Life Intellectuall*,
Third *Psychicall*; the fourth *Imaginative*,
Fifth *Sensitive*, the sixth *Spermaticall*,
The seventh be fading forms *Quantitative*,
The eighth *Hyle* or *Ananke* perverse, coactive.

That

24

That laſt is nought but potentiality,
Which in the lower creature cauſeth ſtrife,
Deſtruction by incompoſſibility
In ſome, as in the forms *Quantitative*.
All here depend on the Orb *Unitive*,
Which alſo hight Nature *Monadicall*;
As all thoſe lights and colours did derive
Themſelves from lively Phœbus life centrall.
Nought therefore but vain ſenſibles we ſee caducall.

25

And that the firſt *Every where-Unitie*
Is the true root of all the living creatures,
As they deſcend in each diſtinct degree,
That God's the ſuſtentacle of all Natures;
And though thoſe outward forms & gawdy features
May quail like rainbowes in the roſcid ſky,
Or gliſtring Parelies or other meteors;
Yet the clear light doth not to nothing flie:
Thoſe ſix degrees of life ſtand ſure, and never die.

26

So now we plainly ſee that the dark matter
Is not that needfull prop to hold up life;
And though deaths engins this groſſe bulk do ſhatter
We have not loſt our Orb conſervative,
Of which we are a ray derivative.
The body ſenſible ſo garniſhed
With outward forms theſe inward do relieve,
Keep up in faſhion and freſh lively-hed;
But this groſſe bulk thoſe inward lives ſtands in no ſted.

27

Nor can one inward form another ſlay,
Though they may quell their preſent energy,
And make them cloſe contract their yielding ray
And hide themſelves in their *centreity*
Till ſome friendly appulſe doth ſet them free,
And call them out again into broad day.
Hence lives guſh not in ſuperfluity
Into this world, but their due time do ſtay,
Though their ſtrong centrall eſſence never can decay.

28

In Earth, in Aire, in the vaſt flowing Plain,
In that high Region hight Æthereall,
In every place theſe Atom-lives remain,
Even thoſe that cleeped are forms *ſeminall.*
But ſouls of men by force *imaginall*
Eaſly ſupply their place, when ſo they liſt
Appear in thickned Aire with ſhape externall
Diſplay their light and form in cloudy miſt,
That much it doth amaze the muſing Naturaliſt.

29

Wherefore ſith life ſo ſtrongly ſealed is,
Purge out fond thoughts out of thy weary mind,
And rather ſtrive that thou do nought amiſſe,
Then God to blame, and Nature as unkind
When nought in them we blamable can find.
When groaning ghoſts of beaſts or men depart,
Their tender mother doth but them unbind
From groſſer fetters, and more toilſome ſmart.
Bleſs'd is the man that hath true knowledge of her Art.

30

And more for to confirm this myſterie,
She vaniſh'd in my preſence into Aire,
She ſpread her ſelf with the thin liquid ſky;
But I thereat fell not into deſpair
Of her return, nor wail'd her viſage fair,
That ſo was gone. For I was woxen ſtrong
In this belief. That nothing can empair
The inward life, or its hid eſſence wrong.
O the prevailing might of a ſweet learned tongue!

31

By this the Suns bright waggon gan aſcend
The Eaſtern hill, and draw on chearfull day;
So I full fraught with joy do homeward wend
And fed my ſelf with that that Nymph did ſay,
And did ſo cunningly to me convey,
Reſolving for to teach all willing men
Lifes myſterie, and quite to chaſe away
Mind-mudding miſt ſprung from low fulſome fen:
Praiſe my good will, but pardon my weak faltring pen.

The

PSYCHATHANASIA
Or
The Immortality of the Soul.

Book I. Cant. 4.

That Hyle or first matter's nought
But potentialitie;
That God's the never-fading root
Of all Vitalitie.

1

WHat I was wisely taught in that still Night,
That *Hyle* is the Potentialitie
Of Gods dear Creatures, I embrace as right,
And them nigh blame of deep idolatrie
That give so much to that slight nullitie,
That they should make it root substantiall
Of nimble life, and that quick entitie
That doth so strongly move things naturall,
That life from hence should spring, that hither life should fall.

2

For how things spring from hence and be resolv'd
Into this mirksome sourse, *first matter* hight,
This muddy myst'rie they no'te well unfold.
If it be onely a bare passive might
With Gods and Natures goodly dowries dight,
Bringing hid Noughts into existencie,
Or sleeping Somethings into wide day-light,
Then *Hyle's* plain potentialitie,
Which doth not straight inferre certain mortalitie.

3

For the immortall Angels do consist
Of out-gone act and possibilitie;
Nor any other creature doth exist,
Releast from dreary deaths necessity;
If these composures it so certainly
Ensuen must. If substance actuall
They will avouch this first matter to be,
Fountain of forms, and prop fiduciall
Of all those lives and beings cleeped Naturall;

4

Then may it prove the ſphear *ſpermaticall*
Or *ſenſitive* (if they would yield it life)
Or that is next, the Orb *Imaginall*,
Or rather all theſe Orbs; withouten ſtrife
So mought we all conclude that their relief
And firſt exiſtence from this ſphear they drew
And ſo our adverſaries, loth or lief
Muſt needs confeſſe that all the lore was true
Concerning life, that that fair Nymph ſo clearly ſhew;

5

And that particular Lives that be yborn
Into this world, when their act doth diſpear,
Do ceaſe to be no more then the ſnails horn,
That ſhe ſhrinks in becauſe ſhe cannot bear
The wanton boys rude touch, or heavie chear
Of ſtormy winds. The ſecundary light
As ſurely ſhineth in the heavens clear,
As do the firſt fair beams of Phœbus bright,
Laſting they are as they, though not of ſo great might.

6

So be the effluxes of thoſe ſix orders,
Unfading lives from fount of livelihood:
Onely what next to ſtrifefull *Hyle* borders,
Particular viſibles deaths drearyhood
Can ſeiz upon. They paſſe like ſliding flood.
For when to this worlds dregs lives downward hie,
They ſtroy one th' other in fell cankred mood,
Beat back their rayes by ſtrong antipathie,
Or ſome more broad-ſpread cauſe doth choke their energie.

7

But to go on to that common conceit
Of the firſt matter: What can ſubſtance do,
Poore, naked ſubſtance, megre, dry, dull, ſlight,
Inert, unactive, that no might can ſhow
Of good or ill to either friend or foe,
All liveleſſe, all formleſſe? She doth ſuſtain.
And hath no ſtrength that task to undergo?
Beſides that work is needleſſe all in vain:
Each *central* form its rayes with eaſe can well up-ſtayen.

What

8

What holds the earth in the thin fluid aire?
Can matter void of fix'd ſolidity?
But ſhe like kindly nurſe her forms doth chear.
What can be ſuck'd from her dark dugges drie?
Nor warmth, nor moiſtneſſe, nor faſt denſity
Belong to her. Therefore i'll nurſe I ween
She'll make, that neither hath to ſatisfie
Young-craving life, nor firmneſſe to ſuſtein
The burden that upon her arms ſhould ſafely lean.

9

Therefore an uſeleſſe ſuperfluity
It is to make *Hyle* ſubſtantiall:
Onely let's term't the poſſibility
Of all created beings. Lives *centrall*
Can frame themſelves a right compoſitall,
While as they ſitten ſoft in the ſweet rayes
Or vitall veſt of the lives generall,
As thoſe that out of the earths covert raiſe
Themſelves, fairly provok'd by warmth of ſunny dayes.

10

And thus all accidents will prove the beams
Of inward forms, their flowing energy;
And quantity th' extenſion of ſuch ſtreams,
That goes along even with each qualitie.
Thus have we div'd to the profundity
Of darkeſt matter, and have found it nought
But all this worlds bare *Poſsibility*.
Nought therefore 'gainſt lifes durance can be brought
From *Hyles* pit, that quenchen may that pleaſant thought.

The

The Argument of
PSYCHATHANASIA,
Or
The Immortalitie of the Soul.

Book II. Cant. I.

Mans ſoul with beaſts and plants I here
Compare; Tell my chief end
His immortality's to clear;
Show whence groſſe errours wend.

1

But hitherto I have with fluttering wings
But lightly hover'd in the generall,
And taught the laſting durance of all ſprings
Of hidden life. That life hight *ſeminall*
Doth iſſue forth from its deep root centrall,
One onely form entire, and no'te advert
What ſteals from it. Beaſts life *Phantaſticall*
Lets out more forms, and eke themſelves convert
To view the various frie from their dark wombs exert.

2

But mans vaſt ſoul, the image of her Maker,
Like God that made her, with her mighty ſway
And inward *Fiat* (if he nould forſake her)
Can turn ſad darkneſſe into lightſome day,
And the whole creature 'fore her ſelf diſplay:
Bid them come forth and ſtand before her ſight,
They ſtraight flush out and her drad voice obey:
Each ſhape, each life doth leapen out full light,
And at her beck return into their uſuall *Night*.

Of

3

Oft God himself here lifteth to appear,
Though not perforce yet of his own frank will
Sheds his sweet life, dispreads his beauty clear,
And like the Sun this lesser world doth fill,
And like the Sun doth the foul *Python* kill
With his bright darts, but cheareth each good spright.
This is the soul that I with presser quill
Must now pursue and fall upon down-right,
Not to destroy but prove her of immortall might.

4

Nor let blind Momus dare my Muse backbite,
As wanton or superfluously wise
For what is past. She is but justly quit
With Lucrece, who all souls doth mortalize:
Wherefore she did them all immortalize.
Besides in beasts and men th'affinity
Doth seem so great, that without prejudice
To many proofs for th'immortality
Of humane Souls, the same to beasts we no'te deny:

5

But I herein no longer list contend.
The two first kinds of souls I'll quite omit,
And 'cording as at first I did intend
Bestirre me stifly, force my feeble wit
To rescue humane souls from deaths deep pit;
Which I shall do with reasons as subtile
As I can find; slight proofs cannot well fit
In so great cause, nor phansies florid wile;
I'll win no mans assent by a false specious guile.

6

I onely wish that arguments exile
May not seem nought unto the duller eye;
Nor that the fatter phansie my lean style
Do blame: it's fittest for philosophy.
And give me leave from any energie
That springs from humane soul my cause to prove,
And in that order as they list to flie
Of their own selves, so let them freely rove.
That naturally doth come doth oft the stronger move.

7

Self-motion and centrall ſtability
I have already urg'd in generall;
Als' did right preſſly to our ſoul apply
Thoſe properties, who liſt it to recall
Unto their minds; but now we'll let it fall
As needleſſe. Onely that vitality,
That doth extend this great Univerſall,
And move th' inert Materiality
Of great and little worlds, that keep in memory.

8

And how the mixture of their rayes may breed
Th' opinion of uncertain quality,
When they from certain roots of life do ſpreed;
But their pure beams muſt needs ychanged be
When that thoſe rayes or not be ſetten free
Thinly diſpers'd, or elſe be cloſely meint
With other beams of plain diverſity,
That cauſeth oft a ſtrong impediment:
So doth this bodies life to the ſouls high intent.

9

The lower man is nought but a fair plant,
Whoſe groſſer matter is from the baſe ground;
The Plaſtick might thus finely did him paint,
And fill'd him with the life that doth abound
In all the places of the world around.
This ſpirit of life is in each ſhapen'd thing,
Suck'd in and changed and ſtrangely confound,
As we conceive: This is the nouriſhing
Of all; but *ſpermall* form, the certain ſhapening.

10

This is that ſtrange-form'd ſtatue magicall,
That hovering ſouls unto it can allure
When it's right fitted; down thoſe ſpirits fall
Like Eagle to her prey, and ſo endure
While that low life is in good temperature.
That a dead body without vitall ſpright
And friendly temper ſhould a gueſt procure
Of ſo great worth, without the dear delight
Of joyous ſympathy, no man can reckon right.

But

11

But here unlucky Souls do waxen ſick
Of an ill turfeit from the poiſon'd bait
Of this ſweet tree, yet here perforce they ſtick
In weak condition, in a languid ſtate.
Many through ignorance do fondly hate
To be releas'd from this impriſonment,
And grieve the walls be ſo nigh ruinate.
They be bewitch'd ſo with the blandiſhment
Of that freſh ſtrumpet, when in love they firſt were ment.

12

Others diſdain this ſo near unity,
So farre they be from thinking they be born
Of ſuch low parentage, ſo baſe degree,
And fleſhes foul attraction they do ſcorn.
They be th'outgoings of the *Eaſtern morn*,
Alli'd unto th' eternall Deity,
And pray to their firſt ſpring, that thus forlorn
And left in mud, that he would ſet them free,
And them again poſſeſſe of priſtine purity.

13

But ſeemeth not my Muſe too haſtily
To ſoar aloft, that better by degrees
Unto the vulgar mans capacity
Mought ſhow the ſouls ſo high excellencies,
And ſoftly from all corporeities
It heaven up unto its proper ſeat,
When we have drove away groſſe falſities,
That do aſſault the weaker mens conceit,
And free the ſimple mind from phanſies foul deceit,

14

The drooping ſoul ſo ſtrongly's coloured
With the long commerce of corporeals,
That ſhe from her own ſelf awide is led,
Knows not her ſelf, but by falſe name ſhe calls
Her own high being, and what ere befalls
Her groſſer bodie, ſhe that miſery
Doth deem her own: for ſhe her ſelf miſcalls
Or ſome thin body, or ſpread quality,
Or point of quality, or fixt or ſetten free.

29

But whether thin ſpread body ſhe doth deem
Her ſelf diſperſed through this groſſer frame;
Or doth her ſelf a quality eſteem,
Or quient complexion, ſtreaming through the ſame;
Or elſe ſome lucid point her ſelf doth name
Of ſuch a quality, in chiefeſt part
Strongly fix'd down; or whether ſhe doth clame
More freedome for that point, in head nor heart
Faſt ſeated; yet, ſaith ſhe, the bodies brat thou art.

30

Thence thou aroſe, thence thou canſt not depart:
There die thou muſt, when thy dear nurſe decayes:
But theſe falſe phanſies I with reaſon ſmart
Shall eas'ly chace away, and the mind raiſe
To higher pitch. O liſten to my layes,
And when you have ſeen faſt ſeald eternity
Of humane ſouls, then your great Maker praiſe
For his never fading benignity,
And feed your ſelves with thought of immortality.

The

The Argument of
PSYCHATHANASIA,
OR,
The Immortality of the Soul.

Book. 2. Cant. 2.

Sense no good judge of truth : What spright,
What body we descry :
Prove from the souls inferiour might
Her incorp'reitie.

1

WHile I do purpose with my self to sing
The souls incorporeity, I fear
That it a worse perplexitie may bring
Unto the weaker mind and duller ear;
For the may deem herself 'stroyd quite & clear
While all corporeals from her we expell:
For she has yet not mark'd that higher sphear
Where her own essence doth in safety dwell,
But views her lower shade, like boy at brink of well;

2

Dotes upon sense, ne higher doth arise
Busied about vain forms corporeall;
Contemns as nought unseen exilities,
Objects of virtue *Intellectuall*,
Though these of substances be principall.
But I to better hope would fainly lead
The sunken mind, and cunningly recall
Again to life that long hath liggen dead.
Awake ye drooping souls! shake off that drousihead!

Why

3

Why do you thus confide in ſleepy ſenſe,
Ill judge of her own objects? who'll believe
The eye contracting Phœbus Orb immenſe
Into the compaſſe of a common ſieve?
If ſolid reaſon did not us relieve,
The hoſt of heaven alwayes would idle ſtand
In our conceit, nor could the Sun revive
The nether world, nor do his Lords command.
Things near ſeem further off; farſt off, the nearſt at hand.

4

The touch acknowledgeth no guſtables;
The taſt no fragrant ſmell or ſtinking ſent;
The ſmell doth not once dream of audibles;
The hearing never knew the verdant peint
Of ſprings gay mantle, nor heavens light ylent
That muſt diſcover all that goodly pride:
So that the ſenſes would with zeal fervent
Condemne each other, and their voice deride
If mutually they heard ſuch things they never try'd.

5

But reaſon, that above the ſenſe doth ſit,
Doth comprehend all their impreſſions,
And tells the touch its no fanatick fit
That makes the ſight of illuſtrations
So ſtifly talk upon occaſions.
But judgeth all their voyces to be true
Concerning their ſtraight operations,
And doth by nimble conſequences ſhew
To her own ſelf what thoſe wiſe Five yet never knew.

6

They never knew ought but corporealls:
But ſee how reaſon doth their verdict rude
Confute, by looſening materialls
Into their principles, as latitude
Profundity of bodies to conclude.
The term of latitude is breadthleſſe line;
A point the line doth manfully retrude
From infinite proceſſe; ſite doth confine
This point; take ſite away its ſtraight a ſpark divine.

And

7

And thus unloos'd it equally reſpects
The bodies parts, not fixt to any one.
Let 't be diffuſed through all. Thus it detects
The ſoul's ſtrange nature, operation,
Her independency, looſe union
With this frail body. So 's this unity
Great, but without that groſſe extenſion,
Exceeding great in her high *energie*,
Extended far and wide from her non-quantity.

8

If yet you underſtand not, let the ſoul,
Which you ſuppoſe extended with this maſſe,
Be all contract and cloſe together roll
Into the centre of the hearts compaſſe:
As the ſuns beams that by a concave glaſſe
Be ſtrangely ſtrengthned with their ſtrait conſtraint
Into one point, that thence they ſtoutly paſſe,
Fire all before them withouten reſtraint,
Th' high arch'd roof of heaven with ſmouldry ſmoke they taint.

9

But now that groſneſſe, which we call the heart,
Quite take away, and leave that ſpark alone
Without that ſenſible corporeall part
Of humane body: ſo when that is gone,
One nimble point of life, that's all at one
In its own ſelf, doth wonderfully move,
Indiſpers'd, quick, cloſe with ſelf-union,
Hot, ſparkling, active, mounting high above,
In bigneſſe nought, in virtue like to thundring Jove.

10

Thus maugre all th' obmurmurings of ſenſe
We have found an eſſence incorporeall,
A ſhifting centre with circumference,
But ſhe not onely ſits in midſt of all,
But is alſo in a manner centrall
In her outflowing lines. For the extenſion
Of th' outſhot rayes circumferentiall
Be not gone from her by diſtrought diſtenſion,
Her point is at each point of all that ſpread dimenſion.

This

11

This is a ſubſtance truly ſpiritall,
That reaſon by her gliſtring lamp hath ſhown:
No ſuch the ſenſe in things corporeall
Can ere find out. May this perſwaſion,
O ſunken ſouls! ſlaves of ſenſation!
Rear up your heads and chaſe away all fear
How (when by ſtrong argumentation
I ſhall you ſtrip of what ſo doth appear
Corporeall) that you to nought ſhould vaniſh clear.

12

The naked eſſence of the body's this
Matter extent in three dimenſions
(Hardneſſe or ſoftneſſe be but qualities)
Withouten *ſelf reduplications*
Or *outſpread circling propagations*
Of its own preſence. Theie be corporall,
And what with theſe in ſuch extenſion
Singly's ſtretch'd out, is form materiall.
Whether our ſoul be ſuch now to the teſt we'll call:

13

If ſouls be bodies, or inanimate
They be, or elſe endowed with life. If they
Be liveleſſe, give they life? if animate,
Then tell me what doth life to them convey?
Some other body? Here can be no ſtay.
Straight we muſt ask whether that liveleſſe be
Or living. Then, what 'lives it. Thus we'll play
Till we have forc'd you to infinity,
And make your cheeks wax red at your Philoſophy.

14

Again, pray tell me, is this body groſſe
Or fluid, and thin you deem the ſoul to be?
If groſſe, then either ſtrongly it is croſs'd
From entring ſome parts of this rigid tree
And ſo of life they'll want their 'lotted fee:
Or if it penetrate this bulk throughout,
It breaks and tears and puts to penalty
This ſory corſe. If 't thin and fluid be thought,
How pulls it up thoſe limbs and again jerks them out?

Beſides

15

Beſides, if ſtretchen corporeity
Longs to the ſoul, then Augmentation
Muſt likewiſe thereto appertain. But ſee
Th' abſurdities that this opinion
Will drag on with it: for effluxion
Of parts will ſpoil the ſteddy memory,
And waſh away all intellection,
Deface the beauty of that imagery
That once was fairly graven in her phantaſie.

16

But oft when the weak bodie's worn and waſted
And far ſhrunk in, the nimble phantaſie
(So far ſhe's from being withered and blaſted)
More largely worketh, and more glitterandly
Diſplayes her ſpreaden forms, and chearfully
Purſues her ſports. Again, the greater corſe
Would moſt be fill'd with magnanimity:
But oft we ſee the leſſe hath greater force,
To fight, or talk; the greater oft we ſee the worſe.

17

All which if weighed well, muſt ill agree
With bodies natures, which merely conſiſt
In a dull, ſilent, ſtupid quantity,
Stretching forth mirkſome matter, in what liſt
Or precincts no man knows. No Naturaliſt
Can it define, unleſſe they adde a form
That eaſly curbs the thing that no'te reſiſt,
And after her own will can it inform.
It ſtill and ſtupid ſtands and thinks nor good nor harm.

18

The man is mad, that will at all agree
That this is ſoul. Or if forme bodily
Non replicate, extent, not ſetten free,
But ſtraight ſtretch'd out in corporeity
(Betwixt theſe two there's that affinity)
As little wit that man will ſeem to have.
Which I ſhall plainly prove by th' energie
Of ſenſe, though that ſame force ſeem not ſo brave,
Yet for the preſent I'll not climbe to higher ſtave.

19

If Souls be ſubſtances corporeall,
Be they as big juſt as the body is?
Or ſhoot they out to th' height Æthereall?
(Of ſuch extent are the ſights energies)
If they ſhoot out, be they equally tranſmiſſe
Around this body? or but upward ſtart?
If round the body, Nature did amiſſe
To loſe her pains in half of the ſouls part,
That part can finden nought that through the earth doth dart.

20

Or will you ſay ſhe is an hemiſphere?
But a ridiculous experiment
Will ſoon confute it: liſt you but to rear
Your agill heels towards the firmament,
And ſtand upon your head; that part is bent
Down through the earth, that earſt did threat the skie:
So that your ſoul now upward is extent
No higher then your heels, yet with your eye
The heavens great vaſtneſſe as before you now diſcry.

21

You'll ſay, this ſouls thin ſpread exility
Turns not at all. How doth it then depend
Upon this body? It has no unity
Therewith, but onely doth of cur'ſy lend
It life, as doth the worlds great lamp down ſend
Both light and warmth unto each living wight;
And if they chance to fail and make an end,
Its nought to him, he ſhineth yet as bright
As ere he did. This ſhowes the ſoul immortall quite.

22

But if the ſoul be juſtly coextent
With this ſtraight body, nought can bigger be
Then is our body, that ſhe doth preſent;
'Cording to laws of Corporeity
So muſt ſhe repreſent each realty.
Thus talleſt Gyants would be oft defied
By groveling Pigmees: for they could not ſee
The difference, nor mete his manly ſtride,
Nor ween what matchleſſe ſtrength did in his armes reſide.

For

23

For they muſt judge him juſt as their own ſelves
Of the ſame ſtature, of the ſelf-ſame might:
All men would ſeem to them their fellow Elves;
Nor little curs would tremble at the ſight
Of greater dogs; nor hawks would put to flight
The leſſer birds. Th' impreſſion of a ſeal
Can be no larger then the wax; or right
As big, or leſſe it is. Therefore repeal
This groſſe conceit, and hold as reaſon doth reveal.

24

Again, if ſouls corporeall you ween;
Do the light images of things appear
Upon the ſurface, ſlick, bright, ſmooth and ſheen
As in a looking glaſſe? Or whether dare
They paſſe the outſide and venture ſo farre
As into the depth of the ſouls ſubſtance?
If this; then they together blended are
That nought we ſee with right diſcriminance:
If that, the object gone, away thoſe forms do glance.

25

Thus ſhould we be devoid of memory,
And be all darkneſſe, till the good preſence
Of outward objects doth the ſoul unty
From heavy ſleep. But this experience
Plainly confutes. For even in their abſence
We do retain their true ſimilitude:
So lovers wont to maken dalliance
With the fair ſhade their minds do ſtill include,
And wiſtly view the grace wherewith ſhe is endude.

26

But now new reaſons I will ſet on foot,
Drawn from the common ſenſe, that's not extenſe
But like a centre that around doth ſhoot
Its rayes; thoſe rayes ſhould be the outward ſenſe
As ſome reſemble't. But by nō pretence
Would I the outward ſenſes ſhould be thought
To act ſo in a ſpread circumference
That the ſeat of their forms ſhould be diſtrought,
Or that by reach of quantities dead arms they wrought.

27

For ſee how little ſhare hath quantitie
In act of ſeeing, when we comprehend
The heavens vaſt compaſſe in our ſtraitned eye;
Nor may the Ox with the Eagle contend,
Becauſe a larger circle doth extend
His ſlower lights. So that if outward ſenſe
In his low acts doth not at all depend
On quantity, how ſhall the common-ſenſe,
That is farre more ſpirituall, depend from thence?

28

But ſtill more preſſly this point to purſue;
By th' ſmelling, odours; voices by the ear;
By th' eye we apprehend the coloured hew
Of bodies viſible. But what ſhall ſteer
The erring ſenſes? where ſhall they compear
In controverſie? what the difference
Of all their objects can with judgement clear
Diſtinguiſh and diſcern? One common-ſenſe:
For one alone muſt have this great preeminence.

29

And all this one muſt know, though ſtill but one;
Elſe't could not judge of all. But make it two;
Then tell me, doth the ſoul by this alone
Apprehend this object that the ſenſe doth ſhow,
And that by that; or doth it by both know
Both objects? as this colour and that ſound.
If both knew both, then nature did beſtow
In vain one faculty, it doth redound:
But if this that, that this, what ſhall them both compound,

30

And by compariſon judge of them both?
Therefore that judge is one. But whether one
Without diviſion, let's now try that troth.
If it be any wiſe extent, you're gone
By the ſame reaſon that afore was ſhown.
Suppoſe't a line the leaſt of quantity.
Or ſound is here, there colour, or each one
Of the lines parts receive them both. If we
Grant that, again we find a ſuperfluity.

31

If this part this, and that part that receive,
We are at the ſame loſſe we were afore,
For one to judge them both, or we bereave
Our ſouls of judgement. For who can judge more
Than what he knows? It is above his power.
Therefore it's plain the common ſenſe is one,
One individed faculty. But ſtore
Of parts would breed a ſtrange confuſion,
When every part mought claim proper ſenſation.

32

If not, nor all could exerciſe the Act
Of any ſenſe. For could a power of ſenſe
Ariſe from ſtupid parts that plainly lack'd
That might themſelves. Thus with great confidence
We may conclude that th' humane ſouls eſſence
Is indiviſible, yet every where
In this her body. Cauſe th' intelligence
She hath of whatſoever happens here:
The aking foot the eye doth view, the hand doth cheer.

33

What tells the hand or head the toes great grief,
When it alone is pinch'd with galling ſhooes?
Do other parts not hurt call for relief
For their dear mates? Ill meſſenger of woes
That grieveth not himſelf. Can they diſcloſe
That miſery without impreſſion
Upon themſelves? Therefore one ſpirit goes
Through all this bulk, not by extenſion
But by a totall *Self-reduplication.*

34

Which neither body, nor diſperſed form,
Nor point of form diſperſed e'r could do.
And bodies life or ſprite for to transform
Into our ſoul, though that might this undo,
Yet to ſo raſh conceit to yield unto
Cannot be ſafe: for if it propagate
It's ſelf and 'ts paſſions, yet they free may go
Unmark'd, if ſenſe would not them contemplate.
So doth the *Mundane* ſprite not heeded circulate.

35

Beſides, if from that ſpirit naturall
The nurſe of plants, you ſhould dare to aſſert
That lively inward *Animadverſall*
To ſpringen out, it would ſurely invert
The order of the Orbs from whence do ſtert
All ſeverall beings and of them depend.
Therefore the Orb *Phantaſtick* muſt exert
All life *phantaſticall*, *ſenſitive* ſend
The life of ſenſe; ſo of the reſt unto each end.

36

There's nought from its own ſelf can ſenden forth
Ought better then it ſelf. So nought gives ſenſe
That hath not ſenſe it ſelf, nor greater worth
Then ſenſe, nor ſenſe, nor better ſprings from thence:
Nor that which higher is can have effence
Leſſe active, leſſe *reduplicate*, leſſe free,
Leſſe ſpiritall, then that's amov'd from hence,
And is an Orb of a more low degree.
Wherefore that centrall life hath more activitie,

37

And preſent is in each part totally
Of this her body. Nor we ought diffide,
Although ſome creatures ſtill alive we ſee
To ſtirre and move when we have them divide
And cut in twain. Thus worms in ſturdie pride
Do wrigge and wreſt their parts divorc'd by knife;
But we muſt know that Natures womb doth hide
Innumerable treaſures of all life;
And how to breaken out upon each hint they ſtrive.

38

So when the preſent actuall centrall life
Of ſenſe and motion is gone with one part
To manage it, ſtrait for the due relief
Of th' other particle there up doth ſtart
Another centrall life, and tries her art:
But ſhe cannot raigne long, nor yet recure
That deadly wound. The plantall lifes depart,
And ſhitten or ſhrunk ſpright, that did procure
Her company, being loſt, make her ſhe'll not endure.

And

39

And ſo at laſt is gone, from whence ſhe came,
For ſoon did fade that ſweet allurement,
The plantall life, which for a while did flame
With ſympathetick fire, but that being ſpent
Straight ſhe is flown. Or may you this content?
That ſome impreſſion of that very ſoul
That's gone, if gone, with plantall ſpirit meint
The broken corſe thus buſily may roll.
Long 'tis till water boild doth ſtranger heat controul.

40

Thus have we prov'd 'cording to our inſight
That humane ſouls be not corporeall
(With reaſons drawn from the ſenſitive might)
Nor bodies, nor ſpread forms materiall,
Whether you ſubſtances liſt them to call
Or qualities, or point of theſe. I'll bring
Hereafter proofs from power rationall
In humane ſouls, to prove the ſelf ſame thing.
Mount up aloft, my Muſe, and now more ſhrilly ſing.

The Argument of
PSYCHATHANASIA,
Or,
The Immortality of the Soul.

Book II. Cant. III.

The ſouls incorporeitie
From powers rationall
We prove; Diſcern true pietie
From bitterneſſe and gall.

1

Like Carpenter entred into a wood
To cut down timber for ſome edifice
Of ſtately ſtructure, whiles he caſts abroad
His curious eye, he much perplexed is
(There ſtand in view ſo many goodly trees)
Where to make choice to enter his rugg'd ſaw:
My Muſe is plung'd in like perplexities,
So many arguments themſelves do ſhow,
That where to pitch my wavering mind doth yet ſcarce know.

2

One taller then the reſt my circling eye
Hath hit upon, which if 't be ſound at heart
Will prove a goodly piece to raiſe on high
The heavenly ſtructure of that deemed part
Of man, his ſoul, and by unerring art
Set his foundation 'bove the bodies frame
On his own wheels, that he may thence depart
Intire, unhurt. So doth the Scythian ſwain
Drive his light moving houſe on the waſte verdant plain.

I'll

3

I'll ſing of piety: that now I mean
That Triſmegiſt thus wiſely doth define,
Knowledge of God. That's piety I ween,
The higheſt of virtues, a bright beam divine
Which to the purer ſoul doth ſweetly ſhine.
But what's this beam? and how doth it enlight?
What doth it teach? It teacheth to decline
Self-love, and frampard wayes the hypocrite
Doth trample in, accloy'd with dirt and diſmall night.

4

Not rage, nor miſchief, nor love of a ſect,
Nor eating irefulneſſe, harſh cruelty
Contracting Gods good will, nor conſcience checkt
Or chok'd continually with impiety,
Fauſter'd and fed with hid hypocriſie;
Nor tyranny againſt perplexed minds,
Nor forc'd conceit, nor man-idolatry,
All which the eye of ſearching reaſon blinds,
And the ſouls heavenly flame in dungeon darkneſſe binds.

5

Can warres and jarres and fierce contention,
Swoln hatred, and conſuming envie ſpring
From piety? No. 'Tis opinion
That makes the riven heavens with trumpets ring,
And thundring engine mur'drous balls out-ſling,
And ſend mens groning ghoſts to lower ſhade
Of horrid hell. This the wide world doth bring
To devaſtation, makes mankind to fade:
Such direfull things doth falſe Religion perſwade.

6

But true Religion ſprong from God above
Is like her fountain full of charity,
Embracing all things with a tender love,
Full of good will and meek expectancy,
Full of true juſtice and ſure verity,
In heart and voice; free, large, even infinite,
Not wedg'd in ſtrait particularity,
But graſping all in her vaſt active ſpright,
Bright lamp of God! that men would joy in thy pure light!

7

Can ſouls that be thus univerſaliſ'd,
Begot into the life of God e're dy?
(His light is like the ſun that doth ariſe
Upon the juſt and unjuſt) can they fly
Into a nothing? and hath God an eye
To ſee himſelf thus waſted and decay
In his true members? can mortality
Seize upon that that doth it ſelf diſplay
Above the laws of matter, or the bodies ſway?

8

For both the body and the bodies ſpright
Doth things unto particulars confine,
Teaching them partiall friendſhip and fell ſpight.
But thoſe pure ſouls full of the life divine
Look upon all things with mild friendly eyne
Ready to do them good. Thus is their will
Sweetly ſpread out, and ever doth incline
The bent of the firſt Goodneſſe to fulfill.
Ay me! that dreary death ſuch lovely life ſhould ſpill!

9

Beſides this largeneſſe in the will of man
And winged freeneſſe, now let's think upon
His underſtanding, and how it doth ſcan
Gods being, unto whom religion
Is conſecrate. Imagination
That takes its riſe from ſenſe ſo high aſcent
Can never reach, yet intellection
Or higher gets, or at leaſt hath ſome ſent
Of God, *vaticinates*, or is *parturient*.

10

For ask her whether God be this or that,
A body infinite, or ſome mighty ſpright,
Yet not almighty, ſuch vain ſpeech ſhe'll hate.
Whether all preſent, or in ſome place pight,
Whether part here part there, or every whit
In every point, ſhe likes that latter well:
So that its plain that ſome kind of inſight
Of Gods own being in the ſoul doth dwell
Though what God is we cannot yet ſo plainly tell.

11

As when a name lodg'd in the memory,
But yet through time almoſt obliterate,
Confuſely hovers near the phantaſie:
The man that's thus affected bids relate
A catalogue of names. It is not that,
Saith he, nor that; that's ſomething like to it,
That nothing like, that's likſt of all I wot.
This laſt you nam'd it's not like that a whit;
O that's the very name, now we have rightly hit.

12

Thus if't be lawfull leaſt things to compare
With greateſt, ſo our ſelves affected be
Concerning Gods high eſſence: for we are
Not ignorant quite of this myſtery,
Nor clearly apprehend the Deity,
But in mid ſtate, I call't *parturient*,
And ſhould bring forth that live Divinity
Within our ſelves, if once God would conſent
To ſhew his ſpecious form and nature eminent:

13

For here it lies like colours in the night
Unſeen and unregarded, but the ſunne
Diſplayes the beauty and the gladſome plight
Of the adorned earth, while he doth runne
His upper ſtage. But this high prize is wonne
By curbing ſenſe and the ſelf-ſeeking life
(True Chriſtian mortifi. ation)
Thus God will his own ſelf in us revive,
If we to mortifie our ſtraitned ſelves do ſtrive.

14

But can ought bodily Gods form receive?
Or have it in its ſelf potentially?
Or can ought ſprung of this baſe body heve
It ſelf ſo high as to the Deitie
To clamber? ſtrive to reach infinity?
Can ought born of this carcaſe be ſo free
As to graſp all things in large ſympathie?
Can lives corporeall quite looſened be
From their own ſelves, caſhéering their *centreity*?

15

These all ill suit with corporeitie:
But do we not amisse with stroke so strong
All to dispatch at once? needed we flie
So high at first? we might have chose among
The many arguments that close do throng
And tender their own selves this cause to prove
Some of a meaner rank, and then along
Fairly and softly by degrees to move.
My Muse kens no such pomp, she must with freedome rove.

16

And now as chance her guides, compendiously
The heads of many proofs she will repear,
Which she lists not pursue so curiously,
But leaves the Reader his own brains to beat,
To find their fuller strength. As the souls meat,
Of which she feeds, if that she fed at all;
She is immortall if she need not eat;
But if her food prove to be spiritall,
Then can we deem herself to be corporeall?

17

The souls most proper food is verity
Got and digest by Contemplation.
Hence strength, enlargement, and activity
She finds, as th' body by infusion
Of grosser meats and drinks (concoction
Well perfected) our limbs grow strong by these;
The soul by reasons right perswasion:
But that truths spiritall we may with ease
Find out: For truth the soul from bodies doth release.

18

Next argument let be abstraction,
When as the soul with notion precise
Keeps off the corporall condition,
And a nak'd simple essence doth devise
Against the law of Corporeities,
It doth devest them both of time and place,
And of all individualities,
And matter doth of all her forms uncase,
Corporeall wight such subtile virtue never has.

Now

19

Now ſhall the indiviſibilitie
Of the ſouls virtues make an argument.
For certainly there's no ſuch qualitie
Reſideth in a body that's extent:
For, tell me, is that quality ſtrait pent
Within a point of that corporeall?
Or is it with ſome ſpreaden part diſtent?
If in a point, then longs it not at all
To th' body: in ſpread part? then 'tis extentionall.

20

But that ſome virtue's not extentionall
May thus be proved. Is there no ſcience
Of numbers? Yes. But what is principall
And root of all: have we intelligence
Of Unities? Or elſe what's ſprong from thence
We could not know: what doth the ſoul then frame
Within her ſelf? Is that Idea extenſe?
Or indiviſible? If not: we'll blame
The ſoul of falſhood, and continuall lying ſhame.

21

Again, if we ſuppoſe our intellect
Corporeall, then muſt we all things know
By a ſwift touch: what? do we then detect
The truth of bigneſſe, when one point doth go
Of our quick mind? (It need not be o'reſlow
For infinite parts be found in quantitie)
Or doth it uſe its latitude? If ſo
Remember that ſome things unſpreaden be,
How ſhall it find them out? Or if't uſe both we'll ſee.

22

That both be unſufficient I prove.
A point cannot diſcern looſe unity
Freed from all ſite. That latitude muſt move
On all the body that it doth deſcry.
So muſt it be upſtretch'd unto the skie
And rub againſt the Stars, ſurround the Sun
And her own parts to every part apply,
Then ſwiftly fridge about the pallid Moon:
Thus both their quantities the mind hath ſtrangely won.

Adde

23

Adde unto theſe, that the ſoul would take pains
For her deſtruction while ſhe doth aſpire
To reach at things (that were her wofull gains)
That be not corporall, but ſeated higher
Above the bodies ſphere. Thus ſhould ſhe tire
Her ſelf to 'ſtroy her ſelf. Again, the mind
Receives contrary forms. The feveriſh fire
Makes her cool brooks and ſhadowing groves to find
Within her thoughts, thus hot and cold in one ſhe binds.

24

Nor is ſhe chang'd by the ſuſception
Of any forms: For thus her ſelf contraire
Should be unto her ſelf. But Union
She then poſſeſſeth, when heat and cold are
Together met: They meet withouten jarre
Within our ſouls. Such forms they be not true
You'll ſay. But of their truth leſt you deſpair,
Each form in purer minds more perfect hew
Obtains, then thoſe in matter we do dayly view.

25

For there, they're mixt, ſoild and contaminate,
But truth doth clear, unweave, and ſimplifie,
Search, ſever, pierce, open, and diſgregate
All aſcititious cloggins; then doth eye
The naked eſſence and its property.
Or you muſt grant the ſoul cannot define
Ought right in things; or you muſt not deny
Theſe forms be true that in her ſelf do ſhine:
Theſe be her rule of truth, theſe her unerring line,

26

Bodies have no ſuch properties. Again,
See in one cluſter many arguments
Compris'd: She multitudes can cloſe conſtrain
Into one nature. Things that be fluent,
As fli ting time, by her be ſtraight retent
Unto one point; ſhe joyns future and paſt,
And makes them ſteddy ſtand as if preſent:
Things diſtant ſhe can into one place caſt:
Calls kinds immortall, though their ſingulars do waſte.

Upon

27

Upon her ſelf ſhe ſtrangely operates,
And from her ſelf and by her ſelf returns
Into her ſelf; thus the ſoul circulates.
Do bodies ſo? Her axle-tree it burns
With heat of motion. This low world ſhe ſpurns,
Raiſeth her ſelf to catch infinity.
Unſpeakable great numbers how ſhe turns
Within her mind, like evening miſt the eye
Diſcerns, whoſe muddy atomes 'fore the wind do fly.

28

Stretcheth out time at both ends without end,
Makes place ſtill higher ſwell, often creates
What God near made, nor doth at all intend
To make, free phantaſms, laughs at future fates,
Foreſees her own condition, ſhe relates
Th'all comprehenſion of eternity,
Complains ſhe's thirſty ſtill in all eſtates,
That all ſhe ſees or has no'te ſatisfie
Her hungry ſelf, nor fill her vaſt capacity.

29

But I'll break off; My Muſe her ſelf forgot,
Her own great ſtrength and her foes feebleneſſe,
That ſhe her name by her own pains may blot,
While ſhe ſo many ſtrokes heaps in exceſſe,
That fond groſſe phanſie quite for to ſuppreſſe
Of the ſouls corporal'tie. For men may think
Her adverſaries ſtrength doth thus her preſſe
To multitude of reaſons, makes her ſwink
With weary toyl, and ſweat out thus much forced ink:

30

Or that ſhe loves with trampling inſultations
To domineere in eaſie victory.
But let not men dare caſt ſuch accuſations,
Againſt the blameleſſe. For no maſtery,
Nor fruitleſſe pomp, nor any verity
Of that opinion that ſhe here deſtroyes
Made her ſo large. No, 'tis her jealouſie
'Gainſt witching falſhood that weak ſouls annoyes,
And oft doth choke thoſe chearing hopes of laſting joyes.

The

The Argument of
PSYCHATHANASIA,
OR
The Immortality of the Soul.

Book. 3. Cant. 1.

The ſouls free independency;
Her drery dreadfull ſtate
In hell; Her tricentreity:
What brings to heavens gate.

1

WEll ſaid that man, what ever man that was,
That ſaid, what things we would we ſtraight believe
Upon each ſlight report t' have come to paſſe:
But better he, that ſaid, Slow faith we give
To things we long for moſt. Hope and fear rive
Diſtracted minds, as when nigh equall weights
Caſt on the trembling ſcales, each tug and ſtrive
To pull the other up. But the ſame ſleights
By turns do urge them both in their deſcents and heights:

2

Thus waves the mind in things of greateſt weight;
For things we value moſt are companied
With fear as well as hope: theſe ſtifly fight:
The ſtronger hope, the ſtronger fear is fed;
On mother both and the like livelyhed.
One object both, from whence they both do ſpring,
The greater ſhe, the greater theſe ſhe bred,
The greater theſe, the greater wavering
And longer time to end their ſturdy ſtruggeling.

But

3

But is there any thing of more import
Then the ſouls immortality? Hence fear
And hope we ſtriving feel with ſtrong effort
Againſt each other: That nor reaſon clear
Nor ſacred Oracles can ſtraight down bear
That ſturdy raſcall, with black phantaſies
Yclad, and clouded with drad diſmall chears
But ſtill new miſts he caſts before our eyes,
And now derides our prov'd incorporieties,

4

And grinning ſaith, That labour's all in vain.
For though the ſoul were incorporeall,
Yet her exiſtence to this fleſh reſtrain,
They be ſo nearly link'd, that if one fall
The other fails. The eare nor hears our call
In ſtouping age, nor eye can ſee ought clears
Benumming palſies ſhake the bodies wall,
The ſoul hath loſt her ſtrength and cannot ſteer
Her craſie corſe, but ſtaggering on reels here and there.

5

So plain it is (that though the ſoul 's a ſpright,
Not corporall) that it muſt needs depend
Upon this body, and muſt periſh quite
When her foundation falls. But now attend
And ſee what falſe conceits vain fears do ſend:
'Tis true, I cannot write without a quill,
Nor ride without an horſe. If chance that rend
Or uſe make blunt, o're-labouring this kill,
Then can I walk not ride, not write but think my fill.

6

Our body is but the ſouls inſtrument;
And when it fails, onely theſe actions ceaſe
That thence depend. But if new eyes were ſent
Unto the aged man, with as much eaſe
And accurateneſſe, as when his youth did pleaſe
The wanton laſſe, he now could all things ſee.
Old age is but the watry blouds diſeaſe:
The ſoul from death and ſickneſſe ſtandeth free:
My hackney fails, not I; my pen, not ſciencie.

But

7

But as I ſaid, of things we do deſire
So vehemently we never can be ſure
Enough. Therefore, my Muſe, thou muſt aſpire
To higher pitch, and fearfull hearts ſecure
Not with ſlight phanſie but with reaſon pure.
Evincing the ſouls independency
Upon this body that doth her immure,
That when from this dark priſon ſhe ſhall flie
All men may judge her reſt in immortality.

8

Therefore I'll ſing the *Tricentreity*
Of humane ſouls, and how they wake from ſleep,
In which ywrapt of old they long do lie
Contract with cold, and drench'd in Lethe deep,
Hugging their plantall point. It makes me weep
Now I ſo clearly view the ſolemn Spring
Of ſilent Night, whoſe Magick dew doth ſteep
Theſe drowſie ſouls of men, whoſe dropping wing
Keeps off the light of life, and blunts each fiery ſting.

9

Three centres hath the ſoul; One plantall hight:
Our parents this revive in nuptiall bed.
This is the principle that hales on Night,
Subjects the mind unto dull drowſyhed:
If we this follow, thus we ſhall be led
To that dark ſtraitneſſe that did bind before
Our ſluggiſh life: when that is ſhrivelled
Into its ſunken centre, we no more
Are conſcious of life: what can us then reſtore?

10

Unleſſe with fiery whips fell Nemeſis
Do laſh our ſprights, and cruelly do gore
Our groning ghoſts; this is the way, I wiſſe,
The onely way to keep 's from Morpheus power.
Both theſe ſo diſmall are that I do ſhowr
Unceſſant tears from my compaſſionate eyes:
Alas! ye ſouls! Why ſhould or ſleep devour
Sweet functions of life? or helliſh cries
To tender heart reſound your juſt calamities?

Thus

11

Thus may you all from your dead drowſineſſe
Be wak'd by inward ſting and pinching wo,
That you could wiſh that that ſame heavineſſe
Might ever you o'repreſſe, and Lethe flow
Upon your drowned life. But you ſhall glow
With urging fire, that doth reſuſcitate
Your middle point, and makes it ſelf to gnaw
It ſelf with madneſſe, while 't doth ruminate
On its deformity and ſterill vexing ſtate.

12

Continuall deſire that nought effects,
Perfect hot-glowing fervour out to ſpring
In ſome good world: With fury ſhe affects
To reach the Land of life, then ſtruck with ſting
Of wounding memory, deſpairs the thing,
And further off ſhe ſees her ſelf, the more
She rageth to obtain: thus doth ſhe bring
More fewell to her flame that ſcorched ſore
With ſearching fire, ſhe's forc'd to yell and loudly rore.

13

Thus ſhe devours her ſelf, not ſatisfies
Her ſelf, nought hath ſhe but what's dearly ſpun
From her own bowels, jejune exilities
Her body 's gone, therefore the riſing ſun
She ſees no more, nor what in day is done,
The ſporting aire no longer cools her bloud,
Pleaſures of youth and manhood quite are gone,
Nor ſongs her eare, nor mouth delicious food
Doth fill. But I'll have this more fully underſtood.

14

Three centres hath mans ſoul in Unity
Together joynd; or if you will, but one.
Thoſe three are one, with a Triplicity
Of power or rayes. Th' high'ſt intellection,
Which being wak'd the ſoul's in Union
With God. If perfectly regenerate
Into that better world, corruption
Hath then no force her bliſſe to perturbate.
The low'ſt do make us ſubject to diſturbing fate.

15

But low'ſt gins firſt to work, the ſoul doth frame
This bodies ſhape, imploy'd in one long thought
So wholy taken up, that ſhe the ſame
Obſerveth not, till ſhe it quite hath wrought.
So men aſleep ſome work to end have brought
Not knowing of it, yet have found it done:
Or we may ſay the matter that ſhe raught
And ſuck'd unto her ſelf to work upon
Is of one warmth with her own ſpright, & feels as one.

16

And thus the body being the ſouls work
From her own centre ſo entirely made,
Seated i'th' heart, for there this ſpright doth lurk,
It is no wonder 'tis ſo eaſly ſway'd
At her command. But when this work ſhall fade,
The ſoul diſmiſſeth it as an old thought.
'Tis but one form; but many be diſplay'd
Amid her higher rayes, diſmiſt, and brought
Back as ſhe liſt, & many come that ne're were ſought.

17

The ſoul by making this ſtrange edifice
Makes way unto herſelf to exerciſe
Functions of life, and ſtill more waked is
The more ſhe his perfected her fine deviſe,
Hath wrought her ſelf into ſure ſympathies
With this great world. Her ears like hollow caves
Re-ſound to her own ſpright the energies
Of the worlds ſpright. If it ought ſuffered have,
Then *preſentifick circles* to her ſtraight notice gave.

18

We know this world, becauſe our ſoul hath made
Our bodie of this ſenſible worlds ſpright
And body. Therefore in the glaſſie ſhade
Of our own eyes (they having the ſame might
That glaſſe or water hath) we have the ſight
Of what the *Mundane* ſpirit ſuffereth
By colours, figures, or inherent light:
Sun, ſtars, and all on earth it hurrieth
To each point of it ſelf ſo far as't *circuleth*.

And

19

And where he lighteth on advantages,
His *circulings* grow ſenſible. So hills
That hollow be do audible voices
Reſound. The ſoul doth imitate that skill
In framing of the eare, that ſounds may ſwell
In that concavitie. The cryſtall ſprings
Reflect the light of heaven, if they be ſtill
And clear; the ſoul doth imitate and bring
The eye to ſuch a temper in her ſhapening.

20

So eyes and ears be not mere perforations,
But a due temper of the *Mundane* ſpright
And ours together; elſe the *circulations*
Of ſounds would be well known by outward ſight,
And th' eare would colours know, figures & light:
So that it's plain that when this bodie 's gone,
This world to us is clos'd in darkneſſe quite,
And all to us is in dead ſilence drown.
Thus in one point of time is this worlds glory flown.

21

But if 't be ſo, how doth *Pſyche* hear or ſee
That hath nor eyes nor eares? She ſees more clear
Then we that ſee but ſecondarily.
We ſee at diſtance by a *circular*
Diffuſion of that ſpright of this great ſphear
Of th' Univerſe: Her ſight is tactuall.
The Sun and all the ſtarres that do appear
She feels them in herſelf, can diſtance all,
For ſhe is at each one purely preſentiall.

22

To us what doth *diffuſion circular*,
And our pure ſhadowed eyes, bright, cryſtalline,
But vigorouſly our ſpright particular
Affect, while things in it ſo clearly ſhine?
That's done continually in the heavens ſheen.
The Sun, the Moon, the Earth, blew-glimmering Hel
Scorch'd Ætna's bowels, each ſhape you'l divine
To be in Nature, every dern cell
With fire-eyed dragons, or what elſe therein doth dwel:

23

These be all parts of the wide worlds exceſſe,
They be all ſeated in the *Mundane* ſpright,
And ſhew juſt as they are in their bigneſſe
To her. But *circulation* ſhews not right
The magnitude of things: for diſtant ſite
Makes a deficience in theſe *circulings*.
But all things lie ope-right unto the ſight
Of heavens great eye; their thin ſhot ſhadowings
And lightned ſides. All this we find in Natures ſprings.

24

The worlds great ſoul knows by *Protopathie*
All what befalls this lower ſprite, but we
Can onely know't by *Deuteropathie*,
At leaſt in ſight and hearing. She doth ſee
In our own eyes, by the cloſe unitie
Of ours and the worlds life, our paſſion,
Plainly perceives our *Idiopathie*,
As we do hers, by the ſame union;
But we cannot ſee hers in that perfection.

25

Freſh varniſh'd groves tall hills, and gilded clouds
Arching an eyelid for the gloring Morn,
Fair cluſtred buildings which our ſight ſo crouds
At diſtance, with high ſpires to heaven yborn,
Vaſt plains with lowly cottages forlorn
Rounded about with the low wavering skie,
Cragg'd vapours, like to ragged rocks ytorn,
She views thoſe proſpects in our diſtant eye:
Theſe and ſuch like be the firſt *centres* myſterie.

26

Or if you will the firſt low energie
Of that one centre, which the ſoul is light,
Which knows this world by the cloſe unitie
Concorporation with the *Mundane* ſprite,
Unloos'd from this ſhe wants a certain light,
Unleſſe by true regeneration
She be incorporate with God, unite
With his own ſpright; ſo a new manſion
Sh' has got, oft ſaught with deepeſt ſuſpiration.

27

But robb'd of her firſt clothing by hard fate,
If ſhe fall ſhort of this, wo's me! what pains
She undergoes? when this loſt former ſtate
So kindled hath lifes thirſt, that ſtill remains.
Thus her eternitie her nothing gains
But hungry flames, raging voracitie
Feeding on its own ſelf. The heavens ſhe ſtains
With execrations and foul blaſphemie.
Thus in fell diſcontent and ſmoth'ring fire they frie.

28

Vain man that ſtriv'ſt to have all things at will!
What wilt thou do in this ſterilitie?
Whom canſt thou then command? or what ſhall fill
Thy gaping ſoul? O depth of miſerie!
Prepare thy ſelf by deep humilitie:
Deſtroy that fretting fire while thou art here,
Forſake this worlds bewitching vanitie,
Nor death nor hell then ſhalt thou need to fear.
Kill and caſt down thy ſelf, to heaven God ſhall thee rear.

29

This middle *centrall eſſence* of the ſoul
Is that which ſtill ſurvives aſleep or waking:
The life ſhe ſhed in this groſſe earthly moul
Is quite ſhrunk up, loſt in the bodies breaking,
Now with ſlight phantaſms of her own fond making
She's clad (ſo is her life drie and jejune)
But all ſlit ſouls be not in the ſame taking:
That ſtate this lifes proportion doth tune,
So as thou liveſt here, ſuch meaſure muſt enſuen.

30

But they whoſe ſouls *deiform* ſummitie
Is waken'd in this life, and ſo to God
Are nearly joyn'd in a firm Unitie
(This outward bodie is but earthie clod
Digeſted, having life transfus'd abroad,
The worlds life and our lower vitalitie
Unite in one) their ſouls have their aboad
In Chriſts own body, are eternally
One with our God, by true and ſtrong communitie.

31

When we are clothed with this outward world,
Feel the ſoft air, behold the glorious Sunne,
All this we have from meat that's daily hurld
Into theſe mouthes. But firſt of all we wonne
This priviledge by our firſt union
With this worlds body and diffuſed ſpright.
I'th' higher world there's ſuch communion:
Chriſt is the ſunne that by his chearing might
Awakes our higher rayes to joyn with his pure light.

32

And when he hath that life elicited,
He gives his own dear body and his bloud
To drink and eat. Thus dayly we are fed
Unto eternall life. Thus do we bud,
True heavenly plants, ſuck in our laſting food
From the firſt ſpring of life, incorporate
Into the higher world (as erſt I ſhow'd
Our lower rayes the ſoul to ſubjugate
To this low world) we fearleſſe ſit above all fate,

33

Safely that kingdomes glory contemplate,
O'reflow with joy by a full ſympathie
With that worlds ſprite, and bleſſe our own eſtate,
Praiſing the fount of all felicitie,
The lovely light of the bleſt Deitie.
Vain mortals think on this, and raiſe your mind
Above the bodies life; ſtrike through the skie
With piercing throbs and ſighs, that you may find
His face. Baſe-fleſhly fumes your drowſie eyes thus blind.

34

So hath my Muſe according to her skill
Diſcovered the ſoul in all her sayes,
The loweſt may occaſionate much ill,
But is indifferent. Who may diſpraiſe
Dame Natures work? But yet you ought to raiſe
Your ſelves to higher ſtate. Eternitie
Is the ſouls reſt, and everlaſting dayes:
Aſpire to this, and hope for victorie.
I further yet ſhall prove her immortalitie.

The Argument of
PSYCHATHANASIA,
Or
The Immortality of the Soul.

Book III. Cant. 2.

From many arguments we ſhow
The independencie
Of humane ſouls: That all Lives flow
From a free Deitie.

1

THree apprehenſions do my mind divide
Concerning the ſouls preexiſtencie,
Before into this outward world ſhe glide,
So hath my Muſe with much uncertaintie
Expreſt her ſelf, ſo as her phantaſie
Strongly inacted guides her eaſie pen;
I nought obtrude with ſow'r anxietie,
But freely offer hints to wiſer men.
The wiſe from raſh aſſent in darkſome things abſtein.

2

Or ſouls be well awake but hovering,
Not fixt to ought, but by a Magick might
Drawable here and there, and ſo their wing
Struck with the ſteem of this low *Mundane* ſprite
May lower flag and take its ſtooping flight
Into ſome plantall man, new edified
By his own plaſtick point. Or elſe (deep Night
Drawn on by drooping phantaſie) ſhe doth ſlide
Into this world, and by her ſelf that skill is tried;

3

Makes to her ſelf this fleſhly habitation;
For this worlds ſpirit hath provok'd theſe rayes:
Then drown in ſleep ſhe works that efformation
Of her own body, all its parts diſplayes,
As doth the ſenſeleſſe plant. The two next wayes
Are theſe: A reall *tricentreitie*.
Firſt centre ever wakes, unmoved ſtayes,
Hight *Intellect*. The next in ſleep doth lie
Till the laſt *centre* burſt into this open skie.

4

And then the middle wakes. But the laſt way
Makes but one centre, which doth ſleep likewiſe
Till its low life hath reach'd this worlds glad day.
A fourth we'll adde that we may a l compriſe.
Take quite away all preexiſtencies
Of humane ſouls, and grant they're then firſt made
When they begin this bodies edifice,
And actually this outward world invade.
None of theſe wayes do ſhow that they muſt ever fade.

5

The firſt way might be well occaſioned
By what the ſoul in her ſelf feels and tries.
She works ſometime as though ſhe quite had fled
All commerce with theſe low carnalities
Yet falls ſhe down at laſt and lowly lies
In this baſe manſion, is ſo cloſe contract
That ſleep doth ſeiſe her *actualities*,
Retains no memory of that ſtrange fact,
Nor of her ſelf that ſoar'd in that high heavenly tract.

6

The ſecond way that makes the ſoul *tricentrall*,
The higheſt awake, the other with ſleep drownd,
May ſpring from hence. None would vouchſafe the entrall
Into this life, if they were but once bound
To that vaſt *centre* where all things are found,
Hight *Intellect*. The loweſt is not awake,
Therefore the midſt lies cloſe in ſleep upwound.
Three *centres* made, that ſouls may quite forſake
This baſer world when union with the loweſt they break.

Again,

7

Again, because this bodie's fashioned
Without our knowledge, reason doth suggest
That it could no wise be thus figured
From our own *centre*, and yet we not prest
To any adversion. Therefore we are drest
With this grosse clothing by some plantall spright
Centred in Nature. So that glorious vest
The *Deiform intellect* by our own might's
Not made, But we have rayes which each of these will fit.

8

Ardent desire, strong breathing after God,
At length may work us to that better place,
Body or clothing, that high sure aboad
That searching weather nor time can deface.
But to go on in our proposed race,
The third and fourth way have the same foundation,
Not multiplying beings to surpasse
Their use. What needs that numerous clos'd *centration*,
Like wastefull sand ytost with boisterous inundation?

9

Let wiser Clerks the truth dare to define
I leave it loose for men to muse upon
View at their leasure: But yet this call mine;
Though we should grant the souls condition
Before her deep incorporation
Into dull matter to be nothing more
But bare *potentiality*, yet none
Can prove from thence that she must fade therefore,
When to its earth this earth the trusty fates restore.

10

For though she and her body be at once,
Yet of her body she doth not depend
But it of her: she doth its members branch,
Pierce, bind, digest, and after makes it wend
At her own will, when she hath brought to end
Her curious work, and hath consolidate
Its tender limbs which earst did feebly bend
Through weakness; then this world she contemplates,
And life still blazing higher seeks an heavenly state.

Breaths

11

Breaths after the first fountain of all life,
Her sweet Creatour, thither doth aspire,
Would see his face, nor will she cease this strife
Till he fulfill her thirsty fierce desire:
Nothing can quench this so deep rooted fire
But his own presence. So she gins despise
This bodies pleasures, ceaseth to admire
Ought fair or comely to these outward eyes:
Or if she do, from hence she higher doth arise.

12

But can she higher rise then her own head?
Therefore her spring is God: thence doth she pend,
Thence did she flow, thither again she's fled.
When she this life hath lost, and made an end
Of this low earthly course, she doth ascend,
Unto her circles ancient *Apogie*
Lifted aloft, not again to descend,
Nor stoups nor sets that Sunne, but standeth free
On never shaken pillars of Æternitie.

13

But still this truth more clearly to evince,
Remember how all things are from one light,
It shall thy reason forceably convince
That nought but God destroyes a *centrall* spright.
If he sucks in his beams, eternall night
Seiseth upon that life, that it no'te flow
In actuall efflux, hath no being quite
But Gods own power. He lets his breath out go,
The self-same things again so eas'ly doth he show.

14

Let be Noon day, the welkin clear, the Moon
I'th' nether world, reflecting the Suns rayes
To cheer the irksome night. Well! That being done,
Call out some wondrous might, that listlesse stayes
In flower phansies. Bid't break all delayes;
Surround with solid dark opacity
The utmost beams that Phœbus light displayes,
Softly steal on with equall distancy,
Till they have close clapt up all his explendency.

All's

15

All's now in darkneſſe: tell me, what's become
Of that infinity of rayes that ſhone?
Where ſecond centres from whence out did come
Other faint beams? what be they all quite ſlone?
All periſh'd quite? You ſtiflers now be gone.
Let fall that ſmoring mantle. Do not ſtraight
All things return? The nether world the Moon,
The Sun enlightens us. The ſelf ſame light
Now ſhines, that ſhone before this deep and diſmall Night.

16

If not the ſame. Then like to flowing ſtream
You deem the light that paſſeth ſtill away,
New parts ever ſucceeding. The Sun-beam
Hath no reflexion then, if it decay
So faſt as it comes forth: Nor were there day;
For it would vaniſh 'fore it could arrive
At us. But in a moment Sol doth ray.
One end of his long ſhafts then we conceive
At once both touch himſelf and down to us do dive.

17

Beſide, this air is not the ſuſtentation
Of ſpreaden light; for then as it did move
The light would move. And ſturdy conflictation
Of ſtruggling winds, when they have fiercely ſtrove,
Phœbus fair golden locks would rudely move
Out of their place; and Eaſtern winds at morn
Would make more glorious dayes, while light is drove
From that bright quarter: Southern blaſts do burn
From midday ſun, but yet Northwinds like light have born.

18

What then muſt be the channell of this river,
If we'll have light to flow as paſſing ſtream?
So plain it is that Nature doth diſſever
The light and th' air, that th' air the Suns bright beams
Doth not uphold as the warmth of his gleams
Or heat that lodgeth there. From this firm might
Nought leaning on the Air, well may we't deem
Some ſubtile body, or ſome groſſer ſpright
Depending of fair Phœbus, of no other wight.

19

And when these rayes were forced to retire
Into their fountain, they were not so gone
But that the same sprong out from the first fire.
So fine spun glittering silk crumpled in one
Changeth not 'ts individuation
From what it was, when it was gaily spread
In fluttering winds to th' admiration
Of the beholder. Thus is nought so dead
But God can it restore to its old livelyhed.

20

For all the creature's but the out gone-rayes
Of a free sunne, and what I meaned most
Of him alone depend. He deads their blaze
By calling in his breath. Though things be tost
And strangely chang'd, yet nought at all is lost
Unlesse he list. Nor then so lost but he
Can them return, In every thing compost
Each part of th' essence its *centreity*
Keeps to it self, it shrinks not to a nullity.

21

When that compounded nature is dissolv'd,
Each *centre's* safe, as safe as second light
Or drove into the Sun, or thence out-rol'd.
So all depend on th' Universall spright
From hight to depth, as they are ranked right
In their due orders. Lifes full pregnancy
Breaks out when friendly sympathy doth smite.
The higher rank the higher energie
From natures lowly lap to Gods sublimity:

22

But well may man be call'd the epitome
Of all things. Therefore no low life him made.
The Highest holds all in His capacity.
Therefore mans soul from Gods own life outray'd,
His outgone *Centre's* on that centre staid.
What disadvantage then can the decay
Of this poore carcase do, when it doth fade?
The soul no more depends on this frail clay,
Then on our eye depends bright Phœbus glist'ring ray.

But

23

But in this argument we'll no longer ſtay,
Conſider now the ſoul's converſion
Into her ſelf. Nought diviſible may
Cloſe with it ſelf by revolution.
For then or part in this reflection,
Is drove into a part, or part to th' whole,
Or whole to part, or near compreſſion
The whole into the whole doth cloſely roll.
But eaſily all theſe wayes right reaſon will controll.

24

If part turn into part, part into whole,
Whole into part, the thing doth not convert
Into it ſelf; the thing it ſelf is all
Not part of 't ſelf: if all to all revert,
Each part then into each part is inſert.
But tell me then how is their quantity
If every part with each part is refert?
Thus ſwallowed up, they'l have no diſtancy;
So you deſtroy ſuppos'd diviſibility.

25

Wherefore that thing is individuous
What ever can into it ſelf reflect,
Such is the ſoul as hath been prov'd by us
Before, and further now we do detect
By her foure wheels: The firſt hight Intellect,
Wherewith ſhe drives into her Nature deep
And finds it out; next Will, this doth affect
Her ſelf found out. Her ſelf then out doth peep
Into theſe acts, ſhe into both doth eas'ly creep.

26

But this converſion's from the body free;
Begins not thence, nor thither doth return:
Nor is the ſoul worſe then her energie,
If in her acts ſhe be far higher born
Then they ſhould 'pend on this baſe corſe forlorn:
Then alſo ſhe hath no dependency
Upon this body, but may ſafely ſcorn
That low condition of ſervility.
And blame all that averre that falſe neceſſity.

27

If ſhe ſhould iſſue from this nether ſpring,
Nearer ſhe kept to her Originall
She were the ſtronger, and her works would bring
To more perfection; but alas! they fall
They fail by near approch. The beſt of all
Wax weak and faint by too cloſe union
With this foul fount. Might intellectuall
Grows miſty by this ſtrait conjunction;
The will is woxen weak, its vigour quite is gone.

28

But O! how oft when ſhe her ſelf doth cut
From nearer commerce with the low delight
Of things corporeall, and her eyes doth ſhut
To thoſe falſe fading lights, ſhe feels her ſpright
Fill'd with exceſſive pleaſure, ſuch a plight
She finds that it doth fully ſatisfie
Her thirſty life. Then reaſon ſhines out bright,
And holy love with mild ſerenity
Doth hug her harmleſſe ſelf in this her purity.

29

What grave monitions and ſure prophe ſie
Have men in ſickneſſe left? a true teſtation
Of the ſouls utter independency
On this poore craſie corſe. May that narration
Of Ariſtotles move eaſie perſwaſion
Of his Eudemus, to whom ſick at Phere
While ſleep his ſenſes bound, this revelation
A gentle youth did bring with goodly chear,
And jolly blith deportment, chaſing needleſſe fear.

30

Told him that ſickneſſe would not mortall prove,
He ſhould grow well er'e long, but deaths drad power
On that towns tyrant ſhould be ſhortly drove,
Swift vengeance on his curſed head ſhould ſhowr:
Both proved true. I could in plenty poure
Su ch like examples, as of Pherecyde,
Calanus, him of Rhodes, and others more;
But it is needleſſe, 'tis a truth well tried,
The higher works the ſoul the more ſhe is untied.

Then

31

Then quite ſet looſe from this her heavy chain
Shee is in happieſt plight, ſo far ſhe is
From being nought or periſhing. Again,
We find ſuch utter contrarieties
Betwixt the bodies and her qualities
That we can no wayes think ſhe pends at all
Of that with which ſhe has ſuch repugnancies.
What thing doth fight with its Originall?
The ſpring and ſtream be alwayes homogeneall.

32

But the high heaven-born ſoul ſprung out from Jove
Ever is clathing with the foolery
Of this dull body, which the ſenſe doth love,
And erring phanſie. It were long to try
In every thing: O how 'twould magnifie
The hight of pleaſures that fall under ſenſe.
This well deſcrib'd would prove its Deity.
A vaſt round body cloth'd with th' excellence
Of glorious gliſtring light through the wide aire extenſe,

33

Bravely adorn'd with diverſe colours gay,
Even infinite varieties that ſhine
With wondrous brightneſie, varniſh'd with the ray
Of that clear light, with motion circuline
Let turn about and ſtir up ſounds divine,
That ſweetly may affect th' attentive ear.
Adde fragrant odours waft with gentle wind,
Adde pleaſant taſte, ſoft touch to Venus dear;
This is the bodies God, this is its higheſt ſphear.

34

But from far higher place and brighter light
Our reaſon checks us for this vanity,
Calls to us, warns us that that empty ſight
Lead not our ſoul unto Idolatry,
Make us not reſt in eaſie falſity.
If thou be ſtirred up by working fire
To ſearch out God, to find the Deity;
Take to thy ſelf not what thine eyes admire
Or any outward ſenſe, or what ſenſe can deſire.

Behold

35

Behold a light far brighter then the Sun!
The Sun's a ſhadow if you them compare,
Or groſſe Cimmerian miſt; the faireſt Noon
Exceeds not the meridian night ſo far
As that light doth the Sun. So perfect clear
So perfect pure it is, that outward eye
Cannot behold this inward ſubtile ſtarre,
But indiſperſt is this bright Majeſty,
Yet every where outſhining in infinitie;

36

Unplac'd, unparted, one cloſe Unity,
Yet omnipreſent; all things, yet but one;
Not ſtrek'd with gaudy multiplicity,
Pure light without diſcolouration,
Stable without circumvolution,
Eternall reſt, joy without paſſing ſound:
What ſound is made without colliſion?
Smell, taſte, and touch make God a groſſe compound;
Yet truth of all that's good is perfectly here found.

37

This is a riddle unto outward ſenſe:
And heavie phanſie, that can riſe no higher
Then outward ſenſes, knows no excellence
But what thoſe Five do faithfully inſpire
From their great God, this world; nor do deſire
More then they know: wherefore to conſopite
Or quench this falſe light of bold phanſies fire,
Surely muſt be an act contrary quite
Unto this bodies life, and its low groveling ſpright.

38

Wherefore the body's not Originall
Of humane ſoul when ſhe doth thus reſiſt
That principle: which ſtill more clearly ſhall
Be proved. Oft when either drowſie miſts
Provoke to ſleep, or worſt of ſenſes liſts
To eaſe his ſwelling veins, or ſtomach craves
His wonted food, that he too long hath miſt,
Or our dry lungs cool liquor fain would have,
Or when in warre our heart ſuggeſts the fear of grave:

Yet

39

Yet high desire of truth, and deep insight
Into Gods mystery makes us command
These low attractions; and our countries right
Bids march on bravely, stout and stifly stand
In bloudy fight, and try't by strength of hand.
Thus truth and honesty so sway our will,
That we no longer doubt to break the band
Of lower Nature, and this body kill
Or vex, so we the Laws of reason may fulfill.

40

This proves the soul to sit at liberty,
Not wedg'd into this masse of earth, but free
Unloos'd from any strong necessity
To do the bodies dictates, while we see
Clear reason shining in serenity,
Calling above unto us, pointing to
What's right and decent, what doth best agree
With those sweet lovely Ideas that do show
Some glimps of their pure light. So Sol through clouds doth flow!

41

How oft do we neglect this bodies life,
And outward comely plight, for to adorn
Our soul with virtuous ornaments? and strive
To fat our mind with truth, while it's forlorn,
Squalid, half-nasty, pallid, wan, deform?
Can this desire from the base body spring?
No sure such brave atchievements be yborn
Within the soul, tend to her perfecting,
See th' independent mind in her self circuling!

42

Best plight of body hinders such like acts.
How doth she then upon the body pend?
To do those subtle, high, pure, heavenly facts?
What? doth the Sun his rayes that he out-sends
Smother or choke? though clouds that upward wend
May raised be by him, yet of those clouds
That he doth congregate he no'te depend.
Nor doth the soul that in this flesh doth croud
Her self rely on that thick vapour where she's shroud.

43

But ſtill to prove it clearer: If the mind
Without the bodyes help can operate
Of her own ſelf, then nothing can we find
To ſcruple at, but that ſouls ſeparate
Safely exiſt, not ſubject unto fate,
Nothing depending on their carcaſes,
That they ſhould fade when thoſe be ruinate:
But firſt perpend well both their properties
That we may better ſee their independencies.

44

The living body where the ſoul doth 'bide
Theſe functions hath, phanſie, ſenſe, memory.
How into ſenſe theſe outward forms do glide
I have already told, and did deſcry
How *preſentifick circularity*
Is ſpread through all: there is one *Mundane* ſpright
And body, vitall corporality
We have from hence. Our ſouls be cognite
With the worlds ſpright and body, with theſe herſelf ſhe has dight.

45

Our body ſtruck by evolution
Of outward forms ſpread in the worlds vaſt ſpright,
Our liſtning mind by its adverſion
Doth notice take, but nothing is empight
In it. Of old Gods hand did all forms write
In humane ſouls, which waken at the knock
Of *Mundane* ſhapes. If they were naked quite
Of innate forms, though heaven and earth ſhould rock
With roring winds, they'd hear no more then ſenſeleſſe ſtock.

46

Phanſy's th' impreſſion of thoſe forms that flit
In this low life: They oft continue long,
When as our ſpright more potently is hit
By their incurſions and appulſes ſtrong,
Like heated water, though a while but hung
On fiercer fire, an hot impreſſion
Long time retains; ſo forms more ſtoutly flung
Againſt our ſpright make deep inſculption;
Long time it is till their clear abolition.

47

Hence ſpringeth that which men call memory,
When outward object doth characterize
Our inward *common ſpright*; or when that we
From our own ſoul ſtir up clear phantaſies
Which be our own elicited *Idees*,
Springing from our own centrall life, by might
Of our ſtrong *Fiat* as oft as we pleaſe.
With theſe we ſeal that under groſſer ſpright,
Make that our note-book, there our choiſeſt notions write.

48

But ſith it is not any part of us,
But longeth unto the great world, it muſt
Be chang'd; for courſe of Time voraginous
With rapid force is violently juſt,
Makes each thing pay with what it was in truſt.
The common life ſucks back the common ſpright,
The body backward falls into the duſt;
It doth it by degrees. Hence phancie, ſight,
And memory in age do not their functions right.

49

Often diſeaſe, or ſome hard caſualtie
Doth hurt this ſpirit, that a man doth loſe
The uſe of ſenſe, wit, phanſie, memory;
That hence raſh men our ſouls mortall ſuppoſe
Through their rude ignorance; but to diſcloſe
The very truth, our ſoul's in ſafety
In that diſtemper, that doth ill diſpoſe
Her under ſpright. But her ſad miſery
Is that ſo cloſe ſhe's tied in a prone Unitie,

50

Leans on this bodies falſe ſecurity,
Seeks for things there, not in herſelf, nor higher,
Extremely loves this bodies company,
Truſts in its life, thither bends her deſire:
But when it gins to fail, ſhe's left i'th' mire.
Yet hard upon us hangs th' *Eternall* light
The *ever-live Idees*, the lamping fire
Of laſting *Intellect*, whoſe nearneſſe might
Illumin, were our minds not loſt in that frail ſpright.

51

That ſpright and we are plain another thing:
Which now I'll clearly ſhow that we may ſee
Our independency on his exilting,
Which prove I muſt from eithers property.
That ſpright hath no perceptibility
Of his impreſſions: Phantaſie nor ſenſe
Perceive themſelves; often with open eye
We look upon a man in our preſence,
And yet of that near object have no cognoſcence.

52

And ſo of Phanſies that be freſh enough,
Even deeply ſeald upon that lower ſpright,
Unleſſe we ſeek them out and pierce them through
With aiming *animadverſion*, they in night
Do lurk unknown to us, though they be bright
In their own ſelves. Again, ſome object may
In its great vigour, luſtre, ſweying might
This ſpirit wound by its fierce riving ray;
Our ſight is hurt by th' eye of the broad blaſing day.

53

Beſide the ſenſes each one are reſtraind
To his own object: ſo is Phantaſie.
That in the ſpirits compaſſe is containd;
As likewiſe the low naturall memory.
But ſooth to ſay, by a ſtrong ſympathy
We both are mov'd by theſe, and theſe do move.
As the light ſpider that makes at a fly,
Her ſelfe now moves the web ſhe ſubt'ly wove,
Mov'd firſt by her own web, when here the fly did rove.

54

Like ſpider in her web, ſo do we ſit
Within this ſpirit, and if ought do ſhake
This ſubtile loom we feel as it doth hit;
Moſt part into adverſion we awake,
Unleſſe we chance into our ſelves betake
Our ſelves, and liſten to the lucid voice
Of th' *Intellect*, which theſe low tumults ſlake:
But our own ſelves judge of what ere accloyes
Our muddied mind, or what lifts up to heavenly joyes.

All

55

All the five ſenſes, Phanſie, Memorie,
We feel their work, diſtinguiſh and compare,
Find out their natures by the ſubtiltie
Of ſifting reaſon. Then they objects are
Of th' underſtanding, bear no greater ſhare
In this ſame act then objects wont to do.
They are two realties diſtinguiſh'd clear
One from the other, as I erſt did ſhow.
She knows that ſpright, that ſpright our ſoul can never know.

56

Senſe, Phanſie, Memorie, as afore was ſaid
Be hurt by ſtronger objects, or be ſpoild
By longer exerciſe: Our ſoul ne're fades,
But doth her ſpright commiſerate long toild
With agitation, when ſhe feels it moild
Deſcends to comfort it, and gives it reſt;
But ſhe grows quicker, vaſter, never foild
With contemplations that this ſpright moleſt:
The inward ſoul's renew'd as cannot be expreſt.

57

How ſoul and ſpright be ſevered we ſee,
But how't works by it ſelf is not yet ſhown;
I mean without this ſprights aſſiſtencie,
Though not quite by her ſelf. High light doth crown
Her ſummitie, when ſleep that ſpright doth drown
Wapt into higheſt heavens in ecſtaſie
She ſees ſuch things as would low life confound,
Enrage with a tumultuous agonie,
Burſt this pent ſpright for want of fit capacitie.

58

Then is ſhe joynd with the *Eternall Idees*,
Which move our ſouls as ſights do here below:
Joynd with the ſpright of God we gaze on theſe,
As by the *Mundane* ſpright th' *Out-world* we know.
Our ſoul hangs twixt them both, and there doth go
Where either ſpright doth ſnatch her. Either raiſe
Her inward forms, which leap out nothing ſlow
When ſympathie them calls. Thus ſhe diſplayes
Her inward life, Gods light views with her wakened rayes.

59

When we confute a pregnant falſitie
Cloth'd with ſtrong phantaſmes in our ſnared mind,
As this ſuppoſe, The earths ſtabilitie,
What help can we in our low phanſie find,
Poſſeſt of this impreſſion? what ſhall bind
This ſtubborn falſhood ſo inveterate?
That ſpright ſo ſtifly ſet can't be inclin'd
By ought but by the ſoul that contemplates
Truth by her ſelf, brings out her forms that be innate?

60

Flies ſhe to ſenſe? ſenſe pleads for Ptolemee.
Flies ſhe to her low phanſie? that's ſo ſwayd
By ſenſe, and fore-impreſt Aſtronomie,
By botch'd inculcate paradigmes made
By ſenſes dictate, that they'll both perſwade
That Philolaus and wiſe Heraclide
Be frantick both, Copernicus twice mad.
She cannot then this queſtion well decide,
By ought but her own forms that in her ſelf reſide.

61

Which ſhe calls out unto her faithfull aid,
Commands deep ſilence to fond phantaſie,
Whoſe odious prating truth hath oft betraid,
And in her ſtead brought in raſh falſitie,
Seated in ſowr inert ſtupiditie.
Then farewell ſenſe, and what from ſenſe hath ſprong,
Saith ſhe, I'll contemplate in puritie,
And quit my ſelf of that tumultuous throng:
What then ſhe finds ſhall be unfold in my next ſong.

The Argument of
PSYCHATHANASIA
Or
The Immortality of the Soul.

Book III. Cant. III.

That th' earth doth move, proofs Phyſicall
Unto us do deſcrie;
Adde reaſons Theoſophicall,
Als adde Aſtronomie.

1

Bleſt ſouls firſt Authours of Aſtronomie! (mind,
Who clomb the heavens with your high reaching
Scal'd the high battlements of the lofty skie,
To whom compar'd this earth a point you find;
Your bodies leſſe, what meaſure hath defin'd?
What art that mighty vaſtneſſe? Such high facts
The ancient Giants ſwoln with raging wind
Could not effect. A ſubtile Parallax,
A dark Eclipſe do quite obſcure their braving acts.

2

O the great might of mans high Phantaſie!
Which with a ſhade or a divided line,
That nought, this but a thin exilitie,
Can do farre more then ſtrength enrag'd with tine,
Hoyſted with haughty pride. That brood combine
To clamber up to heaven. Hill upon hill,
Oſſa upon Olympus doth recline:
Their brawnie arms redoubled force doth fill,
While they their ſpirits ſummon t'effect their furious will.

3

But all in vain they want the inward skill.
What comes from heaven onely can there ascend.
Not rage nor tempest that this bulk doth fill
Can profit ought, but gently to attend
The souls still working, patiently to bend
Our mind to sifting reason, and clear light,
That strangely figur'd in our soul doth wend
Shifting its forms, still playing in our sight,
Till something it present that we shall take for right.

4

The busie soul it is that hither hent
By strength of reason, the true distancies
Of th' erring Planets, and the vast extent
Of their round bodies without outward eyes
Hath view'd, told their proportionalities,
Confounded sense by reasons strange report
(But wiser he that on reason relies
Then stupid sense low-sunken into dirt)
This weapon I have got none from me may extort.

5

O You stiff-standers for ag'd Ptolemee,
I heartily praise your humble reverence
If willingly given to Antiquitie;
But when of him in whom's your confidence,
Or your own reason and experience
In those same arts, you find those things are true
That utterly oppugne our outward sense,
Then are you forc'd to sense to bid adieu,
Not what your sense gainsayes to holden straight untrue.

6

Though contraire unto sense, though it be new
(But sooth to sayen th' earths motion is of tri'd
Antiquitie, as I above did shew:
In Philolaus and in Heraclide
Those subtile thoughts of old did close reside)
Yet reason ought to bear away the bell.
But irefull ignorance cannot abide
To be outtopd, reprochfully she 'll yell,
Call's mad, when her own self doth with foul furie swell.

But

7

But let them bark like band-dogs at the Moon,
That mindleſſe paſſeth on in ſilencie:
I'll take my flight above this outward ſunne,
Regardleſſe of ſuch fond malignitie,
Lift my ſelf up in the Theologie
Of heavenly Plato. There I'll contemplate
The *Archtype* of this ſunne, that bright *Idee*
Of ſteddie *Good*, that doth his beams dilate
Through all the worlds, all lives and beings propagate.

8

But yet in words to trifle I will deigne
A while: They may our mind fitly prepare
For higher flight; we larger breath may gain
By a low hovering. Theſe words they are
All found in that old Oracle of Clare.
That heaven'ly power which Iao hight
The higheſt of all the Gods thou mayſt declare,
In ſpring named Zeus, in ſummer Helios bright,
In autumn call'd Jao, Aides in brumall night.

9

Theſe names do plainly denotate the ſunne,
In Spring call'd *Zeus*, from life or kindly heat;
In winter, 'cauſe the day's ſo quickly done,
He *Aides* hight, he is not long in ſight;
In Summer, 'cauſe he ſtrongly doth us ſmite
With his hot darts, then *Helios* we him name
From *Eloim* or *Eloah* ſo hight;
In Autumn *Jao*, *Jehovah* is the ſame:
So is the word deprav'd by an uncertain fame.

10

So great ſimilitude twixt Phœbus light
And God, that God himſelf the Nations deem
The ſunne. The learned Seventy 've boldly pight
A tent therein for the true Eloim,
The ſenſible Deity you'll reckon him,
If Hermes words bear with you any ſway,
Or if you Chriſtian Clerks do ought eſteem,
In Davids odes they make Gods Chriſt a day;
His father's then the ſunne from whence this light doth ray.

Then

11

Then by all the wide worlds acknowledgement,
The ſunne's a type of that eternall light
Which we call God, a fair delineament
Of that which *Good* in Plato's ſchool is hight
His *T'agathon* with beauteous rayes bedight.
Let's now conſult with their Theologie,
And that *Idea* with our inward ſight
Behold, caſheering ſenſibility
Then in clear reaſon view this correſpondency.

12

One ſteddy *Good*, centre of eſſencies,
Unmoved *Monad*, that *Apollo* hight,
The *Intellectuall* ſunne whoſe energies
Are all things that appear in vitall light,
Whoſe brightneſſe paſſeth every creatures ſight,
Yet round about him ſtird with gentle fire
All things do dance; their being, action, might,
They thither do direct with ſtrong deſire,
To emboſome him with cloſe embracements they aſpire.

13

Unſeen, incomprehenſible He moves
About himſelf each ſeeking entity
That never yet ſhall find that which it loves.
No finite thing ſhall reach infinity,
No thing diſpers'd comprehend that Unity,
Yet in their ranks they ſeemly foot it round,
Trip it with joy at the worlds harmony
Struck with the pleaſure of an amorous ſtound,
So dance they with fair flowers from unknown root ycrownd.

14

Still falling ſhort they never fail to ſeek,
Nor find they nothing by their diligence;
They find repaſt, their lively longings eek
Rekindled ſtill, by timely influence.
Thus all things in diſtinct *circumference*
Move about Him that ſatisfies them all:
Nor be they thus ſtird up by wary ſenſe
Or foreſight, or election rationall,
But blindly reel about the heart of Lives *centrall*.

So

15

So doth the Earth one of the erring Seven
Wheel round the fixed ſunne, that is the ſhade
Of ſteddy Good, ſhining in this *Out-heaven*
With the reſt of thoſe ſtarres that God hath made
Of baſer matter, all which be array'd
With his far-ſhining light. They ſing for joy,
They friſque about in circulings unſtay'd,
Dance through the liquid air, and nimbly toy
While Sol keeps clear their ſprite, conſumes what may accloy.

16

Better the indigent be mov'd, then he
That wanteth nought: He fills all things with light
And kindly heat: through his fecundity
Peoples the world; by his exciting ſprite
Wakens the plants, calls them out of deep night.
They thruſt themſelves into his foſtring rayes,
Stretch themſelves forth ſtird by his quickning might.
And all the while their merry roundelayes
(As lightſome phanſies deem) each Planet ſpritely playes.

17

But ſooth to ſay that ſound ſo ſubtile is
Made by percuſſion of th'ethereall fire
Againſt our air (if it be not tranſmiſſe
By its exility,) that none ought admire
That we no'te hear what well we mought deſire
Heavens harmony. 'Cording to others lear
The ſound's ſo big that it cannot retire
Into the windings of a mortall ear;
No more than Egypt can Niles Catadupa bear.

18

There ought to be certain proportion
Betwixt the object and the outward ſenſe.
Raſh man that doſt inferre negation
From thy dead ear, or non-experience.
Then let them dance and ſing, raiſe iuſluence
From lively motion, that preſerves their ſprite
From foul corruption: motion's the beſt ſenſe
To keep off filth in children of cold *Night*,
Whoſe life is in dull matter; but the ſunne's all Light.

There-

19

Therefore full ſafely he may ſteddy ſtond,
Unmov'd, at leaſt not remov'd out of place:
I'll not deny but that he may turn round
On his own centre. So the ſteps we'll trace
Of *Eſſence*, Plato's *On*, which ſteddy ſtayes
And moves at once, that ſame *Iao* hight
In that old Clarian Oracle, that ſayes
It is the ſunne. This anſwer will aright
To Jove or Plato's *On* as done thoſe ſchools deſcry't.

20

That ſame firſt *Being*, *Beauty*, *Intellect*,
Turns to his father (of whom he was born)
In a brief inſtant. But who can detect
Such hidden myſteries? back mine eyes I'll turn,
Leſt in this light like fluttering moth I burn.
Enough is ſhown of correſpondency
Twixt this worlds ſunne and *centre of bid Morn*,
The radiant light of the deep Deity.
Thus have I fairly prov'd the ſunnes ſtability.

21

Then muſt the earth turn round, or we want day,
Or never be in night. Now I'll deſcend
Cloth'd with this truth. As wrathfull dogs do bay
At ſpectres ſolemn Cynthia doth ſend;
So now I backward to the ſenſes wend:
They'll bark at th' ſhape of my diſguiſed mind,
As ſtranger wights, they wrathfully will rend
This uncouth habit. They no ſuch thing find
'Mongſt their domeſtick forms, to whom they are more kind.

22

And weaker reaſon which they wont miſguide
Will deem all this nothing myſterious,
But my ſtrong-winged Muſe feeble to ſlide
Into falſe thoughts and dreams vertiginous,
And plainly judge us woxen furious,
Thus in our rage to ſhake the ſtable earth,
Whirling her round with turns prodigious;
For ſhe doth ſtedfaſt ſtand as it appear'th
From the unſhaken buildings ſh: ſo ſafely bear'th.

If

23

If she should move about, then would she sling
From of her self those fair extructed loads
Of carved stone: The air aloud would sing
With brushing trees: Beasts in their dark aboads
Would brained be by their own caves; th' earth strowd
With strange destruction. All would shatter'd lie
In broken shivers. What mad frantick mood
Doth thus invade wary Philosophy,
That it so dotes on such a furious falsitie?

24

But still more subt'ly this cause to pursue,
The clouds would alwayes seem to rise from th' East,
Which sense and oft-experience proves untrue;
They rise from all the quarters, South, North, West,
From every part, as Æolus thinketh best.
Again the Earths sad stupid gravity
Unfit for motion shows her quiet rest:
Lastly an arrow shot unto the sky
Would not return unto his foot that let it fly.

25

Adde unto these that contrariety
Of motion, when as the self same things
At the same time do back and forward hie:
As when for speed the rider fiercely dings
His horse with iron heel, layes the loose strings
Upon his neck, westward they swiftly scoure,
When as the Earth, finishing her dayly rings,
Doth Eastward make with all her might and power,
She quite hath run her stage at end of twice twelve houres.

26

These and like phansies do so strongly tye
The slower mind to aged Ptolemee,
That shamefull madnesse 't were for to deny
So plain a truth as they deem this to be.
But yet, alas! if they could standen free
From prejudice, and heavie swaying sense
That dims our reason that it cannot see
What's the pure truth, enough in just defense
Of Pythagore we find though with small diligence,

One

27

One ſingle truth concerning unity
Of ſprights and bodies, and how on Form may
In a& a various Corporeity,
Keep't up together and her might diſplay
Through all the parts, make't conſtantly obey
The powerfull dictates of its *centrall* ſpright,
Which being one can variouſly play:
This lore if we but once had learnd aright,
All what was brought afore would vaniſh at firſt ſight.

28

For that Magnetick might doth ſo combine
Earth, Water, Air, into one animate,
Whoſe ſoul or life ſo ſweetly 't doth incline,
So ſurely, eaſly, as none can relate
But he that's exercis'd in every ſtate
Of moving life. What? Can the *plaſtick* ſpright
So variouſly his branching ſtock dilate
Downward to hell upward to heaven bright,
And ſtrangely figur'd leaves and flowers ſend into ſight?

29

Can one poore ſingle *Centre* do all this
In a baſe weed that ſuddenly decayes?
And ſhall not the earths life that is tranſmiſſe
Through ſea and air, and with its potent rayes
Informs all this (all this on that life ſtayes)
Shall't not obtain the like variety
Of inward ruling motion? Your minds raiſe,
O ſluggiſh men! ſingle *centrality*
You'l find ſhall do, what ere's admit by phantaſie.

30

Now ſee if this clear apprehenſion
Will not with eaſe repell each argument
Which we rehears'd with an intention
For to refute. The earths ſwift movement,
Becauſe 'tis naturall not violent,
Will never ſhatter buildings. With ſtraight line
It binds down ſtrongly each partic'larment
Of every edifice. All ſtones incline
Unto that Centre; this doth ſtoutly all combine:

Nor

31

Nor is leſſe naturall that circular motion,
Then this which each part to the centre drives:
So every ſtone on earth with one commotion
Goes round and yet withall right ſtifly ſtrives
To reach the centre, though it never dives
So deep. Who then ſo blind but plainly ſees
How for our ſafety Nature well contrives,
Binding all cloſe with down-propenſities?
But now we'll anſwer make to the loud-ſinging trees.

32

Walls, Towers, Trees, would ſtir up a ſtrange noiſe,
If th' air ſtood ſtill, while the earth is hurled round
As doth the ſwitch oft ſhak'd by idle boyes
That pleaſe themſelves in varying of the ſound.
But this objection we with reaſon ſound
Have well prevented, while we plainly taught
Earth, Water, Air, in one to be faſt bound
By one *ſpermatick* ſpright, which eaſly raught
To each part: Earth, Sea, Air ſo powerfully hath it caught.

33

All theſe as one round entire body move
Upon their common Poles; that difficulty
Of ſtirring ſounds, ſo clearly we remove.
That of the clouds with like facility
We ſtraight ſhall chace away. In th' air they ly
And whirl about with it, and when ſome wind
With violence afore him makes them fly,
Then in them double motion we find,
Eaſtward they move, and whither by theſe blaſts they're inclin'd.

34

What they pretend of the Earths gravity,
Is nought but a long taken up conceit:
A ſtone that downward to the earth doth hy
Is not more heavie then dry ſtraws that jet
Up to a ring made of black ſhining jeat.
Each thing doth tend to the loud-calling might
Of ſympathy. So 'tis a miſconceit
That deems the earth the onely heavie weight.
They ken not the ſtrange power of the ſtrong centrall ſpright.

Were

35

Were there a ſhiver cut from off the Moon
And caſt quite off from that round entire maſſe,
Would't fall into our mouths? No, it would ſoon
Make back to th' centre from whence forc'd it was:
The ſame in Mars and Sol would come to paſſe,
And all the ſtars that have their proper centres.
So gravity is nought but cloſe to preſſe
Unto one Magick point, there near to enter;
Each ſympathetick part doth boldly it adventure.

36

Thus in each ſtarry globe all parts may tend
Unto one point, and mean time turn around;
Nor doth that ſway its circling ought offend:
Theſe motions do not at all confound
One th' others courſe. The Earth's not heavy found,
But from that ſtrong down-pulling *centrall* ſway,
Which hinders not but that it may turn round,
Sith that it moves not a contrary way.
Which anſwer I will bend againſt the fifth aſſay:

37

An arrow ſhot into the empty air,
Which ſtraight returning to the bowmans foot,
The Earths ſtability muſt proven clear.;
Thus theſe bad archers do at random ſhoot,
Whoſe eaſie errour I do thus confute.
The arrow hath one ſpirit with this ſphere,
Forc'd upward turns with it, mov'd by the root
Of naturall motion. So when back't doth bear
It ſelf, ſtill Eaſtward turns with motions circular.

38

So 'tis no wonder when it hath deſcended
It falleth back to th' place from whence it flew,
Sith all this while its circular courſe hath bended
Toward the Eaſt, and in proportion due
That arcuall Eaſtern motion did purſue:
Nearer the earth the ſlower it muſt go;
Theſe Arks be leſſe, but in the heavens blew
Thoſe Arks increaſe, it muſt not be ſo ſlow
Thus muſt it needs return unto its idle bow.

Nor

39

Nor ought we wonder that it doth conform
Its motions to the circles of the aire,
Sith water in a wooden bucket born
Doth fit it ſelf unto each periphere,
By hight or depth, as you ſhall change the ſphere.
So lowly ſet more water 't will contain,
'Cauſe its round tumour higher then doth bear
It ſelf up from the brims. So may't be ſayen
The lowlier man the larger graces doth obtain.

40

But now to anſwer to the laſt objection,
Tis not impoſſible one thing to move
Contrary wayes, which by a fit retection
I ſtrongly will evince and clearly prove.
Take but the pains higher for to remove
A clock with hanging plummet. It goes down
At that ſame time you heave it high above
Its former place. Thus fairly have we won
The field 'gainſt ſtupid ſenſe, that reaſon fain would drown.

41

Now let's go on (we have well cleard the way)
More plainly prove this ſeeming paradox
And make this truth ſhine brighter then midday,
Neglect dull ſconſes mowes and idle mocks.
O conſtant hearts, as ſtark as Thracian rocks,
Well grounded in grave ignorance, that ſcorn
Reaſons ſly force, its light ſlight ſubtile ſtrokes.
Sing we to theſe waſt hills, dern, deaf, forlorn,
Or to the cheerfull children of the quick-ey'd *Morn*?

42

To you we ſing that live in purer light,
Eſcap'd the thraldome of down-drooping ſenſe,
Whoſe nimble ſpirit and clear piercing ſight
Can eaſly judge of every conference
Withouten prejudice, with patience
Can weigh the moments of each reaſon brought;
While others in tempeſtuous vehemence
Blow all away with bitter blaſts. Untought
In ſubtilties, they ſhew themſelves in jangling ſtout.

43

I have the barking of bold ſenſe confuted,
Its clamorous tongue thus being conſopite,
With reaſons eaſie ſhall I be well ſuited,
To ſhow that Pythagore's poſition's right.
Copernicks, or whoſever dogma't hight.
The firſt is that that's wiſely ſignifi'd
By Moſes Maymons ſon, a learned wight,
Who ſaith each good Aſtronomer is ty'd
To leſſen the heavens motions vainly multiply'd,

44

And the foul botches of falſe feigned Orbs:
Whoſe uſeleſſe number reaſon muſt reſtrain,
That oft the looſe luxuriant phanſie curbs,
And in juſt bounds doth warily contain:
To uſe more means then needs is all in vain.
Why then, O buſie ſonnes of Ptolemee!
Do you that vaſt ſtar-bearing ſphere conſtrain
To hurl about with ſuch celerity,
When th' earth may move without ſuch ſtrange velocity?

45

What needleſſe phanſy's this that that huge ſphere
In one ſhort moment muſt thus whirl around,
That it muſt fly ſix hundred thouſand ſheere
Of Germane miles. If that will not confound,
For pomp adde fourty thouſand more, that 'bound;
Three thouſand more, if it were requiſite,
You might annex, and more if they have found
The meaſure right; when as the earth's ſlow flight
One ſixteenth of a mile her ſcarcely doth tranſmit.

46

But if this All be liquid, pervious,
One fine Ethereall (which reaſon right
Will ſoon admit: for 'tis ridiculous
Thus for to ſtud the heaven with nails bright,
The ſtars in fluid ſky will ſtanden tight,
As men do feigne the earth in the ſoft aire
To be unmov'd) How will proportion fit?
So vaſt a difference there doth appear
Of motions in thoſe ſtars that the ſame bigneſſe bear.

Beſides

47

Beſides that difficulty will remain
Of unconceivable ſwift motion
In the Equinoctiall ſtars, where ſome contain
This earthy globes mighty dimenſion,
Ten thouſand times twiſe told. They hurry on
With the ſame ſwiftneſſe I ſet down before,
And with more pains. A globes extenſion,
The bigger that it grows, groweth ſtill more
Nigh to a flat fac'd figure, and finds reſiſtance ſore.

48

But now that all the heavens be liquid, hence
I'll fetch an argument. Thoſe higher ſtars
They may as well in water hang ſuſpenſe
As do the Planets. Venus orb debars
Not Mars, nor enters he with knocks and jars;
The ſoft fi e yielding Æther gives admiſſion:
So gentle Venus to Mercurius dares
Deſcend, and finds an eaſie intromiſſion,
Caſſiope that azur curtain by a ſwift diſciſſion.

49

That famous ſtar nail'd down in Caſſiopee,
How was it hammer'd in your ſolid ſky?
What pinſers pull'd it out again, that we
No longer ſee it, whither did it fly?
Aſtronomers ſay 'twas at leaſt as high
As the eighth ſphere. It gave no parallax,
No more then thoſe light lamps that there we ſpy.
But prejudice before her ſelf ſhe'll tax
Of holy writ & the heavens ſhe'll make a noſe of wax.

50

What man will now that's not vertiginous
Hurrie about his head theſe ſeverall lights
So mighty vaſt, with ſo voracious
And rapid courſe whirling them day and night
About the earth, when the earths motion might
Save that ſo monſtrous labour, with leſſe pains,
Even infinitely leſſe? But thoughts empight
Once in the mind do ſo poſſeſſe the brains,
That hard it is to waſh out thoſe deep ancient ſtains.

51

Two things there be whoſe reaſon's nothing clear:
Thoſe cool continuall breathings of Eaſt wind
Under the line; the next high Comets are,
In which Philoſophers three motions find?
Concerning which men hitherto are blind,
That have not mov'd the earth unto their aid;
Diurnall and an annuall courſe they have mind
Like to the ſunnes, beſide, by what they're ſway'd
To North or South. This myſt'ry's eaſly thus diſplay'd.

52

The Ecliptick courſe, and that diurnall moving,
Is but apparent as the ſunnes, not true:
But that the earth doth move, that ſtill wants proving,
You'll ſay. Then if you will, theſe Comets ſhew
One proof for her two motions. Whence iſſue
Thoſe meteors turnings? what ſhall hale them on,
And guide their ſteps, that in proportion due
They dance Sols meaſures? what occaſion
Or fruit can be of that ſtrange double motion?

53

Nought but the Earths circumvolution
Doth cauſe this ſight, and but in outward ſhow
This ſight of double Sunlike motion
Seen in the Comets. For the winds that blow
Under the Æquinoctiall, who doth know
Any other cauſe, that ſtill they breathe from th' Eaſt?
That conſtant feat from whence elſe can it flow,
Save from the Earths ſwift hurring from the Weſt?
Mid part is ſtrongſieſt roux'd the Poles do ſleep in reſt.

54

Wherefore men under th' Æquinoctiall,
Where the earths courſe moſt rapid is and ſwift,
Senſibly 're daſh'd 'gainſt that Aereall
Pure liquid eſſence. That clear aire is left
Not ſnatch'd away ſo faſt, nor quite bereft
Of its own Nature, nor like th' other skie
Unmoved quite; but ſlowpac'd is ycleft
And driven cloſe together; ſenſibly
So feel we that fine aire that ſeems from Eaſt to flie.

Thoſe

55

Thoſe parts be in farre greater puritie
Devoid of earthy vapours. Thence it is
They're not ſo eaſily turn'd by ſympathie,
The air there having leſſe of earthineſſe;
So that they move not with one ſpeedineſſe,
The earth and it. Yet curious men have fun
Something like this, even in the mid-land Seas
Ships foure times ſooner the ſame ſtages run,
When Weſtward they do flie, then when they there begun.

56

But that diſgracement of Philoſophie
From flux and reflux of the Ocean main
Their monethly and yearly changes this Theorie
Might take't away and ſhew the cauſes plain.
Some parts of th' Earth do much more ſwiftneſſe gain,
When as their courſe goes whirling on one way
With th' annuall motion, which muſt needs conſtrain
The fluid Sea with unexpected ſway.
Long time it were this myſtery fully to diſplay.

57

Wherefore I'll let it paſſe, my ſelf betake
Unto ſome reaſons Aſtronomicall,
To which if 't pleaſe the nimble mind t' awake
And ſhake off prejudice, th.t wont foreſtall
The ableſt wit, I fear not but he'll fall
Into the ſame opinion, magnifie
That ſubtile ſpirit that hath made this All,
And hath half-hid his work from mortall eye,
To ſport and play with ſouls in ſweet philoſophie.

58

But with crabb'd mind wiſdome will nere conſort,
Make her abode with a ſowr ingenie;
That harmleſſe ſpright her ſelf will nere diſport
With bloudy zeal, curriſh malignitie,
With wrathfull ignorance, grave hypocriſie.
Mirth, and Free mindedneſſe, Simplicitie,
Patience, Diſcreetneſſe, and Beniguitie,
Faithfulneſſe, heart-ſtruck Teneritie;
Theſe be the lovely playemates of pure veritie.

59

The Eternall Son of God, who *Logos* hight,
Made all things in a fit proportion;
Wherefore, I wote, no man that judgeth right
In Heaven will make such a confusion,
That courses of unlike extension,
Vastly unlike, in like time shall be run
By the slight stars. Such huge distension
Of place shews that their time is not all one;
Saturn his ring no'te finish as quick as the Moon.

60

Yet if the Earth stand stupid and unmov'd,
This needs must come to passe. For they go round
In every twise twelve houres, as is prov'd
By dayly experience. But it would confound
The worlds right order, if't were surely found
A reall motion. Wherefore let it be
In them but seeming, but a reall round
In th' Earth it self. The world to's setten free
From that untoward disproportionalitie.

61

For so the courses of the erring Seven
With their own orbs will fitly well agree;
Their Annuall periods in the liquid Heaven
They onely finish then: which as they be
Or lesse or greater, so the time they flie
In their own circlings hath its difference.
The Moon a moneth, Saturn years ten times three;
Those have the least and big'st circumference.
So all their times and orbs have mutuall reference.

62

Next light's, the Planets dark opacitie,
Which long time hath been found in the low Moon:
Hills, Valleys, and such like asperitie
Through optick glasses thence have plainly shone:
By the same trick it hath been clearly shown
That Venus Moon-like grows corniculate
What time her face with flusher light is blown:
Some such like things others have contemplate
In Mercurie, about the Sunne both circulate.

When

63

When Venus is the furtheſt off from us.
Then is ſhe in her full. When in her full,
She ſeemeth leaſt; which proves ſhe's exterous
Beyond the Sunne, and further off doth roll.
But when her circling nearer down doth pull,
Then gins ſhe ſwell and waxen bug with horn,
But looſe her light, parts clad with darkneſſe dull
She ſhows to us, She and Mercury ne're born
Farre from the Sunne, proves that about him both do turn.

64

They both opake, as alſo is the Moon
That turns about the Earth (ſo turn thoſe foure
'Bout Jupiter, tend him as he doth run
His annuall courſe) That *Tellus* ſo may ſcoure
Th'Ethereall Plain, and have the ſelfſame power
To run her circuits in the liquid skie
About the Sunne, the mind that doth not lour,
Drooping in earthy dregs, will not deny,
Sith we ſo well have prov'd the ſtarres opacitie.

65

About the great the leſſer lamps do dance,
The Medicean foure reel about Jove;
Two round old Saturn without Nominance,
Luna about the earth doth nimbly move:
Then all as it doth ſeemly well behove,
About the bigg'ſt of all great Phœbus hight
With joy and jollitie needs round muſt rove,
Tickled with pleaſure of his heat and light.
What tumbling tricks they play in his farre-piercing ſight!

66

Next argument (could I it well expreſſe
With Poets pen) it hath ſo mighty force,
That an ingenious man 'twould ſtoutly preſſe
To give aſſent unto the Annuall courſe
Of this our earth. But prejudice the nurſe
Of ignorance ſtoppeth all free confeſſion,
Als keeps the way that ſouls have not recourſe
To purer reaſon, chok'd with that oppreſſion.
This argument is drawn from the ſtars retroceſſion.

67

Planets go back, ſtand ſtill, and forward flie
With unexpected ſwiftneſſe: What's the cauſe
That they thus ſtagger in the plain-pav'd skie?
Or ſtupid ſtand, as if ſome dull repoſe
Did numb their ſpirits and their ſinews loſe?
Here 'gins the wheel-work of the Epicycle:
Thus patch they Heaven more botch'dly then old cloths.
This pretty ſport doth make my heart to tickle
With laughter, and mine eyes with merry tears to trickle.

68

O daring phanſie! that doſt thus compile
The Heavens from haſty thoughts, ſuch as fall next;
Wary Philoſophers cannot but ſmile
At ſuch feat gear, at thy rude raſh context.
An heap of Orbs diſorderly perplext,
Thruſt in on every hint of motion,
Muſt be the wondrous art of Nature, next
Here working under God. Thus, thus vain man
Inſtiles alwayes God to his opinion;

69

Thinks every thing is done as he conceives;
Would bind all men to his religion;
All the world elſe of freedome he bereaves,
He and his God muſt have Dominion,
The truth muſt have her propagation:
That is his thought, which he hath made a God,
That furious hot inuſt impreſſion
Doth ſo diſturb his veins, that all abroad
With rage he roves, and all gainſayers down hath trod.

70

But to return from whence my Muſe hath flown,
All this diſordred ſuperfluity
Of Epicycles, or what elſe is ſhown
To ſalve the ſtrange abſurd enormity
Of ſtaggering motions in the azure skie;
Both Epicycles and thoſe turns enorm
Would all prove nought, if you would but let flie
The earth in the Ecliptick line yborn,
As I could well deſcribe in Mathematick form.

So

71

So could I (that's another argument)
From this ſame principle moſt clearly prove
In regreſſe and in progreſſe different
Of the free Planets: Why Saturn ſhould rove
With ſhorter ſtartings, give back leſſe then Jove;
Jove leſſe then Mars; why Venus ſlincheth out
More then Mercurius; why Saturn moves
Oftner in thoſe back jets then Jove doth ſhoot;
But Mercury more oft then Venus and Mars ſtout,

72

And why the Sunne eſcap'd an Epicycle,
When as th' old prodigall Aſtronomie
On th' other ſix beſtowed that needleſſe cycle;
Why Saturn, Jove, and Mars be very nigh
Unto th: Earth, ſhow bigger in our eye
At Eventide when they riſe Acronicall;
Why far remov'd with ſo vaſt diſtancy
When they go down with ſetting Cronicall:
All theſe will plain appear from th' earths cõurſe Annuall.

73

Many other reaſons from thoſe heauenly motions
Might well be drawn, but with exility
Of ſubtile Mathematicks obſcure notions,
A Poets pen ſo fitly no'te agree;
And curious men will judge't a vagrancy
To ſtart thus from my ſcope. My pitched end
Was for to prove the immortality
Of humane ſouls: But if you well attend,
My ſhip to the right port by this bow'd courſe did bend.

74

For I have clearly ſhow'd that ſtout reſiſtence
Of the pure ſoul againſt the *Mundane* ſpright
And body, that's the lower mans conſiſtence;
How it doth quell by force of reaſon right
Thoſe groſſe impreſſions which our outward ſight
Seald in our lower life: From whence we ſee
That we have proper independent might,
In our own minds, behold our own Idee,
Which needs muſt prove the ſouls ſure immortality.

The

The Argument of
PSYCHATHANASIA,
OR,
The Immortality of the Soul.

Book. 3. Cant. 4.

Justice, true faith in the first good,
Our best perswasion
Of blest eternity unmov'd,
The earths conflagration.

1

IT doth me good to think what things will follow
That well prov'd thesis in my former song;
How we in liquid heavens more swift then swallow
Do sail on *Tellus* lap that doth among
The other starres of right not rudely throng,
We have what highest thoughts of man desire:
But highest thoughts of man are vain and wrong.
In outward heaven we burn with hellish fire,
Hate, envie, couetise, revenge, lust, pride and ire.

2

In the eighth sphear Andromeda from chains
Is not releast; fearfull Orion flies
The dreadfull *Scorpion*. Alas! what gains
Then is't to live in the bright starry skies?
It no man can exeem from miseries.
All you that seek for true felicity
Rend your own hearts: There God himself descries
Himself; there dwels his beautious Majesty;
There shines the sun of righteousnesse in goodly glee.

And

3

And you who boldly all Gods providence
Confine to this ſmall ball, that *Tellus* hight,
And dream not of a mutuall influence,
And how that ſhe may ſhine with beames bright
At a farre diſtance clad with Sols lent light,
As Venus and the Moon; O you that make
This earth Gods onely darling dear delight,
All th'other orbs merely for this orbs ſake
So ſwiftly for to run with labour never ſlack,

4

To dance attendance on their Princeſſe *Earth*
In their quick circuits, and with anger keen
Would bite him, that or ſerious or in mirth
Doubts the prerogative of your great Queen!
Beſt uſe of that your Theory, I ween,
Is this; that as your ſelves monopolize
All the whole world, ſo your ſelves back again
You wholly give to God. Who can deviſe
A better way? Mans ſoul to God this cloſely tyes.

5

But if the Earth doth thankfully reflect
Both light and influence to other ſtarres,
As well as they to it, where's the defect?
That ſweet ſubordination it mars;
Gods love to us then not ſo plain appears:
For then the ſtarres be mutually made
One for another: Each all the good then bears
Of th' Univerſe, for 'tis ſingle labour paid
With the joint pains of all that in the heavens wade.

6

Rare reaſon! why! then God would be too good.
What judgeth ſo but envie, and vain pride,
And baſe contract ſelf-love? which that free floud
Of bounty hath ſo confidently tied
Unto it ſelf alone. Large hearts deride
This pent hypocriſie. Is he good to me?
That grace I would not ere ſhould be deny'd
Unto my fellow: My felicity
Is multiply'd, when others I like happy ſee.

But

7

But if the rolling ſtarres with mutuall rayes
Serve one another; ſweet fraternity
And humble love, with ſuch like lore we'll raiſe,
While we do ſee Gods great benignity
Thus mutually reflected in the skie,
And theſe round-moving worlds communicate
One with another by ſpread ſympathy:
This all things friendly will concatenate,
But let more hardy wits that truth determinate.

8

It me behoves t' hold forward on my way,
Leaving this uncouth ſtrange Philoſophy,
In which my lightſome pen too long did play,
As rigid men in ſad ſeuerity
May deem; but we right careleſſe leave that free
Unto their cenſure. Now more weighty thought
Doth ſway our mind, thinking how all doth flee
Whatever we have painfully ytaught
So little fruits remain of all my skill hath wraught.

9

O th'emptineſſe of vain Philoſophy!
When thin-ſpun reaſon and exile diſcourſe
Make the ſoul creep through a ſtrait Theory,
Whither the blunter mind can never force
Her ſelf; yet oft, alas! the caſe is worſe
Of this ſo ſubtile wight, when dangers deep
Approch his life, then his who learnings ſourſe
Did never drink of, nere his lips did ſteep
In *Plato*'s ſprings, nor with low gown the duſt did ſweep.

10

Certes ſuch knowledge is a vanity,
And hath no ſtrength t' abide a ſtormy ſtour;
Such thin ſlight clothing, will not keep us dry
When the grim heavens, all black and ſadly ſoure
With rage and tempeſt, plenteouſly down ſhower
Great flouds of rain. Diſpread exility
Of ſlyer reaſons fails: Some greater power
Found in a live'ly vigorous Unity
With God, muſt free the ſoul from this perplexity.

Say

11

Say now the dagger touch'd thy trembling breast,
Couldst thou recall the reasons I have shown
To prove th' immortall state of men deceast?
Evolved reason cannot stand at one
Stoutly to guard thy soul from passion.
They passe successively like sand i'th' glasse;
While thou look'st upon this the other's gone.
But there's a plight of soul such virtue has
Which reasons weak assistance strangely doth surpasse.

12

The just and constant man, a multitude
Set upon mischief cannot him constrain
To do amisse by all their uprores rude,
Nor for a tyrants threat will he ere stain
His inward honour. The rough Adrian
Tost with unquiet winds doth nothing move
His steddy heart. Much pleasure he doth gain
To see the glory of his Master Jove,
When his dread darts with hurrying light through all do rove.

13

If Heaven and Earth should rush with a great noise,
He fearlesse stands, he knows whom he doth trust,
Is confident of his souls after joyes,
Though this vain bulk were grinded into dust.
Strange strength resideth in the soul that's just.
She feels her power how't commands the sprite
Of the low man, vigorously finds she must
Be independent of such feeble might
Whose motions dare not 'pear before her awfull sight.

14

But yet my Muse, still take an higher flight,
Sing of Platonick Faith in the first Good,
That Faith that doth our souls to God unite
So strongly, tightly, that the rapid floud
Of this swift flux of things, nor with foul mud
Can stain, nor strike us off from th' unity,
Wherein we stedfast stand, unshak'd, unmov'd,
Engrafted by a deep vitality.
The prop and stay of things is Gods benignity.

But

15

Als is the rule of his Oeconomie.
No other cauſe the creature brought to light
But the firſt *Goods* pregnant fecundity:
He to himſelf is perfect full delight;
He wanteth nought, with his own beams bedight
He glory has enough. O blaſphemy!
That envy gives to God or ſoure deſpight!
Harſh hearts! that feign in God a tyranny,
Under pretenſe t' encreaſe his ſovereign Majeſty.

16

When nothing can to Gods own ſelf accrew,
Who's infinitely happy; ſure the end
Of this creation ſimply was to ſhew
His flowing goodneſſe, which he doth out ſend
Not for himſelf; for nought can him amend;
But to his creature doth his good impart,
This infinite *Good* through all the world doth wend
To fill with heavenly bliſſe each willing heart.
So the free Sunne doth 'light and 'liven every part.

17

This is the meaſure of Gods providence,
The key of knowledge, the firſt fair Idee,
The eye of truth, the ſpring of living ſenſe,
Whence ſprout Gods ſecrets, the ſweet myſtery
Of laſting life, eternall charity.
But you O bitter men and ſoure of ſprite!
Which brand Gods name with ſuch foul infamy
As though poor humane race he did or ſlight,
Or curiouſly view to do them ſome deſpight,

18

And all to ſhew his mighty excellency,
His uncontrolled ſtrength: fond men! areed,
Is't not as great an act from miſery
To keep the feeble, as his life to ſpeed
With fatall ſtroke? The weak ſhak'd whiſling reed
Shows Boreas wondrous ſtrong! but ignorance
And falſe conceit is the foul ſpirits meed;
Gods lovely life hath there no enterance;
Hence their fond thoughts for truth they vainly do advance.

If

19

If God do all things ſimply at his pleaſure
Becauſe he will, and not becauſe its good,
So that his actions will have no ſet meaſure;
Is't poſſible it ſhould be underſtood
What he intends? I feel that he is lov'd
Of my dear ſoul, and know that I have born
Much for his ſake; yet is it not hence prov'd
That I ſhall live, though I do ſigh and mourn
To find his face; his creatures wiſh he'll ſlight and ſcorn.

20

When I breathe out my utmoſt vitall breath,
And my dear ſpirit to my God commend,
Yet ſome foul feigne cloſe lurking underneath
My ſerious humble ſoul from me may rend:
So to the lower ſhades down we ſhall wend,
Though I in hearts ſimplicity expected
A better doom; ſith I my ſteps did bend
Toward the will of God, and had detected
Strong hope of laſting life, but now I am rejected.

21

Nor of well being, nor ſubſiſtency
Of our poor ſouls, when they do hence depart,
Can any be aſſur'd, if liberty
We give to ſuch odde thoughts, that thus pervert
The laws of God, and raſhly do aſſert
That will rules God, but *Good* rules not Gods will.
What ere from right, love, equity, doth ſtart,
For ought we know then God may act that ill,
Onely to ſhow his might, and his free mind fulfill.

22

O belch of hell! O horrid blaſphemy!
That Heavens unblemiſh'd beauty thus doſt ſtain
And brand Gods nature with ſuch infamy:
Can *wiſe*, *Juſt*, *Good*, do ought that's harſh or vain?
All what he doth is for the creatures gain,
Not ſeeking ought from us for his content:
What is a drop unto the Ocean main?
All he intends is our accompliſhment.
His being is ſelf-full, ſelf-joy'd, ſelf-excellent.

He

23

He his fair beams through all has freely [illegible]
Purge but thy ſoul that thou mayſt take them in.
With froward hypocrite he never went,
That finds pretexts to keep his darling ſinne.
Through all the earth this Sprite takes pains to winne
Unto himſelf ſuch as be ſimply true,
And with malignant pride reſiſt not him,
But ſtrive to do what he for right doth ſhew;
So ſtill a greater light he brings into their view.

24

All Lives in ſeverall circumference
Look up unto him and expect their food;
He opes his hand, ſhowrs down their ſuſtinence:
So all things be yfild with their wiſh'd good,
All drink, are ſatisfi'd from this free floud.
But circling life that yet unſettled is
Grows ſtraight, as it is further ſtill remov'd
From the firſt ſimple *Good*, obtains leſſe bliſſe,
Suſtains ſharp pains inflicted by juſt *Nemeſis*.

25

But why do I my ſoul looſe and diſperſe
With mouldring reaſon, that like ſand doth flow.
Life cloſe united with that *Good*, a verſe
Cannot declare, nor its ſtrange virtue ſhow.
That's it holds up the ſoul in all her wo,
That death, nor hell, nor any change doth fray.
Who walks in light knows whither he doth go;
Our God is light, we children of the day.
God is our ſtrength and hope, what can us then diſmay?

26

Goodneſſe it ſelf will do to us this good,
That godly ſouls may dwell with him for aye.
Will God forſake what of himſelf's belov'd?
What ever Lives may ſhrink into cold clay;
Yet good mens ſouls deaths hefts ſhall not obey:
Where there's no incompoſſibility
Of things, Gods goodneſſe needs muſt bear the ſway.
You virtuous brood take't for ſure verity,
Your ſouls ſhall not fall ſhort of bleſt eternity.

But

26

But yet bold men with much perplexity
Will here object againſt this principle,
Heaping up reaſons (ſtrange fecundity
Of ignorance!) that goodly might to quell
Of my laſt argument, ſo fairly well
Set down, right ſtrongly the unſettled ſpright
To have confirmed at my laſt far-well:
But contrair forces they bring into ſight,
And proudly do provoke me with that rout to fight.

27

Whence was't, ſay they, that God the creature made
No ſooner? why did infinite delay
Precede his work? ſhould God his goodneſſe ſtaid
So long a time? why did he not diſplay
From infinite years this *out-created ray?*
The mighty ſtarres why not inhabited,
When God may ſouls proportion to their clay
As well as to this earth? why not diſpred
The world withouten bounds, endleſſe uncompaſſed?

28

Poore ſouls! why were they put into this cave
Of miſery, if they can well exiſt
Without the body? Why will not God ſave
All mankind? His great wiſdome if it liſt
Could ſo contrive that they'd at laſt deſiſt
From ſinning, fallen into ſome providence
That ſternly might rebuke them that have miſt
Their way, and work in them true penitence:
Thus might they turn to God with double diligence.

29

Why be not damned ſouls devoyd of ſenſe,
If nothing can from wickedneſſe reclaime,
Rather then fry in pain and vehemence
Of ſearching agony? or why not frame
Another form, ſo with new ſhape and name
Again to turn to life? One centrall ſpright
Why may't not many forms in it contain,
Which may be wak'd by ſome magnetick might,
'Cording as is the matter upon which they light?

30

For when too ſeverall kinds by Venus knit
Do cauſe a birth, from both the ſoul doth take
A tincture; but if free it were tranſmit
Uncloth'd with th' others ſeed, then it would make
One ſimple form; for then they could not ſlake
One th' others working. Why is the World ſtill
Stark nought, through malice, or through blind miſtake?
Why had the firſt-made-man ſuch a looſe will,
That his innumerous of-ſpring he ſhould fouly ſpill.

31

Why was not this unlucky world diſſolv'd
As ſoon as that unhappy Adam fell?
I itch till of this knot I be reſolv'd:
So many myriads tumble down to hell,
Although partakers of Gods holy ſpell.
Beſide, 'tis ſaid, they that do not partake
Of Chriſtian lore, for ever they muſt dwell
With curſed fiends, and burn in brimſtone lake.
Such drery drad deſignes do make my heart to quake.

32

One of a multitude of myriads
Shall not be ſav'd but broyl in ſcorching woe;
Innumerous miſchiefs then to miſchiefs addes
This worlds continuance if that be ſo:
Ill infinitely more then good doth grow.
So God would ſhow much more benignity
If he the ribs of heaven about would ſtrow,
Powder the earth; choke all vitality.
Call back the creature to its ancient nullity.

33

But thou who ere thou art that thus doſt ſtrive
With fierce aſſault my groundwork to ſubvert,
And boldly doſt into Gods ſecrets dive,
Baſe fear my manly face no'te make m'avert.
In that odde queſtion which thou firſt didſt ſtert
I'll plainly prove thine incapacity
And force thy feeble feet back to revert,
That cannot climb ſo high a myſtery.
I'll ſhew thee ſtrange perplexed inconſiſtency.

Why

34

Why was this world from all infinity
Not made? say'st thou: why? could it be so made
Say I. For well observe the sequency:
If this Out-world continually hath wade
Through a long long spun-time that never had
Beginning, then there as few circulings
Have been in the quick Moon as Saturn sad;
And still more plainly this clear truth to sing,
As many years as dayes or fleeting houres have been.

35

For things that we conceive are infinite,
One th'other no'te surpasse in quantity.
So I have prov'd with clear convincing light,
This world could never from infinity
Been made. Certain deficiency
Doth alwayes follow evolution:
Nought's infinite but tight eternity
Close thrust into it self: extension
That's infinite implies a contradiction.

36

So then for ought we know this world was made
So soon as such a Nature could exist;
And though that it continue, never fade,
Yet never will it be that that long twist
Of time prove infinite, though here desist
From running still. But we may safely say
Time past compar'd with this long future list
Doth show as if the world but yesterday
Were made, and in due time Gods glory out may ray.

37

Then this short night and ignorant dull ages
Will quite be swallowed in oblivion;
And though this hope by many surly Sages
Be now derided, yet they'll all be gone
In a short time, like Bats and Owls yflone
At dayes approch. This will hap certainly
At this worlds shining conflagration.
Fayes, Satyrs, Goblins the night merrily
May spend, but ruddy Sol shall make them all to fly.

38

The roaring Lions and drad beasts of prey
Rule in the dark with pitious cruelty;
But harmlesse man is maister of the day,
Which doth his work in pure simplicity.
God blesse his honest usefull industry.
But pride and covetize, ambition,
Riot, revenge, self love, hypocrisie,
Contempt of goodnesse, forc'd opinion;
These and such like do breed the worlds confusion.

39

But sooth to say though my triumphant Muse
Seemeth to vaunt as in got victory,
And with puissant stroke the head to bruize
Of her stiffe foe, and daze his phantasie,
Captive his reason, dead each faculty:
Yet in her self so strong a force withstands
That of her self afraid, sh'll not aby,
Nor keep the field. She'll fall by her own hand
As *Ajax* once laid *Ajax* dead upon the strand.

40

For thus her self by her own self's oppos'd;
The Heavens the Earth the universall Frame
Of living Nature God so soon disclos'd
As he could do, or she receive the same.
All times delay since that must turn to blame,
And what cannot he do that can be done?
And what might let but by th' all powerfull Name
Or Word of God, the Worlds Creation
More suddenly were made then mans swift thought can runne?

41

Wherefore that Heavenly Power or is as young
As this Worlds date; or else some needlesse space
Of time was spent, before the earth did clung
So close unto her self and seas embrace
Her hollow breast, and if that time surpasse
A finite number then infinity
Of years before this Worlds Creation passe.
So that the durance of the Deity
We must contract or strait his full Benignity.

42

But for the cradle of the *Cretian Jove*,
And guardians of his vagient Infancie
What ſober man but ſagely will reprove?
Or drown the noiſe of the fond *Dactyli*
By laughter loud? Dated Divinitie
Certes is but the dream of a drie brain
God maim'd in goodneſſe, inconſiſtencies
Wherefore my troubled mind is now in pain
Of a new birth, which this one Canto 'll not contain.

Nihil tamen frequentius inter Autores occurrit, quàm ut omnia adeò ex modulo ferè sentuum suorum æstimant, ut ea quæ insuper infinitis rerum spatiis extare possunt sive superbè sive imprudenter rejiciant; quin & ea omnia in usum suum fabricata fuisse glorientur, perinde facientes ac si pediculi humanum caput, aut pulices sinum muliebrem propter se solos condita existimarent, eáque demum ex gradibus saltibúsque suis metirentur. The Lord Herbert in his De Causis Errorum.

De generali totius hujus mundi aspectabilis constructione ut rectè Philosophemur duo sunt imprimis observanda: Unum ut attendentes ad infinitam Dei potentiam & bonitatem, nè vereamur nimis ampla & pulchra & absoluta ejus opera imaginari: sed è contra caveamus, nè si quos fortè limites nobis non certò cognitos, in ipsis supponamus, non satis magnificè de creatoris potentia sentire videamur.

Alterum, ut etiam caveamus, nè nimis superbè de nobis ipsis sentiamus. Quod fieret non modò, si quos limites nobis nullâ cognitos ratione, nec divini revelatione, mundo vellemus assingere, tanquam si vis nostra cogitationis, ultra id quod à Deo revera factum est ferri posset; sed etiam maximè, si res omnes propter nos solos, ab illo creatas esse singeremus. Renatus Des Cartes in his Princip. Philosoph. the third part.

Democritus Platoniſſans,

OR

AN ESSAY

upon the

INFINITY OF WORLDS

out of

Platonick Principles.

Annexed

To this ſecond part of the SONG

of the

SOUL,

as an *Appendix* thereunto.

Ἀγαθὸς ἦν τὸ πᾶν τόδε ὁ συνιστὰς, ἀγαθῷ δὲ οὐδεὶς περὶ οὐδενὸς οὐδέποτε ἐγγίνεται φθόνος. Τούτου δ' ὄντος ὢν πάντα ὁπωσάλιστα ἐβουλήθη γενέσθαι παραπλήσια αὑτῷ. Plat.

Pythagoras Terram Planetam quendam eſſe cenſuit qui circa ſolem in centro mundi defixum converteretur. Pythagoram ſecuti ſunt Philolaus, Seleucus, Cleanthes, &c. imò PLATO jam ſenex, ut narrat Theophraſtus. Libert. Fromond. de Orbe terræ immobili.

CAMBRIDGE,

Printed by *Roger Daniel*, Printer to the Univerſitie. 1647.

To the Reader.

Reader,

I Present to thee here in its proper place what I have heretofore offered to thee upon lesse advantage, but upon so little, no where (I conceive) as that I should despair of thy acceptance, if the overstrangenesse of the Argument prove no hinderance. INFINITIE of WORLDS: A thing monstrous if assented to, and to be startled at, especially by them, whose thoughts this one have always so engaged, that they can find no leisure to think of any thing else. But I onely make a bare proposall to more acute judgements, of what my sportfull phancie, with pleasure hath suggested: following my old designe of furnishing mens minds with variety of apprehensions concerning the most weighty points of Philosophie, that they may not seem rashly to have settled in the truth, though it be the truth: a thing as ill beseeming Philosophers, as hastie prejudicative sentence Politicall Judges. But if I had relinquished here my wonted self, in proving Dogmaticall, I should have found very noble Patronage for the cause among the ancients, Epicurus, Democritus, Lucretius, &c. Or if justice may reach the dead do them the right as to shew, that though they be hooted at, by the Rout of the learned, as men of monstrous conceits, they were either very wise or exceeding fortunate to light on so probable and specious an opinion, in which notwithstanding there is so much difficulty and seeming inconsistencie.

Nay and that sublime and subtill Mechanick too, Des-Chartes though he seem to mince it must hold infinitude of worlds, or which is as harsh, one infinite one. For what is his mundus indefinitè extensus, but extensus infinitè? Else it sounds onely in finitus quoad nos, but simpliciter finitus. But if any space be left out unstuffed with Atoms, it will hazard the dissipation of the whole frame of Nature into disjointed dust; as may be proved by the Principles of his own Philosophie. And that that there is space wheresoever God is, or any actuall and self-subsistent Being, seems to me no plainer than one of their vocall entities.

For mine own part, I must confesse these apprehensions do plainly oppose what heretofore I have conceived; but I have found more faithfull friendship with Truth then with my self. And therefore without all remorse to my battery against mine own edifice: not sparing to shew how weak that

that is, that my self now deems not impregnably strong. I have at the latter end of the last Canto of Psychathanasia, *not without triumph concluded, that the world hath not continued ab æterno from this ground:*

——— Extension
That's infinite implies a contradiction.

And this is in answer to an objection against my last argument of the souls Immortalitie, viz. divine goodnesse. Which I there make the measure of his providence. That ground limits the Essence of the world as well as its duration, and satisfies the curiositie of the Opposer, by shewing the incompossibilitie in the Creature, not want of goodnesse in the Creator to have staid the framing of the Universe. But now roused up by a new Philosophick furie, I answer that difficultie by taking away the Hypothesis of either the world or time being finite: defending the infinitude of both. Which though I had done with a great deal of vigour and life, and semblance of assent, it would have agreed well enough with the free heat of Poesie, and might have passed for a pleasant flourish: but the severity of my own judgement and sad Genius, hath cast in many correctives and coolers into the Canto it self, so that it cannot amount to more then a discussion. And discussion is no prejudice but an honour to the truth: for then and never but then is she victorious. And what a glorious Trophee shall the finite world erect when it hath vanquished the Infinite; a Pygmee a Giant!

H. M.

The

The Argument of

Democritus Platoniſſans,

OR

The Infinitie of Worlds.

'Gainſt boundleſſe time th' objections made,
And waſt infinity
Of worlds, are with new reaſons weigh'd,
Mens judgements are left free.

1

HEnce, hence unhallowed ears & hearts more hard
Then winter clods faſt froze with Northern wind.
But moſt of all, foul tongue I thee diſcard
That blameſt all that thy dark ſtrait'ned mind,
Cannot conceive: But that no blame thou find;
Where're my pregnant Muſe brings forth to light,
Sh'll not acknowledge to be of her kind,
Till Eagle-like the turn them to the ſight
Of the eternall Word all deckt with glory bright.

2

Strange ſights do ſtraggle in my reſtleſſe thoughts,
And lively forms with orient colours clad
Walk in my boundleſſe mind, as men ybrought
Into ſome ſpacious room, who when they've had
A turn or two, go out, although unbad.
All theſe I ſee and know, but entertain
None to my friend but who's moſt ſober ſad;
Although the time my roof doth them contain
Their preſence doth poſſeſſe me till they out again.

And

3

And thus poſſeſt, in ſilver trump I ſound
Their guiſe, their ſhape, their geſture and array,
But as in ſilver trumpet nought is found
When once the piercing ſound is paſt away,
(Though while the mighty blaſt therein did ſtay,
Its tearing noiſe ſo terribly did ſhrill,
That it the heavens did ſhake, and earth diſmay)
As empty I of what my flowing quill
In heedleſſe haſt elſwhere, or here, may hap to ſpill.

4

For 'tis of force and not of a ſet will.
Ne dare my wary mind afford aſſent
To what is plac'd above all mortall skill.
But yet our various thoughts to repreſent
Each gentle wight will deem of good intent.
Wherefore with leave th' infinitie I'll ſing
Of Time, of Space: or without leave; I'm brent
With eagre rage, my heart for joy doth ſpring,
And all my ſpirits move with pleaſant trembeling.

5

An inward triumph doth my ſoul up-heave
And ſpread abroad through endleſſe 'ſperſed air.
My nimble mind this clammie clod doth leave,
And lightly ſtepping on from ſtarre to ſtarre
Swifter then lightning, paſſeth wide and farre,
Meaſuring th' unbounded Heavens and waſtfull skie;
Ne ought ſhe finds her paſſage to debarre,
For ſtill the azure Orb as ſhe draws nigh
Gives back, new ſtars appear, the worlds walls 'fore her flie.

6

For what can ſtand that is ſo badly ſtaid?
Well may that fall whoſe ground-work is unſure.
And what hath wall'd the world but thoughts unweigh'd
In freer reaſon? That antiquate, ſecure,
And eaſie dull conceit of corporature,
Of matter, quantitie, and ſuch like gear
Hath made this needleſſe, thankleſſe incloſure,
Which I in full diſdain quite up will tear
And lay all ope, that as things are they may appear.

For

7

For other they appear from what they are
By reaſon that their Circulation
Cannot well repreſent entire from farre
Each portion of the *Cuſpis* of the Cone
(Whoſe nature is elſewhere more clearly ſhown)
I mean each globe, whether of glaring light
Or elſe opake, of which the earth is one.
If circulation could them well tranſmit
Numbers infinite of each would ſtrike our 'ſtoniſhd ſight;

8

All in juſt bigneſſe and right colours dight.
But totall preſence without all defect
'Longs onely to that Trinity by right,
Abad, *Aeon*, *Pſyche* with all graces deckt,
Whoſe nature well this riddle will detect;
A circle whoſe circumference no where
Is circumſcrib'd, whoſe Centre's each where ſet,
But the low Cuſp's a figure circular,
Whoſe compaſſe is ybound, but centre's every where.

9

Wherefore who'il judge the limits of the world
By what appears unto our failing ſight
Appeals to ſenſe, reaſon down headlong hurld
Out of her throne by giddie vulgar might.
But here baſe ſenſes dictates they will dight
With ſpecious title of Philoſophie,
And ſtiffly will contend their cauſe is right
From rotten rolls of ſchool antiquity,
Who conſtantly denie corporall Infinitie.

10

But who can prove their corporalitie
Since matter which thereto's eſſentiall
If rightly ſifted 's but a phantaſie.
And quantitie who's deem'd Originall
Is matter, muſt with matter likewiſe fall.
What ever is, is Life and Energie
From God, who is th' Originall of all;
Who being everywhere doth multiplie
His own broad ſhade that endleſſe throughout all doth lie.

He

11

He from the laſt projection of light
Ycleep'd *Shamajim*, which is liquid fire
(It *Æther* eke and centrall *Taſis* hight)
Hath made each ſhining globe and clumperd mire
Of dimmer Orbs. For Nature doth inſpire
Spermatick life, but of a different kind.
Hence thoſe congenit ſplendour doth attire
And lively heat, theſe darkneſſe dead doth bind,
And without borrowed rayes they be both cold and blind.

12

All theſe be knots of th' univerſall ſtole
Of ſacred *Pſyche*; which at firſt was fine,
Pure, thin, and pervious till hid powers did pull
Together in ſeverall points and did encline
The nearer parts in one clod to combine.
Thoſe centrall ſpirits that the parts did draw
The meaſure of each globe did then define,
Made things impenetrable here below,
Gave colour, figure, motion, and each uſuall law.

13

And what is done in this Terreſtriall ſtarre
The ſame is done in every Orb beſide.
Each flaming Circle that we ſee from farre
Is but a knot in *Pſyches* garment tide.
From that lax ſhadow caſt throughout the wide
And endleſſe world, that low'ſt projection
Of univerſall life each thing's deriv'd
What er'e appeareth in corporeall faſhion;
For body's but this ſpirit, fixt, groſſe by conſpiſſation.

14

And that which doth conſpiſſate active is;
Wherefore not matter but ſome living ſprite
Of nimble nature which this lower miſt
And immenſe field of Atoms doth excite,
And wake into ſuch life as beſt doth fit
With his own ſelf. As we change phantaſies
The eſſence of our ſoul not chang'd a whit
So do theſe Atomes change their energies
Themſelves unchanged into new Centreities.

And

15

And as our ſoul's not ſuperficially
Colourd by phantaſms, nor doth them reflect
As doth a looking-glaſſe ſuch imag'rie
As it to the beholder doth detect:
No more are theſe lightly or ſmear'd or deckt
With form or motion which in them we ſee,
But from their inmoſt Centre they project
Their vitall rayes, not merely paſſive be,
But by occaſion wak'd rouſe up themſelves on high.

16

So that they're life, form, ſprite, not matter pure,
For matter pure is a pure nullitie,
What nought can act is nothing, I am ſure;
And if all act, that is they'll not denie
But all that is is form: ſo eaſily
By what is true, and by what they embrace
For truth, their feigned Corporalitie
Will vaniſh into ſmoke, But on I'll paſſe,
More fully we have ſung this in another place.

17

Wherefore more boldly now to repreſent
The nature of the world, how firſt things were
How now they are: This endleſſe large Extent
Of loweſt life (which I ſtyled whileere
The *Cuſpis* of the *Cone* that's every where)
Was firſt all dark, till in this ſpacious Hall
Hideous through ſilent horrour torches clear
And lamping lights bright ſhining over all
Were ſet up in due diſtances proportionall.

18

Innumerable numbers of fair Lamps
Were rightly ranged in this hollow hole,
To warm the world and chace the ſhady damps
Of immenſe darkneſſe, rend her pitchie ſtole
Into ſhort rags more duſtie dimme then coal.
Which pieces then in ſeverall were caſt
(Abhorred relicks of that veſture foul)
Upon the Globes that round thoſe torches trac'd,
Which ſtill faſt on them ſtick for all they run ſo faſt.

Such

19

Such an one is that which mortall men call Night,
A little ſhred of that unbounded ſhade.
And ſuch a Globe is that which Earth is hight;
By witleſſe Wizzards the ſole centre made
Of all the world, and on ſtrong pillars ſtaid.
And ſuch a lamp or light is this our Sun,
Whoſe fiery beams the ſcorched Earth invade.
But infinite ſuch as he, in heaven won,
And more then infinite Earths about thoſe Suns do run;

20

And tô ſpeak out; though I deteſt the ſect
Of *Epicurus* for their manners vile,
Yet what is true I may not well reject.
Truth's incorruptible, ne can the ſtyle
Of vitious pen her ſacred worth defile.
If we no more of truth ſhould deign t' embrace
Then what unworthy mouths did never ſoyle,
No truths at all 'mongſt men would finden place
But make them ſpeedy wings and back to Heaven apace.

21

I will not ſay our world is infinite,
But that infinity of worlds there be
The Centre of our world's the lively light
Of the warm ſunne, the viſible Deity
Of this externall Temple. *Mercurie*
Next plac'd and warm'd more throughly by his rayes,
Right nimbly 'bout his golden head doth fly:
Then *Venus* nothing ſlow about him ſtrayes,
And next our *Earth* though ſeeming ſad full ſprightly playes.

22

And after her *Mars* rangeth in a round
With fiery locks and angry flaming eye,
And next to him mild *Jupiter* is found,
But *Saturn* cold wons in our outmoſt ſky.
The skirts of his large Kingdome ſurely ly
Near to the confines of ſome other worlds
Whoſe Centres are the fixed ſtarres on high,
'Bout which as their own proper Suns are hurld
Joves, *Earths*, and *Saturns*; round on their own axes twurld.

Little

23

Little or nothing are thoſe ſtarres to us
Which in the azure Evening gay appear
(I mean for influence but judicious
Nature and carefull Providence her dear
And matchleſſe work did ſo contrive whileere,
That th' Hearts or Centres in the wide world pight
Should ſuch a diſtance each to other bear,
That the dull Planets with collated light
By neighbour ſuns might cheared be in dampiſh night.

24

And as the Planets in our world (of which
The ſun's the heart and kernell) do receive
Their nightly light from ſuns that do enrich
Their ſable mantle with bright gemmes, and give
A goodly ſplendour, and ſad men relieve
With their fair twinkling rayes, ſo our worlds ſunne
Becomes a ſtarre elſewhere, and doth derive
Joynt light with others, cheareth all that won
In thoſe dim duskiſh Orbs round other ſuns that run.

25

This is the parergon of each noble fire
Of neighbour worlds to be the nightly ſtarre,
But their main work is vitall heat t' inſpire
Into the frigid ſpheres that 'bout them fare,
Which of themſelves quite dead and barren are
But by the wakening warmth of kindly dayes,
And the ſweet dewie nights they well declare
Their ſeminall virtue, in due courſes raiſe
Long hidden ſhapes and life, to their great Makers praiſe.

26

Theſe with their ſuns I ſeverall worlds do call,
Whereof the number I deem infinite:
Elſe infinite darkneſſe were in this great Hall
Of th' endleſſe Univerſe; For nothing finite
Could put that immenſe ſhadow unto flight.
But if that infinite Suns we ſhall admit,
Then infinite worlds follow in reaſon right.
For every Sun with Planets muſt be fit,
And have ſome mark for his farre-ſhining ſhafts to hit.

27

But if he ſhine all ſolitarie, alone,
What mark is left? what aimed ſcope or end
Of his exiſtence? wherefore every one
Hath a due number of dim Orbs that wend
Around their centrall fire. But wrath will rend
This ſtrange compoſure back'd with reaſon ſtout.
And raſher tongues right ſpeedily will ſpend
Their forward cenſure, that my wits run out
On wool-gathering, through infinite ſpaces all about.

28

What ſober man will dare once to avouch
An infinite number of diſperſed ſtarres?
This one abſurdity will make him crouch
And eat his words; Diviſion nought impairs
The former whole, nor he augments that ſpares.
Strike every tenth out, that which doth remain,
An equall number with the former ſhares,
And let the tenth alone, th' whole nought doth gain,
For infinite to infinite is ever the ſame.

29

The tenth is infinite as the other nine,
Or elſe, nor they, nor all the ten entire
Are infinite. Thus one infinite doth adjoyn
Others unto it and ſtill riſeth higher.
And if thoſe ſingle lights hither aſpire,
This ſtrange prodigious inconſiſtency
Groweth ſtill ſtranger, if each fixed fire
(I mean each ſtarre) prove Suns and Planets flie
About their flaming heads amid the thronged skie.

30

For whatſoever that there number be
Whether by ſeavens, or eights, or fives, or nines,
They round each fixed lamp; Infinity
Will be redoubled thus by many times.
Beſides each greater Planet th' attendance finds
Of leſſer, Our *Earths* handmaid is the Moon,
Which to her darkned ſide right duly ſhines,
And *Jove* hath foure, as hath been ſaid aboven,
And *Saturn* more then foure if the plain truth were known:

And

31

And if theſe globes be regions of life?
And ſeverall kinds of plants therein do grow,
Graſſe, flowers, hearbs, trees, which the impartiall knife
Of all conſuming Time ſtill down doth mow,
And new again doth in ſucceſſion ſhow;
Which alſo's done in flies, birds, men and beaſts;
Adde ſand, pearls, pebbles, that the ground do ſtrow,
Leaves, quills, hairs, thorns, blooms, you may think the reſt
Their kinds by mortall penne cannot be well expreſt:

32

And if their kinds no man may reckon well,
The ſumme of ſucceſſive particulars
No mind conceive nor tongue can ever tell.
And yet this miſt of numbers (as appears)
Belongs to one of theſe opacous ſphears,
Suppoſe this *Earth*; what then will all thoſe Rounds
Produce? No *Atlas* ſuch a load upbears.
In this huge endleſſe heap o'rewhelmed, drown'd,
Choak'd, ſtifled, lo! I lie, breathleſſe, even quite confound.

33

Yet give me ſpace a while but to reſpire,
And I my ſelf ſhall fairly well out-wind;
Keep this poſſeſſion true, unhurt, entire, *poſition*
That you no greater difficulty find
In this new old opinion here defin'd
Of infinite worlds, then one world doth imply.
For if we do with ſteddy patience mind
All is reſolv'd int' one abſurdity,
The grant of ſomething greater then infinitie.

34

That God is infinite all men confeſſe,
And that the Creature is ſome realtie
Beſides Gods ſelf, though infinitely leſſe.
Joyn now the world unto the Deity.
What? is there added no more entity
By this conjunction, then there was before?
Is the broad breaſted earth? the ſpacious skie
Spangled with ſilver light, and burning Ore?
And the wide bellowing Seas, whoſe boyling billows roar,

35

Are all theſe nothing? But you will reply;
As is the queſtion ſo we ought reſtrain
Our anſwer unto Corporeity.
But that that phantaſie of the body's vain
I did before unto you maken plain.
But that no man depart unſatisfi'd
A while this Univerſe here will we feign
Corpore all, till we have gainly tride,
If ought that's bodily may infinite abide.

36

What makes a body ſaving quantity?
What quantitie unleſſe extenſion?
Extenſion if, 't admit infinity
Bodies admit boundleſſe dimenſion.
That ſome extenſion forward on doth run
Withouten limits, endleſſe, infinite
Is plain from Space, that ever paceth on
Unſtop'd, unſtaid, till it have filled quite
That immenſe infinite Orb where God himſelf doth ſit.

37

But yet more ſenſibly this truth to ſhow
If ſpace be ended ſet upon that end
Some ſtrong arm'd Archer with his Parthian bow,
That from that place with ſpeedy force may ſend
His fleeter ſhafts, and ſo ſtill forward wend.
Where? When ſhall he want room his ſtrength to trie?
But here perverſly ſubtill you'l contend
Nothing can move in mere vacuity,
And ſpace is nought, ſo not extended properly.

38

To ſolve theſe knots I muſt call down from high
Some heavenly help, feather with Angels wing
The ſluggiſh arrow, If it will not flie,
Sent out from bow ſtiff-bent with even ſtring,
Let Angels on their backs it thither bring
Where your free mind appointed had before,
And then hold on, till in your travelling
You be well wearied, finding ever more
Free paſſage for their flight, and what they flying bore:

Now

39

Now to that ſhift that ſayes Vacuity
Is nought, and therefore not at all extent
We anſwer thus: There is a diſtancy
In empty ſpace, though we be well content
To balk that queſtion (for we never meant
Such needleſſe niceties) whether that it be
A reall being; yet that there's parts diſtent
One from another, no mans phantaſie
Can e're reject if well he weigh't and warily.

40

For now conceive the air and azure skie
All ſwept away from Saturn to the Sunne,
Which eath is to be wrought by him on high.
Then in this place let all the Planets runne
(As erſt they did before this feat was done)
If not by nature, yet by divine power,
Ne one hairs breadth their former circuite ſhun
And ſtill for fuller proof, th' Aſtronomer
Obſerve their hights as in the empty heavens they ſcoure.

41

Will then their Parallaxes prove all one
Or none, or different ſtill as before;
If ſo, their diſtances by mortall men
Muſt be acknowledg'd ſuch as were of yore,
Meaſur'd by leagues, miles, ſtades, nor leſſe nor more
From circuit unto circuit ſhal be found
Then was before the ſweeping of the floor.
That diſtance therefore hath moſt certain ground
In emptineſſe we may conclude with reaſon ſound.

42

If diſtance now ſo certainly attend
All emptineſſe (as alſo menſuration
Attendeth diſtance) diſtance without end
Is wide diſperſt above imagination
(For emptineſſe is void of limitation)
And this unbounded voidneſſe doth admit
The leaſt and greateſt meaſures application;
The number thus of th' greateſt that doth fit
This infinite void ſpace is likewiſe infinite.

43

But what ſo e're that infinite number be,
A leſſer meaſure will a number give
So farre exceeding in infinity
That number as this meaſure we conceive
To fall ſhort of the other. But I'll leave
This preſent way and a new courſe will trie
Which at the ſame mark doth as fully drive
And with a great deal more facility.
Look on this endleſſe Space as one whole quantity.

44

Which in your mind in't equall parts divide,
Tens, hundreds, thouſands, or what pleaſeth beſt.
Each part denominate doth ſtill abide
An infinite portion, elſe not all the reſt
Makes one infinitude:
For if one thouſandth part may be defin'd
By finite meaſures eas'ly well expreſt,
A myriad ſuppoſe of miles aſſign'd
Then to a thouſand myriads is the whole confin'd.

45

Wherefore this wide and waſt Vacuity,
Which endleſſe is out ſtretched thorough all.
And lies even equall with the Deity,
Nor is a thing meerly imaginall,
(For it doth farre mens phantaſies foreſtall
Nothing beholden to our devicefull thought)
This inf'nite voidneſſe as much our mind doth gall,
And has as great perplexities ybrought
As if this empty ſpace with bodies were yfraught.

46

Nor have we yet the face once to deny
But that it is, although we mind it not;
For all once minded ſuch perplexity
It doth create to puzzled reaſon, that
She ſayes and unſayes, do's ſhe knows not what.
Why then ſhould we the worlds infinity
Misdoubt, becauſe when as we contemplate
Its nature, ſuch ſtrange inconſiſtency
And unexpected ſequels, we therein deſcry?

47

Who dare gainſay but God is every where
Unbounded, meaſureleſſe, all Infinite;
Yet the ſame difficulties meet us here
Which erſt us met and did ſo ſore affright
With their ſtrange vizards. This will follow right
Where ever we admit Infinity
Every denominated part proves ſtreight
A portion infinite, which if it be,
One infinite will into myriads multiply.

48

But with new argument to draw more near
Our purpos'd end. If God's omnipotent
And this omnipotent God be every where,
Where e're he is then can he eas'ly vent
His mighty virtue thorough all extent.
What then ſhall hinder but a roſcid air
With gentle heat eachwhere be 'ſperſt and ſprent
Unleſſe omnipotent power we will empair,
And ſay that empty ſpace his working can debarre.

49

Where now this one ſuppoſed world is pight
Was not that ſpace at firſt all vain and void?
Nor ought ſaid; no, when he ſaid, *Let't be light.*
VVas this one ſpace better then all beſide,
And more obedient to what God decreed?
Or would not all that endleſſe Emptineſſe
Gladly embrac'd (if he had ever tride)
His juſt command? and what might come to paſſe
Implies no contradictious inconſiſtentneſſe.

50

VVherefore this precious ſweet Etherall dew
For ought we know, God each where did diſtill,
And thorough all that hollow Voidneſſe threw
And the wide gaping drought therewith did fill,
His endleſſe overflowing goodneſſe ſpill
In every place; which ſtreight he did contrive
Int' infinite ſeverall worlds, as his beſt skill
Did him direct and creatures could receive:
For matter infinite needs infinite worlds muſt give.

51

The Centre of each ſeverall world's a Sunne
With ſhining beams and kindly warming heat,
About whoſe radiant crown the Planets runne,
Like reeling moths around a candle light.
Theſe all togeth r, one world I conceit.
And that even infinite ſuch worlds there be,
That inexhauſted Good that God is hight
A full ſufficient reaſon is to me,
Who ſimple Goodneſſe make the higheſt Deity.

52

Als make himſelf the key of all his works
And eke the meaſure of his providence;
The piercing eye of truth to whom nought lurks
But lies wide ope unbar'd of all pretence.
But frozen hearts! away! flie farre from hence,
Unleſſe you'l thaw at this celeſtiall fire
And melt into one mind and holy ſenſe
With Him that doth all heavenly hearts inſpire,
So may you with my ſoul in one aſſent conſpire.

53

But what's within, uneath is to convey
To narrow veſſels that are full afore.
And yet this truth as wiſely as I may
I will inſinuate, from ſenſes ſtore
Borrowing a little aid. Tell me therefore
When you behold with your admiring eyes
Heavens Canopie all to be ſpangled o're
With ſprinkled ſtars, what can you well devize
Which cauſen may ſuch careleſſe order in the skies?

54

A peck of peaſen rudely poured out
On plaiſter flore, from haſty heedleſſe hond
Which lie all careleſſe ſcattered about,
To ſight do in as ſeemly order ſtond,
As thoſe fair gliſtering lights in heaven are found.
If onely for this world they were intended,
Nature would have adorn'd this azure Round
With better Art, and eaſily have mended
This harſh diſord'red order, and more beauty lended.

55

But though theſe lights do ſeem ſo rudely throwen
And ſcattered throughout the ſpacious ſky,
Yet each moſt ſeemely ſits in his own Throne
In diſtance due and comely Majeſty;
And round their lordly ſeats their ſervants high
Keeping a well-proportionated ſpace
One from another, doing chearfully
Their daily task. No blemiſh may deface
The worlds in ſeverall dekt with all art and grace:

56

But the appearance of the nightly ſtarres
Is but the by-work of each neighbour ſun;
Wherefore leſſe marvell if it lightly ſhares
Of neater Art; and what proportion
Were fitteſt for to diſtance one from one
(Each world I mean from other) is not clear.
Wherefore it muſt remain as yet unknown
Why ſuch perplexed diſtances appear
Mongſt the diſperſed lights in Heaven thrown here and there.

57

Again, that eminent ſimilitude
Betwixt the ſtarres and Phœbus fixed light,
They being both with ſteddineſſe indu'd
No whit removing whence they firſt were pight
No ſerious man will count a reaſon ſlight
To prove them both, both fixed ſuns and ſtars
And Centres all of ſeverall worlds by right,
For right it is that none a ſun debarre
Of Planets which his juſt and due retinue are.

58

If ſtarrs be merely ſtarres not centrall lights
Why ſwell they into ſo huge bigneſſes?
For many (as Aſtronomers do write)
Our ſun in bigneſſe many times ſurpaſſe.
If both their number and their bulks were leſſe
Yet lower placed, light and influence
Would flow as powerfully, & the boſome preſſe
Of the impregned Earth, that fruit from hence
As fully would ariſe, and lordly affluence.

Where-

59

Wherefore theſe fixed Fires mainly attend
Their proper charge in their own Univerſe,
And onely by the by of court'ſie lend
Light to our world, as our world doth reverſe
His thankfull rayes ſo far as he can pierce
Back unto other worlds. But farre aboven
Further then furtheſt thought of man can traverſe,
Still are new worlds aboven and ſtill aboven,
In th'endleſſe hollow Heaven, and each world hath his Sun.

60

An hint of this we have in winter-nights,
When reaſon may ſee clearer then our eye,
Small ſubtil ſtarres appear unto our ſights
As thick as pin-duſt ſcattered in the skie.
Here we accuſe our ſeeing facultie
Of weakneſſe, and our ſenſe of foul deceit,
We do accuſe and yet we know not why.
But the plain truth is, from a vaſter hight
The numerous upper worlds amaze our dazzled ſight.

61

Now ſith ſo farre as ſenſe can ever try
We find new worlds, that ſtill new worlds there be,
And round about in infinite numbers lie,
Further then reach of mans weak phantaſie
(Without ſuſpition of temerity)
We may conclude; as well as men conclude
That there is air farre 'bove the mountains high,
Or that th'Earth a ſad ſubſtance doth include
Even to the Centre with like qualities indu'd.

62

For who did ever the Earths Centre pierce,
And felt or ſand or gravell with his ſpade
At ſuch a depth? what Hiſtories rehearſe
That ever wight did dare for to invade
Her bowels but one mile in dampiſh ſhade?
Yet I'll be bold to ſay that few or none
But deem this globe even to the bottome made
Of ſolid earth, and that her nature's one
Throughout, though plain experience hath it never ſhown.

63

But ſith ſad earth ſo farre as they have gone
They ſtill deſcry, eas'ly they do inferre
Without all check of reaſon, were they down
Never ſo deep, like ſubſtance would appear,
Ne dream of any hollow horrour there.
My mind with like uncurb'd facility
Concludes from what by ſight is ſeen ſo clear:
That ther's no barren waſt vacuity
Above the worlds we ſee, but ſtill new worlds there ly,

64

And ſtill and ſtill even to infinity:
Which point ſince I ſo fitly have propos'd,
Abating well the inconſiſtency
Of harſh infinitude therein ſuppos'd
And prov'd by reaſons never to be loos'd
That infinite ſpace and infinite worlds there be;
This load laid down, I'm freely now diſpos'd
A while to ſing of times infinity;
May infinite Time afford me but his ſmalleſt fee.

65

For ſmalleſt fee of time will ſerve my turn
This part for to diſpatch, ſith endleſſe ſpace
(Whoſe perplext nature well mans brains might turn,
And weary wits diſorder and miſplace)
I have already paſſed: for like caſe
Is in them both. He that can well untie
The knots that in thoſe infinite worlds found place,
May eaſily anſwer each perplexity
Of theſe worlds infinite matters endleſſe durancie.

66

The *Cuſpis* and the *Baſis* of the *Cone*
Were both at once diſperſed every where;
But the pure *Baſis* that is God alone:
Elſe would remoteſt ſights as big appear
Unto our eyes as if we ſtood them near.
And if an Harper harped in the Moon,
His ſilver ſound would touch our tickled ear:
Or if one hollowed from higheſt Heaven aboven,
In ſweet ſtill Evening-tide, his voice would hither roame.

This

67

This all would be if the *Cuſpe* of the *Cone*
Were very God. Wherefore I rightly 't deem
Onely a Creaturall projection,
Which flowing yet from God hath ever been,
Fill'd the vaſt empty ſpace with its large ſtreem.
But yet it is not totall every where
As was even now by reaſon rightly ſeen:
Wherefore not God, whoſe nature doth appear
Entirely omnipreſent, weigh'd with judgement clear.

68

A reall infinite matter, diſt inct
And yet proceeding from the Deitie
Although with different form as then untinct
Has ever been from all Eternity.
Now what delay can we ſuppoſe to be,
Since matter alway was at hand prepar'd
Before the filling of the boundleſſe sky
With framed Worlds; for nought at all debar'd,
Nor was His ſtrength ungrown, nor was His ſtrength empair'd.

69

How long would God be forming of a fly?
Or the ſmall wandring moats that play in th' ſun?
Leaſt moment well will ſerve none can deny,
His *Fiat* ſpoke and ſtreight the thing is done.
And cannot He make all the World as ſoon?
For in each Atom of the matter wide
The totall Deity doth entirely won,
His infinite preſence doth therein reſide,
And in this preſence infinite powers do ever abide.

70

VVherefore at once from all eternity
The infinite number of theſe VVorlds He made,
And will conſerve to all infinitie,
And ſtill drive on their ever moving trade,
And ſteddy hold what ever muſt be ſtaid;
Ne muſt one mite be miniſh'd of the ſumme,
Ne muſt the ſmalleſt atom ever fade,
But ſtill remain though it may change its room;
This truth abideth ſtrong from everlaſting doom.

Ne

71

Ne fear I what hard ſequel after-wit
Will draw upon me; that the number's one
Of years, moneths, dayes, houres, and of minutes fleet
Which from eternitie have ſtill run on.
I plainly did confeſſe awhile agone
That be it what it will that's infinite
More infinites will follow thereupon,
But that all infinites do juſtly ſit
And equall be, my reaſon did not yet admit.

72

But as my emboldened mind, I know not how,
In empty Space and pregnant Deitie
Endleſſe infinitude dares to allow,
Though it begets the like perplexitie:
So now my ſoul drunk with Diuinitie,
And born away above her uſuall bounds
With confidence concludes infinitie
Of Time of Worlds, of firie flaming Rounds;
Which ſight in ſober mood my ſpirits quite confounds;

73

And now I do awhile but interſpire
A torrent of objections 'gainſt me beat,
My boldneſſe to repreſſe and ſtrength to tire:
But I will wipe them off like ſummer ſweat,
And make their ſtreams ſtreight back again retreat.
If that theſe worlds, ſay they, were ever made
From infinite time, how comes't to paſſe that yet
Art is not perfected, nor metalls fade,
Nor mines of grimie coal low-hid in grieſly ſhade.

74

But the remembrance of the ancient Floud
With eaſe will waſh ſuch arguments away.
Wherefore with greater might I am withſtood.
The ſtrongeſt ſtroke wherewith they can aſſay
To vanquiſh me is this; The Date or Day
Of the created World, which all admit;
Nor may my modeſt Muſe this truth gainſay
In holy Oracles ſo plainly writ.
Wherefore the Worlds continuance is not infinite.

Now

75

Now lend me, *Origen!* a little wit
This ſturdy ſtroke right fairly to avoid,
Leſt that my raſher rhymes, while they ill fit
With *Moſes* pen, men juſtly may deride
And well accuſe of ignorance or pride.
But thou, O holy Sage! with piercing ſight
Who readſt thoſe ſacred rolls, and haſt well tride
With ſearching eye thereto what fitteth right
Thy ſelf of former Worlds right learnedly doſt write:

76

To weet that long ago there Earths have been
Peopled with men and beaſts before this Earth,
And after this ſhall others be again
And other beaſts and other humane birth.
Which once admit, no ſtrength that reaſon bear'th
Of this worlds Date and Adams efformation,
Another Adam once received breath
And ſtill another in endleſſe repedation,
And this muſt periſh once by finall conflagration.

77

Witneſſe ye Heavens if what I ſay's not true,
Ye flaming Comets wandering on high,
And new fixt ſtarres found in that Circle blue,
The one eſpide in glittering *Caſſiopie*,
The other near to *Ophiuchus* thigh.
Both bigger then the biggeſt ſtarres that are,
And yet as farre remov'd from mortall eye
As are the furtheſt, ſo thoſe Arts declare
Unto whoſe reaching ſight Heavens myſteries lie bare.

78

Wherefore theſe new-ſeen lights were greater once
By many thouſand times then this our ſphear
Wherein we live, 'twixt good and evil chance.
Which to my muſing mind doth ſtrange appear
If thoſe large bodies then firſt ſhaped were.
For ſhould ſo goodly things ſo ſoon decay?
Neither did laſt the full ſpace of two year.
Wherefore I cannot deem that their firſt day
Of being, when to us they ſent out ſhining ray.

79

But that they were created both of old,
And each in his due time did fair diſplay
Themſelves in radiant locks more bright then gold,
Or ſilver ſheen purg'd from all droſſie clay.
But how they could themſelves in this array
Expoſe to humane ſight who did before
Lie hid, is that which well amazen may
The wiſeſt man and puzzle evermore;
Yet my unwearied thoughts this ſearch could not give o're.

80

Which when I'd exercis'd in long purſuit
To finden out what might the beſt agree
With wary reaſon, at laſt I did conclude
That there's no better probability
Can be produc'd of that ſtrange prodigie,
But that ſome mighty Planet that doth run
About ſome fixed ſtarre in *Caſſiopie*
As *Saturn* paceth round about our Sun,
Unuſuall light and bigneſſe by ſtrange fate had wonne.

81

Which I conceive no gainer way is done
Then by the ſeazing of devouring fire
On that dark Orb, which 'fore but dimly ſhone
With borrowed light, not lightened entire,
But halfed like the Moon.
And while the buſie flame did fiez throughout,
And ſearch the bowels of the loweſt mire
Of that *Saturnian* Earth; a miſt broke out,
And immenſe mounting ſmoke aroſe all round about.

82

Which being gilded with the piercing rayes
Of its own ſun and every neighbour ſtarre,
It ſoon appear'd with ſhining ſilver blaze,
And then gan firſt be ſeen of men from farre.
Beſides that firie flame that was ſo narre
The Planets ſelf, which greedily did eat
The waſtning mold, did contribute a ſhare
Unto this brightneſſe; and what I conceit
Of this ſtarre doth with that of *Opbiuchus* fit.

And

83

And like I would adventure to pronounce
Of all the Comets that above the Moon,
Amidſt the higher Planets rudely dance
In courſe perplex, but that from this raſh doom
I'm bet off by their beards and tails farre ſtrown
Along the skie, pointing ſtill oppoſite
Unto the ſunne, however they may roam;
Wherefore a cluſter of ſmall ſtarres unite
Theſe Meteors ſome do deem, perhaps with judgement right.

84

And that their tayls are ſtreams of the ſuns light
Breaking through their near bodies as through clouds.
Beſides the Optick glaſſe has ſhown to ſight
The diſſolution of theſe ſtarrie crouds.
Which thing if't once be granted and allow'd,
I think without all contradiction
They may conclude theſe Meteors are routs
Of wandering ſtarres, which though they one by one
Cannot be ſeen, yet joyn'd cauſe this ſtrange viſion.

85

And yet methinks, in my devicefull mind
Some reaſons that may happily repreſſe
Theſe arguments it's not uneath to find.
For how can the ſuns rayes that be tranſmiſſe
Through theſe looſe knots in Comets, well expreſſe
Their beards or curld tayls utmoſt incurvation?
Beſide, the conflux and congeries
Of leſſer lights a double augmentation
Implies, and 'twixt them both a leſſening coarctation.

86

For when as once theſe ſtarres are come ſo nigh
As to ſeem one, the Comet muſt appear
In biggeſt ſhow, becauſe more looſe they lie
Somewhat ſpread out, but as they draw more near
The compaſſe of his head away muſt wear,
Till he be brought to his leaſt magnitude;
And then they paſſing croſſe, he doth repair
Himſelf, and ſtill from his laſt loſſe renew'd
Grows till he reach the meaſure which we firſt had view'd.

And

87

And then farre distanc'd they bid quite adiew,
Each holding on in solitude his way.
Ne any footsteps in the empty Blew
Is to be found of that farre-shining ray.
Which processe sith no man did yet bewray,
It seems unlikely that the Comets be
Synods of starres that in wide Heaven stray?
Their smallnesse eke and numerositie
Encreaseth doubt, and lessens probabilitie.

88

A cluster of them makes not half a Moon,
What should such tennis-balls do in the skie?
And few'll not figure out the fashion
Of those round firie Meteors on high.
Ne ought their beards much move us, that do lie
Ever cast forward from the Morning sunne,
Nor back cast tayls turn'd to our Evening-eye,
That fair appear when as the day is done.
This matter may lie hid in the starres shadowed Cone.

89

For in these Planets conflagration,
Although the smoke mount up exactly round,
Yet by the suns irradiation
Made thin and subtil no where else its found
By sight, save in the dim and duskish bound
Of the projected Pyramid opake,
Opake with darkneſſe, smoke and mists unsound
Yet gilded like a foggie cloud doth make
Reflexion of fair light that doth our senses take.

90

This is the reason of that constant site
Of Comets tayls and beards: And that their show's
Not pure Pyramidall, nor their ends seem streight
But bow'd like brooms, is from the winds that blow,
I mean Ethereall winds, such as below,
Men finden under th' Equinoctiall line.
Their widend beards this aire so broad doth strow
Incurvate, and or more or lesse decline:
If not let sharper wits more subtly here divine.

91

But that experiment of the Optick glaſſe
The greateſt argument of all I deem,
Ne can I well encounter nor let paſſe
So ſtrong a reaſon if I may eſteem
The feat withouten fallacie to been,
Nor judge theſe little ſparks and ſubtile lights
Some ancient fixed ſtarres though now firſt ſeen,
That near the ruin'd Comets place were pight,
On which that Optick inſtrument by chance did light.

92

Nor finally an uncouth after-ſport
Of th' immenſe vapours that the ſearching fire
Had boyled out, which now themſelves conſort
In ſeverall parts and cloſely do conſpire,
Clumper'd in balls of clouds and globes entire
Of crudled ſmoke and heavy clunging miſts;
Which when they've ſtayed a while at laſt expire;
But while they ſtay any may ſee that liſts
So be that Optick Art his naturall ſight aſſiſts.

93

If none of theſe wayes I may well decline
The urging weight of this hard argument,
Worſt is but parting ſtakes and thus define:
Some Comets be but ſingle Planets brent,
Others a ſynod joyn'd in due conſent:
And that no new found Meteors they are,
Ne further may my wary mind aſſent
From one ſingle experience ſolitaire,
Till all-diſcovering Time ſhall further truth declare.

94

But for the new fixt ſtarres there's no pretence,
Nor beard nor tail to take occaſion by,
To bring in that unluckie inference
Which weaken might this new built myſterie.
Certes in raging fire they both did frie.
A ſigne whereof you rightly may aread
Their colours changeable varietie,
Firſt clear and white, then yellow, after red,
Then blewly pale, then duller ſtill, till perfect dead.

95

And as the order of theſe colours went,
So ſtill decreas'd that Caſſiopean ſtarre,
Till at the length to ſight it was quite ſpent:
Which obſervations ſtrong reaſons are,
Conſuming fire its body did empare
And turn to aſhes. And the like will be
In all the darkſome Planets wide and farre.
Ne can our Earth from this ſtate ſtanden free
A Planet as the reſt, and Planets fate muſt trie.

96

Ne let the tender heart too harſhly deem
Of this rude ſentence: for what rigour more
Is in conſuming fire then drowning ſtream
Of Noahs floud which all creatures chok'd of yore,
Saving thoſe few that were kept ſafe in ſtore
In that well builded ſhip? All elſe beſide
Men, birds, and beaſts, the lion, buck, and bore
Dogs, kine, ſheep, horſes all that did abide
Upon the ſpacious Earth, periſh'd in waters wide.

97

Nor let the ſlow and misbelieving wight
Doubt how the fire on the hard earth may ſeize;
No more then how thoſe waters earſt did light
Upon the ſinfull world. For as the ſeas
Boyling with ſwelling waves aloft did riſe,
And met with mighty ſhowers and pouring rain
From Heavens ſpouts, ſo the broad flaſhing skies
With brimſtone thick and clouds of fiery bain
Shall meet with raging Etna's and Veſuvius flame.

98

The burning bowels of this waſting ball
Shall gullup up great flakes of rolling fire,
And belch out pitchie flames, till over all
Having long rag'd, Vulcan himſelf ſhall tire
And (th' earth an aſheap made) ſhall then expire:
Here Nature laid aſleep in her own Urn
With gentle reſt right eaſly will reſpire,
Till to her priſtine task ſhe do return
As freſh as Phenix young under th' Arabian Morn.

99

O happy they that then the firſt are born,
While yet the world is in her vernall pride:
For old corruption quite away is worn
As metall pure ſo is her mold well tride.
Sweet dews, cool breathing airs, and ſpaces wide
Of precious ſpicery wafted with ſoft wind:
Fair comely bodies goodly beautifi'd
Snow-limb'd, roſe-cheek'd, ruby-lip'd, pearl-ted, ſtar-eyn'd.
Their parts each fair in fit proportion all combin'd.

100

For all the while her purged aſhes reſt
Theſe relicks dry ſuck in the heavenly dew,
And roſcid Manna rains upon her breaſt,
And fills with ſacred milk ſweet freſh and new,
Where all take life and doth the world renew;
And then renew'd with pleaſure be yfed.
A green ſoft mantle doth her boſome ſtrew
With fragrant herbs and flowers embelliſhed,
Where without fault or ſhame all living creatures bed.

101

Ne ought we doubt how Nature may recover
In her own aſhes long time buried.
For nought can ever conſume that centrall power
Of hid ſpermatick life, which lies not dead
In that rude heap, but ſafely covered;
And doth by ſecret force ſuck from above
Sweet heavenly juice, and therewith nouriſhed
Till her juſt bulk, ſhe doth her life emprove,
Made mother of much children that about her move.

102

Witneſſe that uncouth bird of Arabie
Which out of her own ruines doth revive
With all th' exploits of skilfull Chymiſtrie,
Such as no vulgar wit can well believe.
Let univerſall Nature witneſſe give
That what I ſing 's no feigned forgerie.
A needleſſe task new fables to contrive,
But what I ſing is ſeemly verity
Well ſuting with right reaſon and Philoſophie.

103

But the fit time of this mutation
No man can finden out with all his pains.
For the ſmall ſphears of humane reaſon run
Too ſwift within his narrow compaſt brains.
But that vaſt Orb of Providence contains
A wider period ; turneth ſtill and ſlow.
Yet at the laſt his aimed end he gains.
And ſure at laſt a fire will overflow
The aged Earth, and all muſt into aſhes go.

104

Then all the ſtately works and monuments
Built on this bottome ſhall to ruine fall.
And all thoſe goodly Statues ſhall be brent
Which were erect to the memoriall
Of Kings, and Kæſars, ne may better 'fall
The boaſtfull works of brave Poetick pride
That promiſe life and fame perpetuall ;
Ne better fate may theſe poore lines abide.
Betide what will to what may live no lenger tide !

105

This is the courſe that never-dying Nature
Might ever hold from all Eternitie
Renuing ſtill the faint decayed creature
Which would grow ſtark and drie as aged tree,
Unleſſe by wiſe preventing Deſtinie
She were at certain periods of years
Reduced back unto her Infancie,
Which well fram'd argument (as plainly appears)
My ſhip from thoſe hard rocks and ſhelves right ſafely ſtears.

106

Lo ! now my faithfull muſe hath repreſented
Both frames of Providence to open view,
And hath each point in orient colours painted
Not to deceive the ſight with ſeeming ſhew
But earneſt to give either part their due ;
Now urging th' uncouth ſtrange perplexitie
Of infinite worlds and Time, then of a new
Softening that harſher inconſiſtency
To fit the immenſe goodneſſe of the Deity.

107

And here by curious men 't may be expected
That I this knot with judgement grave decide,
And then proceed to what elſe was objected:
But, ah! What mortall wit may dare t' areed
Heavens counſels in eternall horrour hid?
And Cynthius pulls me by my tender ear,
Such ſignes I muſt obſerve with wary heed:
Wherefore my reſtleſſe Muſe at length forbear.
Thy ſilver ſounded Lute hang up in ſilence here.

FINIS.

ANTIPSYCHOPANNYCHIA

OR

The third Book of the ſong of the SOUL:

Containing a Confutation of the ſleep of the SOUL after death.

By *H. M.* Maſter of Arts, and Fellow of Chriſts Colledge in *Cambridge.*

Τὸ μὲν τῆς ἀναθήσεως, ψυχῆς ἐστιν εὐδαίμος. Ὅσον γὰρ ἐν σώματι ψυχῆς, τοῦτο ἔυδει, ἡ δὲ ἀληθινὴ ἐγρήγορσις, ἀληθινὴ ἀπὸ σώματος, καὶ μετὰ σώματος ἀνάστασις,

Plotin. Ennead. 3.

Ἐγώ εἰμι ἡ ἀνάστασις καὶ ἡ ζωή. Ὁ πιστεύων εἰς ἐμὲ κἂν ἀποθάνῃ ζήσεται· καὶ πᾶς ὁ ζῶν καὶ πιστεύων εἰς ἐμὲ, οὐ μὴ ἀποθάνῃ εἰς τὸν αἰῶνα,

John 11.

CAMBRIDGE

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The Preface to the Reader.

TO preface much concerning these little after-pieces of Poetry, I hold needlesse, having spoke my mind so fully before. The motives that drew me to adde them to the former are expresst in the Poems themselves. My drift is one in them all: which is to raise a certain number of well ordered Phantasms, fitly shaped out and warily contrived, which I set to skirmish and conflict with all the furious phansies of Epicurisme and Atheisme. But here's my disadvantage, that victory will be no victory, unlesse the adversary acknowledge himselfe overcome. None can acknowledge himself overcome, unlesse he perceive the strength, and feel the stroke of the more powerfull arguments. But the exility and subtilty of many, and that not of the meanest, is such (nor can they be otherwise) that they will (as that kind of thunder which the Poets do commonly call ἀργῆς, from its over quick and penetrating energie) go through their more *porous* and spongy minds without any sensible impression.

Sure I am that sensuality is alwayes an enemy to subtilty of reason, which hath its rise from subtilty of phansie: so that the life of the body, being vigorous and radiant in the soul, hinders us of the sight of more attenuate phantasmes, But that being suppresst or very much castigate and kept under, our inward apprehension grows clearer and larger. Few men can imagine any thing so clearly awake, as they did when they were asleep, And what's the reason, but that the sense of the body is then bound up or dead in a manner?

The dark glasse-windows will afford us a further illustration for this purpose. Why is it that we see our own fa-

faces there by night? What can reflect the ſpecies (as they phraſe it) when the glaſſe is pervious and tranſparent? Surely reflexion in the ordinary apprehenſion is but a conceit. The darkneſſe behind the glaſſe is enough to exhibit viſibly the forms of things within, by hiding ſtronger objects from the eye, which would bury theſe weak idola in their more orient luſtre.

The ſtarres ſhine and fill the air with their ſpecies by day, but are to be ſeen onely in a deep pit, which may fence the *Suns* light from ſtriking our ſight ſo ſtrongly. Every contemptible candle conquers the beams of the Moon, by the ſame advantage that the Suns doth the Starrs, viz. propinquitie. But put out the candle, and you will preſently find the moon-light in the room; exclude the moon, and then the feebleſt of all ſpecies will ſtep out into energy, we ſhall behold the night.

All this is but to ſhew, how the ſtronger or nearer αἴσθημα doth obſcure the weaker or further off; and how that one being removed, the energie of the other will eaſily appear.

Now that our compariſon may be the fitter, let us conſider what Ariſtotle ſaith of phanſie, that it is αἴσθησίς τις ἀϊδιὴς. Thus much I will take of him, that Phanſie is ſenſe; and adde to it that φάντασμα is alſo αἴσθημα, and αἴσθημα, φάντασμα· and what I have intimated in ſome paſſages of theſe Poems, that the ſoul doth alwayes feel it ſelf, its own actuall Idea, by its omniform centrall ſelf. So that the immediate ſenſe of the ſoul is nothing elſe but to perceive its own energie.

Now ſith that, that which we call outward ſenſe, is indeed the very energie of the ſoul, and inward ſenſe which is phanſie can be no other, there ſeems to be no reall and intrinſecall difference betwixt the φάντασμα and αἴσθημα of any form; no more then there is betwixt a frog born by

the

the Sunne and mere slime, and one born by copulation: For these are but extrinsecall relations. Wherefore φάντασμα and αἴσθημα in the soul it self is all one.

But now sith it is the same nature, why is not there the same degrees in both? I say there is, as appears plainly in sleep, where we find all as clear and energeticall as when we wake.

But here these αἰσθήματα or φαντάσματα (for I have prov'd them all one) do as greater and lesser lights dim one another; or that which is neareſt worketh stronglieſt. Hence it is that the light or life of this low spirit or body of ours, stirring up the soul into a perpetuall sensuall energie, if we foster this and unite our minds, will, and animadversion with it, will by its close neareneſſe with the soul dim and obscure those more subtil and exile phantasms or αἰσθήματα risen from the soul it self, or occasioned by other mens writings. For they will be in the flaring light or life of the body as the starres in the beams of the Sunne scarce to be seen, unleſſe we withdraw our selves out of the flush vigour of that light, into the profundity of our own souls, as into some deep pit.

Wherefore men of the moſt tam'd and castigate spirits are of the beſt and moſt profound judgement, becauſe they can so easily withdraw themselves from the life and impulſe of the lower spirit of this body.

Thus being quit of passion, they have upon any occasion a clear though still and quiet representation of every thing in their minds, upon which pure bright sydereall phantasms unprejudiced reason may safely work, and clearly discern what is true or probable.

If my writings fall into the hands of men otherwiſe qualified, I shall gain the leſſe approbation. But if they will endeavour to compoſe themselves as near as they can to this temper; though they were of another opinion

then

then what my writings intend to prove, I doubt not but they will have the happineſſe to be overcome, and to prove gainers by my victory.

To ſay any thing more particularly concerning theſe laſt I hold it needleſſe. Onely let me excuſe my ſelf, if any chance to blame me for my Ἀντιμονοψυχία, as confuting that which no man will aſſert. For it hath been aſſerted by ſome; as thoſe Mauri whom Ficinus ſpeaks of; and the queſtion is alſo diſcuſſed by Plotinus in his fourth Ennead, where he diſtinguiſheth of, *all ſouls being one*, after this manner, Ἓν γὰρ ὡς ἀπὸ μιᾶς ἢ μία αἱ πᾶσαι. The latter member is that, which my arguments conclude againſt. though they were ἀπὸ μιᾶς yet were we ſafe enough; as ſafe as the beams of the Sun the Sun exiſting. But the ſimilitude of Praxiteles broken glaſſe is brought in, according to the apprehenſion of ſuch, as make the image to vaniſh into nothing, the glaſſe being taken away: and that as there is but one face, though there be the appearances of many; ſo though there be the appearances of many ſouls, by reaſon of that ones working in divers bodies, yet there is but one ſoul; and underſtanding ſenſe and motion to be the acts of this one ſoul informing ſeverall bodies.

This is that which both Plotinus and I endeavour to deſtroy, which is of great moment: For if one onely ſoul act in every body, what ever we are now, ſurely this body laid in the duſt we ſhall be nothing.

As for the Oracles anſwer to Amelius, if any vulgar conceited man think it came from a devil with Bats wings and a long tail, the Seventies tranſlation of the eight verſe of the 32. chapter of Deuteronomy may make it at leaſt doubtfull. *When the moſt High divided to the nations their inheritance, when he ſeparated the ſonnes of Adam he ſet the bounds of the people,* κατ' ἀριθμὸν ἀγγέλων

Θεοῦ.

Obj. He did not then deliver them into the hand and juriſdiction of devils, nor to be inſtructed and taught by them.

But if Apollo who gave ſo good a teſtimony of Socrates while he was living, and of Plotinus after his death, was ſome foul fiend, yet tis no prejudice to their eſteem, ſince our Saviour Chriſt was acknowledged by the devil.

But I have broke my word, by not breaking off before this. Reader, tis time now to leave thee to the peruſall of my writings, which if they chance to pleaſe thee, I repent me not of my pains; if they chance not to pleaſe, that ſhall not diſpleaſe me much, for I conſider that I alſo with ſmall content and pleaſure have read the writings of other men.

Yours *H. M.*

The

The Argument of
ANTIPSYCHOPANNYCHIA
Or
The confutation of the ſleep of the Soul.

CANT. I.

Adams long ſleep, will, mind compar'd
With low vitality,
The fondneſſe plainly have unbar'd
Of Pſychopannychie.

1

THe ſouls ever durancy I ſung before,
Yſtruck with mighty rage. A powerfull fire
Held up my lively Muſe and made her ſoar
So high that mortall wit, I fear, ſhe'll tire
To trace her. Then a while I did reſpire.
But now my beating veins new force again
Invades, and holy fury doth inſpire.
Thus ſtirred up I'll adde a ſecond ſtrain,
Leſt, what afore was ſaid may ſeem all ſpoke in vain.

2

For ſure in vain do humane ſouls exiſt
After this life, if lull'd in liſtleſſe ſleep
They ſenſeleſſe lie wrapt in eternal miſt,
Bound up in foggy clouds, that ever weep
Benumming tears, and the ſouls centre ſteep
With deading liquour, that ſhe never minds
Or feeleth ought. Thus drench'd in *Lethe* deep,
Nor miſſeth ſhe her ſelf, nor ſeeks nor finds
Her ſelf. This mirkſome ſtate all the ſouls actions binds.

Deſire,

3

Deſire, fear, love, joy, ſorrow, pleaſure, pain,
Senſe, phancy, wit, forecaſting providence,
Delight in God, and what with ſleepy brain
Might ſute, ſlight dreams, all baniſh'd farre from hence.
Nor pricking nor applauding conſcience
Can wake the ſoul from this dull Lethargie;
That 'twixt this ſleepy ſtate ſmall difference
You'll find and that men call Mortality.
Plain death's as good as ſuch a *Pſychopannychie.*

4

What profiteth this bare exiſtency,
If I perceive not that I do exiſt?
Nought longs to ſuch, nor mirth nor miſery.
Such ſtupid beings write into one liſt
With ſtocks and ſtones. But they do not perſiſt,
You'll ſay, in this dull dead condition.
But muſt revive, ſhake off this drowſie miſt
At that laſt ſhrill loud-ſounding clarion
Which cleaves the trembling earth, rives monuments of ſtone:

5

Has then old Adam ſnorted all this time
Under ſome ſenſeleſſe ſod with ſleep ydead?
And have thoſe flames, that ſteep Olympus climbe
Right nimbly wheeled o'r'e his heedleſſe head
So oft, in heaps of years low buried?
And yet can ken himſelf when he ſhall riſe
Wakend by piercing trump, that farre doth ſhed
Its ſearching ſound? If we our memories
And wit do loſe by ſickneſſe, falls, ſloth, lethargies;

6

If all our childhood quite be waſte away
With its impreſſions, ſo that we forget
What once we were, ſo ſoon as age doth ſway
Our bowed backs, ſure when baſe worms have eat
His mouldring brains, and ſpirits have retreat
From whence they came, ſpread in the common fire,
And many thouſand ſloping ſunnes have ſet
Since his laſt fall into his ancient mire,
How he will ken himſelf reaſon may well admire:

For

7

For he must know himself by some impression
Left in his ancient body unwash'd out,
Which seemeth strange. For can so long succession
Of sliding years that great Colosses mought
Well moulder into dust, spare things ywrought
So slightly as light phantasms in our brain,
Which oft one yeare or moneth have wrenched out
And left no foorsteps of that former stain,
No more then's of a cloud quite melted into rain?

8

And shall not such long series of time,
When Nature hath dispread our vitall spright
And turn'd our body to its ancient slime,
Quite wash away what ever was empight
In that our spirit? If flesh and soul unite
Lose such impressions, as were once deep seald
And fairly gliftered like to comets bright
In our blew *Chaos*, if the soul congeald
With her own body lose these forms as I reveald,

9

Then so long time of their disjunction
(The body being into dust contract,
The spright diffus'd, spread by dispersion)
And such *Lethean* sleep that doth contract
The souls hid rayes that it did nothing act
Must certainly wipe all these forms away
That sense or phansie ever had impact.
So that old Adam will in vain assay
To find who here he was, he'll have no memorie.

10

Nor can he tell that ere he was before:
And if not tell, he's as if then first born.
If as first born, his former life's no store.
Yet when men wake they find themselves at morn.
But if their memory away were worn
With one nights sleep, as much as doth respect
Themselves, these men they never were beforn,
This day's their birth-day: they cannot conject
They ever liv'd till now, much lesse the same detect.

11

So when a man goes hence, thus may he ſay,
As much as me concerns I die now quite.
Adiew, good ſelf! for now thou goeſt away,
Nor can I poſſibly thee ever meet
Again, nor ken thy face, nor kindly greet.
Sleep and diſperſion ſpoyls our memory.
So my dear ſelf henceforth I cannot weet.
Wherefore to me it's perfectly to die,
Though ſubtiler Wits do call't but *Pſychopannychie.*

12

Go now you *Pſychopannychites*! perſwade
To comely virtues and pure piety
From hope of ioy, or fear of penance ſad.
Men promptly may make anſwer, Who ſhall try
That pain or pleaſure? When death my dim eye
Shall cloſe, I ſleep not ſenſible of ought:
And tract of time at leaſt all memory
Will quite debarre, that reacquainten mought
My ſelf with mine own ſelf, if ſo my ſelf I ſought.

13

But I ſhall neither ſeek my ſelf, nor find
My ſelf unſought: Therefore not deprehend
My ſelf in joy or wo. Men ought to mind
What longs unto them. But when once an end
Is put unto this life, and fate doth rend
Our retinence; what follows nought at all
Belongs to us: what need I to contend,
And my frail ſpright with preſent pain to gall
For what I nere ſhall judge my ſelf did ere befall;

14

This is the uncouth ſtate of ſleeping ſoul,
Thus weak of her own ſelf without the prop
Of the baſe body, that ſhe no'te out-roll
Her vitall raies: thoſe raies Death down doth lop,
And all her goodly beauty quite doth crop
With his black claws. Wiſdome, love, piety,
Are ſtraight dried up: Death doth their fountain ſtop,
This is thoſe ſleepers dull Philoſophy,
Which fairly men invites to foul impiety.

15

But if we grant, which in my former song
I plainly prov'd, that the souls energie
Pends not on this base corse, but that self-strong
She by her self can work, then when we fly
The bodies commerce, no man can deny
But that there is no interruption
Of life; where will puts on, there doth she hie
Or if she's carried by coaction.
That force yet she observes by presse adversion.

16

And with most lively touch doth feel and find
Her self. For either what she most doth love
She then obtains; or else with crosse, unkind
Contrary life since her decease sh' hath strove,
That keeps her wake, and with like might doth move
To think upon her self, and in what plight
She's fallen. And nothing able to remove
Deep searching vengeance, groans in this sad Night,
And rores, and raves, and storms, and with her self doth fight.

17

But hearty love of that great vitall spright,
The sacred fount of holy sympathy;
Prepares the soul with its deep quickning might
To leave the bodies vain mortality.
Away she flies into Eternity,
Finds full accomplishment of her desire;
Each thing would reach its own centrality:
So Earth with Earth, and Moon with Moon conspire.
Our selves live most, when most we feed our *Centrall* fire.

18

Thus is the soul continually in life
Withouten interruption, if that she
Can operate after the fatall knife
Hath cut the cords of lower sympathy:
Which she can do, if that some energie
She exercise (immur'd in this base clay)
Which on frail flesh hath no dependency,
For then the like she'll do, that done away.
These independent acts, tis time now to display.

19

All comprehending *will*, proportionate
To whatſoever ſhall fall by Gods decree
Or prudent ſufferance, ſweetly ſpread, dilate,
Stretch'd out t' embrace each act or entity
That creep from hidden cauſe that none can ſee
With outward eyes. Next *Intellect*, whoſe Night
Of working's then, when as it ſtands moſt free
From ſenſe and groſſer phanſie, deep empight
In this vild corſe, which to purg'd minds yields ſmall delight.

20

Both Will and Intellect then worketh beſt,
When Senſe and Appetite be conſopite,
And groſſer phanſie lull'd in ſilent reſt:
Then Will grown full with a mild heavenly light
Shines forth with goodly mentall rayes bedight,
And finds and feels ſuch things as never pen
Can ſetten down, ſo that unexpert wight
May reade and underſtand. Experienc'd men
Do onely know who like impreſſions ſuſtain:

21

So far's the Soul from a dependency
(In theſe high actions) on the body baſe.
And further ſigne is want of memory
Of theſe impreſſions wrought in heavenly place,
I mean the holy *Intellect*: they paſſe
Leaving no footſteps of their former light,
When as the ſoul from thence deſcended has.
Which is a ſigne thoſe forms be not empight
In our low proper *Chaos* or *Corporeall ſpright*.

22

For then when we our mind do downward bend
Like things we here ſhould find: but all is gone
Soon as our flagging ſouls ſo low deſcend
As that ſtraight ſpright. Like torch that droppeth down
From ſome high tower, held ſteddy clearly ſhone,
But in its fall leaves all its light behind,
Lies now in darkneſſe on the grail, or ſtone,
Or dirty earth: That erſt ſo fully ſhin'd,
Within a glowing coal hath now its light confin'd.

So

23

So doth the ſoul when from high *Intellect*
To groveling ſenſe ſhe takes her ſtooping flight,
Falling into her body, quite neglect,
Forget, forgother former glorious ſight.
Groſſe glowing fire for that wide ſhining light;
For pureſt love, foul fury and baſe paſſion;
For cleareſt knowledge, fell contentious ſight
Sprong from ſome ſcorching falſe inuit impreſſion
Which ſhe'll call truth, ſhe gains. O witleſſe Commutation!

24

But ſtill more clear her independent might
In underſtanding and pure ſubtile will
To prove: I will aſſay t' explain aright
The difference ('ccording to my beſt skill)
'Twixt theſe and thoſe baſe faculties that well
From union with the low conſiſtency
Of this *Out-world*, that when my curious quill,
Hath well deſcrib'd their great diſparity,
To th' higheſt we may give an independency.

25

The faculties we deem corporeall,
And bound unto this earthy inſtrument
(So bound that they no'te operate at all
Without the body there immerſe and meint)
Be hearing, feeling, taſting, ſight, and ſent.
Adde lower phanſie, *Mundane* memory:
Thoſe powers be all or more or leſſe ypent
In this groſſe life: We'll firſt their property
Set down, and then the others contrariety.

26

This might perceives not its own inſtrument.
The taſte diſcovers not the ſpungy tongue;
Nor is the *Mundane* ſpright (through all extent)
From whence are ſenſe and lower phanſie ſprong
Perceived by the beſt of all among
Theſe learned *Five*, nor yet by phantaſie:
Nor doth or this or thoſe ſo nearly throng
Unto themſelves as by propinquity
To apprehend themſelves. They no'te themſelves deſcry;

27

Nor e're learn what their own impreſſions be.
The mind held ſomewhere elſe in open ſight,
What ever lies, unknown unto the eye
It lies, though there its image be empight,
Till that our ſoul look on that image right.
Wherefore themſelves the ſenſes do not know,
Nor doth our phanſie; for each furious wight
Hath phanſie full enough, ſo full't doth ſhow
As ſenſe; nor he, nor's phanſie doth that phanſie know.

28

Age, potent objects, too long exerciſe
Do weaken, hurt, and much debilitate
Thoſe lower faculties. The Sun our eyes
Confounds with dazeling beams of light ſo that
For a good while we cannot contemplate
Ought viſible: thus thunder deafs the eare,
And age hurts both, that doth quite ruinate
Our ſenſe and phanſie: ſo if *long* we heare
Or ſee, 't ſounds not ſo ſweet, nor can we ſee ſo clear.

29

Laſtly, the Senſes reach but to one kind
Of things. The eye ſees colours, ſo the eare
Hears ſounds, the noſtrills ſnuff perfumed wind;
What groſſe impreſſions the out-ſenſes bear
The phanſie repreſents, ſometimes it dare
Make unſeen ſhapes, with uncouth transformation,
Such things as never in true Nature are.
But all this while the phanſies operation
To laws bodily is bound: ſuch is her figuration.

30

This is the nature of thoſe faculties
That of the lower *Mundane* ſpright depend.
But in our *Intellect* farre otherwiſe
We'ſt ſee it, if we preſſely will attend
And trace the parallels unto the end.
There's no ſelf-knowledge. Here the ſoul doth find
Her ſelf. If ſo, then without inſtrument.
For what more fit to ſhow our inward mind
Then our own mind? But if 't be otherwiſe deſin'd;

Then

31

Then tell me, Knows she that fit instrument?
If she kens not that instrument, how can
She judge, whether truely it doth represent
Her self? there may be foul delusion.
But if she kens this Organ; straight upon
This grant, I'll ask how kens she this same tole?
What? by another? by what that? so go on
Till to infinity you forward roll,
An horrid monster count in Philosophick school.

32

The soul then works by 't self, and is self-liv'd,
Sith that it acts without an instrument:
Free motions from her own self deriv'd
Flow round. But to go on. The eyes yblent
Do blink even blind with objects vehement,
So that till they themselves do well recure
Lesse matters they no'te see. But rayes down sent
From higher sourse the mind doth maken pure,
Do clear, do subtilize, do fix, do settle sure.

33

That if so be she list to bend her will
To leffer matters, she would it perform
More excellently with more art and skill:
Nor by long exercise her strength is worn;
Witnesse wise Socrates, from morn to morn
That stood as stiff as any trunck of tree:
What eye could bear in contemplation
So long a fix'dnesse, none so long could see,
Its watery tears would wail its frail infirmity.

34

Nor feeble eld, sure harbinger of death,
Doth hinder the free work of th' *Intellect*.
When th' eye growes dim and dark that it unneath
Can see through age, the mind then close collect
Into her self, such mysteries doth detect
By her far-piercing beams, that youthfull heat
Doth count them folly and with scorn neglect,
His ignorance concludes them but deceit;
He hears not that still voyce, his pulse so loud doth beat.

35

Lastly sense, phansie, though they be confin'd
To certain objects, which to severall
Belong; yet sure the Intellect or mind
Apprehends all objects, both corporeall,
As colours, sounds; and incorporeall,
As virtue, wisdome, and the higher spright,
Gods love and beauty intellectuall;
So that its plain that she is higher pight
Then in all acts to pend on any earthly might:

36

If will and appetite we list compare,
Like difference we easly their discover,
This pent, contract, yfraught with furious jar
And fierce antipathy. It boyleth over
With fell revenge; or if new chance to cover
The former passion; Suppose lust or fear:
Yet all are tumults, but the will doth hover
No whit enslav'd to what she findeth here,
But in a free suspence her self doth nimbly bear.

37

Mild, gentle, calm, quick, large, subtill, serene,
These be her properties which do increase
The more that vigour in the bodies vein
Doth waste and waxen faint, Desires decrease
When age the *Mundane* spright doth more release
From this straight mansion. But the will doth flower
And fairly spread, near to our last decease
Embraceth God with much more life and power
Then ever she could do in her fresh vernall hower.

38

Wherefore I think we safely may conclude
That Will and Intellect do not rely
Upon the body, sith they are indew'd
With such apparent contrariety
Of qualities to sense and phantasie,
Which plainly on the body do depend:
So that departed souls may phantasms free
Full well exert, when they have made an end
Of this vain life, nor need to *Lethe Lake* descend.

The Argument of
ANTIPSYCHOPANNYCHIA
OR,
The Confutation of the Sleep of the Soul.

Cant. 2.

Bondage and freedom's here ſet out
By an inverted Cone:
The ſelf-form'd ſoul may work without
Incorporation.

1

FOuntain of beings! the vaſt deep abyſſe
Of Life and Love and penetrating Will,
That breaks through narrow *Night*, & ſo tranſmiſs
At laſt doth find it ſelf! What mortall skill
Can reach this myſtery? my trembling quill
Much leſſe may ſet it forth; yet as I may
I muſt attempt this task for to fulfill.
He guide my pen while I this work aſſay
Who *All*, through all himſelf doth infinitely diſplay.

2

My end's looſe largeneſſe and full liberty
To finden out; Moſt precious thing I ween.
When *centrall* life her outgone energy
Doth ſpreaden forth, unſneep'd by foe-man keen,
And like unclouded Sunne doth freely ſhine;
This is right Liberty, whoſe firſt Idee
And meaſure is that holy root divine
Of all free life, hight *Ahad, Vnitie*:
In all things He at once is preſent totally.

Each

3

Each totall presence must be infinite:
So is He infinite infinity
Those ihfinites you must not disunite:
So is He one all spreaden Unity.
Nor must you so outspread this Deitie,
But that infinitie so infinite
Must be in every infinite: so we
Must multiply this infinite single sight
Above all apprehension of a mortall wit.

4

What is not infinitely infinite,
It is not simply infinite and free:
For straitnesse (if you do conceive aright)
Is the true daughter of deficiency.
But sith there's no defect in *Unity*,
Or *Abad*, (*Abad* this first centre hight
In Poetry as yet to vulgar eye
Unpublish'd) Him first freedome infinite
We may well style. And next is that eternall Light;

5

Sonne unto *Abad*, *Æon* we him name
(In that same Poem) like his father free,
Even infinitely free I him proclaim
Every where all at once. And so is she
Which *Psyche* hight: for perfect *Unity*
Makes all those one. So hitherto we have
Unmeasurable freedome. *Semele*
Is next, whom though fair fluttering forms embrave,
Yet motion and defect her liberty deprave.

6

Imagination's not infinite,
Yet freer farre then *sense*; and *sinse* more free
Then vegetation or *spermatick* spright.
Even absent things be seen by phantasie;
By sense things present at a distancie:
But that *spermatick* spright is close confin'd
Within the compasse of a stupid tree,
Imprison'd quite in the hard rugged rind,
Yet their defective *Re'plication* we find:

Farre

7

Farre more defective then in phantasie
Or sense; yet freer is the *plastick* spright
Then quantity, or single quality,
Like quantity it self out stretched right
Devoid of all *reduplicative* might:
If any such like qualities there were
So dull, so dead, so all devoid of light
As no communicative rayes to bear;
If there be such to *Hyle* they do verge most near.

8

But *Hyle's* self is perfect penurie,
And infinite straitnesse: Here we finden nought,
Nor can do ought. If curiously we prie
Into this mirksome corner quite distraught
From our own life and being, we have brought
Our selves to nothing. Or the sooth to sayen
The subtilest soul her self hath never wrought
Into so strait a place, could nere constrain
Herself to enter, or that Hagge to entertain.

9

Lo! here's the figure of that mighty Cone,
From the strait Cuspis to the wide-spread Base,
Which is even all in comprehension.
What's infinitely nothing here hath place;
What's infinitely all things steddy stayes
At the wide Basis of this Cone inverse,
Yet its own essence doth it swiftly chace,
Overtakes at once; so swiftly doth it pierce
That motion here's no motion.

10

Suppose the Sunne so much to mend his pace,
That in a moment he did round the skie,
The nimble Night how swiftly would he chace
About the earth? so swift that scarce thine eye
Could ought but light discern. But let him hie
So fast, that swiftnesse hath grown infinite,
In a pure point of time so must he flie
Around this ball, and the vast shade of Night
Quite swallow up, ever steddy stand in open sight.

11

For that which from its place is not away
One point of time, how can you say it moves?
Wherefore the Sunne doth alwayes steddy stay
In our Meridian, as this reason proves.
And sith that in an instant round he roves,
The same doth hap in each Meridian line;
For in his instantaneous removes
He in them all at once doth fairely shine.
Nor that large stretchen space his freenesse can confine.

12

The Sun himself at once stands in each point
Of his diurnall circle: Thus we see
That rest and motion cannot be disjoynt,
When motion's swift even to infinity.
Here contrarieties do well agree,
Eternall shade and everlasting light
With one another here do well comply;
Instant returns of Night make one long Night.
Wherefore infinity is freedome infinite.

13

No hinderance to ought that doth arrive
To this free camp of fair *Elysium*,
But nearer that to *Hyle* things do dive,
They are more pent, and find much lesser room.
Thus sensuall souls do find their righteous doom
Which *Nemesis* inflicts, when they descend
From heavenly thoughts that from above do come
To lower life, which wrath and grief attend,
And scorching lust, that do the souls high honour blend.

14

Wherefore the soul cut off from lowly sense,
By harmlesse fate, farre greater liberty
Must gain: for when it hath departed hence
(As all things else) should it not backward hie
From whence it came? but such divinity
Is in our souls that nothing lesse then God
Could send them forth (as *Plato*'s schools descry)
Wherefore when they retreat a free abode
They'll find, unlesse kept off by *Nemesis* just rod.

15

But if kept off from thence, where is ſhe then?
She dwells in her own ſelf, there doth reſide,
Is her own world, and more or leſſe doth pen
Her ſelf, as more or leſſe ſhe erſt did ſide
With ſenſe and vice, while here ſhe did abide.
Steril defect and nere-obtaind deſire
Create a Cone, whoſe Cuſp is not more wide
Then this worlds Cone. Here cloſe-contracted fire
Doth vex, doth burn, doth ſcorch with ſearching heat and ire.

16

Nor eaſly can ſhe here fall faſt aſleep
To ſlake her anguiſh and tormenting pain:
What driſling miſts may here her ſenſes ſteep?
What foggie fumes benumb her moiſtned brain?
The flitten ſoul no ſenſe doth then retain.
And ſleep ariſeth from a ſympathie
With theſe low ſprights that in this fleſh remain.
But when from theſe the ſoul is ſetten free,
What ſleep may bind her from continuall energie?

17

Here they'll reply, It is not a groſſe ſleep
That binds the ſoul from operation.
But ſith that death all phantaſms clean doth wipe
Out of the ſoul, ſhe no occaſion
Can have of Will or Intellection.
The corpſe doth rot, the ſpirit wide is ſpread,
And with the *Mundane* life fallen into one:
So then the ſoul from theſe quite being fled,
Unmov'd of ought muſt lie, ſunk in deep drowſihead

18

Nought then ſhe hath whereon to contemplate,
Her ancient phantaſms melt and glide away,
Her ſpright ſuck'd back by all-devouring fate
And ſpread abroad, thoſe forms muſt needs decay
That were therein imprinted. If they ſtay,
Yet ſith the ſoul from them is diſunite,
Into her knowledge they can never ray.
So wants ſhe objects the mind to excite:
Wherefore aſleep ſhe lies wrapt in eternall Night.

19

To which I answer, though she corporate
With no world yet, by a just *Nemesis*
Kept off from all; yet she thus separate
May oft be struck with potent rayes transmisse
From divers worlds, that with such mockeries
Kindling an hungry fire and eager will,
They do the wretched soul but Tantalize,
And with fierce choking flames and fury fill,
So vext, that if she could in rage herself she'd kill.

20

If any doubt of this perplexitie,
And think so subtil thing can suffer nought:
What's gnawing conscience from impietie
By highest parts of humane soul ywrought?
For so our very soul with pain is fraught,
The body being in an easie plight.
Through all the senses when you 've presly sought,
In none of them you'll find this sting empight:
So may we deem this dart the soul it self to hit.

21

Again, when all the senses be ybound
In sluggish sloth, the soul doth oft create
So mighty pain, so cruelly doth wound
Herself with tearing tortures, as that state
No man awake could ever tolerate.
Which must be in herself; for once return'd
Unto her body new resuscitate
From sleep, remembring well how erst she mourn'd,
Marvels how all so soon to peace and ease is turn'd.

22

Wherefore the soul it self receiveth pain
From her own self, withouten sympathie
With something else, whose misery must constrain
To deep compassion. So if struck she be
With secret ray, or some strong energie
Of any world, or Lives that there remain,
She's kept awake. Besides secunditie
Of her own nature surely doth contain
Innate *Idees*; This truth more fully I'll explain.

Strong

23

Strong forward bearing will or appetite,
A never wearied importunitie,
Is the first life of this deep centrall spright:
Thus thrusts she forth before her some *Idee*
Whereby herself now actuall she doth see.
Her mighty *Fiat* doth command each form
T'appear: As did that ancient Majestie
This world of old by his drad VVord efform,
And made the soul of man thus divine *Deiform*.

24

Thus in a manner th' humane soul creates
The image of her will, when from her centre
Her pregnant mind she fairly explicates
By actuall forms, and so doth safely enter
To knowledge of her self.
Flush light she sendeth forth, and live *Idee's*:
Those be the glasse whereby the soul doth paint her.
Sweet centrall love sends out such forms as please;
But centrall hate or fear foul shapes with evil ease.

25

The manner of her life on earth may cause
Diversity of those eruptions,
For will, desire, or custome do dispose
The soul to such like figurations:
Propension brings imaginations,
Unto their birth. And oft the soul lets flie
Such unexpected eructations,
That she her self cannot devisen why,
Unless she do ascribe it to her pregnancy.

26

It is an argument of her forms innate
Which blazen out, perchance when none descry.
This light is lost, sense doth so radiate
With *Mundane* life, till this poor carcase die.
As when a lamp, that men do sitten by,
In some wide hall in a clear winter night,
Being blown out or wasted utterly,
Unwares they find a sly still silver light;
The moon the wall or pavement with mild rayes hath dight:

So

27

So when the oyl of this low life is ſpent,
Which like a burning lamp doth waſte away;
Or if blown out by fate more violent;
The ſoul may find an unexpected ray
Of light; not from full faced Cynthia,
But her own fulneſſe and quick pregnancy:
Unthought of life her Nature may diſplay
Unto her ſelf; not by forc'd induſtry,
But naturally it ſprouts from her fecundity.

28

Now ſith adverſion is a property
So deeply eſſentiall to the rationall ſoul,
This light or life from her doth not ſo fly,
But ſhe goes with it as it out doth roll.
All ſpirits that around their raies extoll
Poſſeſſe each point of their circumference
Preſentially. Wherefore the ſoul ſo full
Of life, when it raies out, with preſſe preſence
Oretakes each outgone beam; apprends it by advertence.

29

Thus plainly we perceive th' activity
Of the departed ſoul; if we could find
Strong reaſon to confirm th' innate *idee*,
Eſſentiall forms created with the mind.
But things obſcure no'te eaſly be defin'd.
Yet ſome few reaſons I will venture at,
To ſhow that God's ſo liberall and kind
As, when an humane ſoul he doth create,
To fill it with hid forms and deep *idees* innate.

30

Well ſang the wiſe Empedocles of old,
That earth by earth, and ſea by ſea we ſee,
And heaven by heaven, and fire more bright than gold
By flaming fire, ſo gentle love deſcry
By love, and hate by hate. And all agree
That like is known by like. Hence they confeſſe
That ſome externall ſpecies ſtrikes the eye
Like to its object, in the ſelf-ſame dreſſe.
But my firſt argument hence I'll begin to preſſe.

If

31

If like be known by like, then must the mind
Innate *idolums* in it self contain,
To judge the forms she doth imprinted find
Upon occasions. If she doth not ken
These shapes that flow from distant objects, then
How can she know those objects? a dead glasse
(That light and various forms do gaily stain)
Set out in open streets, shapes as they passe
As well may see; Lutes hear each soaming diapase.

32

But if she know those species out sent
From distant objects; tell me how she knows
These species. By some other? You nere ment
To answer so. For straight the question goes
Unto another, and still forward flows
Even to infinity. Doth th' object serve
Its image to the mind for to disclose?
This answer hath as little sense or nerve:
Now reel you in a circle if you well observe.

33

Wherefore no ascititious form alone
Can make us see or hear; but when this spright
That is one with the *Mundane's* hit upon
(Sith all forms in our soul be counite
And *centrally* lie there) she doth beget
Like shapes in her own self; that energie
By her own centrall self who forth it let,
Is view'd. Her *centrall omniformity*
Thus easly keepeth off needlesse infinity.

34

For the quick soul by 't self doth all things know:
And sith withouten apt similitude
Nought's known, upon her we must needs bestow
Essentiall centrall forms, that thus endew'd
With universall likenesse ever transmew'd
Into a representing energie
Of this or that, she may have each thing view'd
By her own *centrall self-vitality*
Which is her *self-essentiall omniformity*.

35

If plantall souls in their own selves contain
That vitall formative fecundity,
That they a tree with different colour stain,
And divers shapes, smoothnesse, asperity,
Straightnesse, acutenesse, and rotundity,
A golden yellow, or a crimson red,
A varnish'd green with such like gallantry;
How dull then is the sensitive? how dead,
If forms from its own centre it can never spread?

36

Again, an Universall notion,
What object ever did that form impresse
Upon the soul? What makes us venture on
So rash a matter, as ere to confesse
Ought generally true? when nevertheless
We cannot e're runne through all singulars.
Wherefore in our own souls we do possesse
Free forms and immateriall characters.
Hence 'tis the soul so boldly generall truth declares.

37

What man that is not dull or mad would doubt
Whether that truth (for which Pythagoras,
When he by subtile study found it out,
Unto the Muses for their helping grace
An Hecatomb did sacrifice) may passe
In all such figures whereso'ever they be?
Yet all Rectangle Triangles none has
Viewed, as yet, none all shall ever see.
Wherefore this free assent is from th' *innate Idea.*

38

Adde unto these incorporeity
Apprehended by the soul, when sense nere saw
Ought incorporeall. Wherefore must she
From her own self such subtile *Idols* draw.
Again, this truth more clearly still to know,
Let's turn again to our Geometry.
What body ever yet could figure show
Perfectly perfect, as rotundity
Exactly round, or blamelesse angularity?

Yet

39

Yet doth the ſoul of ſuch like forms diſcourſe,
And finden fault at this deficiency,
And rightly term this better and that worſe;
Wherefore the meaſure is our own *Idee*,
Which th' humane ſoul in her own ſelf doth ſee.
And ſooth to ſayen when ever ſhe doth ſtrive
To find pure truth, her own profundity
She enters, in her ſelf doth deeply dive;
From thence attempts each effence rightly to deſcrive.

40

Laſt argument, which yet is not the leaſt.
Wiſe Socrates diſpute with Theætete
Concerning learning fitly doth ſuggeſt.
A midwifes ſonne ycleeped Phenarete,
He calls himſelf: Then makes a quaint conceit;
That he his mothers trade did exerciſe.
All witleſſe his own ſelf yet well did weet
By his fit queſtions to make others wiſe;
A midwife that no'te bear anothers birth unties.

41

Thus jeſtingly he flung out what was true,
That humane ſouls be ſwoln with pregnancy
Of hidden knowledge, if with uſage due
They were well handled, they each verity
Would bringen forth from their fecunditie;
Wiſe framed queſtions would facilitate
This precious birth, ſtirre up th' inward *Idee*,
And make it ſtreme with light from forms innate.
Thus may a skilfull man hid truth elicitate.

42

What doth the teacher in his action
But put ſlight hints into his ſcholars mind?
Which breed a ſolemn contemplation
Whether ſuch things be ſo; but he doth find
The truth himſelf. But if truth be not ſign'd
In his own Soul before, and the right meaſure
Of things propos'd, in vain the youth doth wind
Into himſelf, and all that anxious leaſure
In anſwering proves uſeleſſe without that hid treaſure.

43

Nor is his maſters knowledge from him flit
Into his ſcholars head: for ſo his brain
In time would be exhauſt and void of wit,
So would the ſory man but little gain
Though richly paid. Nor is't more ſafe to ſain
As fire breeds fire, art art doth generate,
The ſoul with Corporeity't would ſtain:
Such qualities outwardly operate,
The ſoul within; her acts there cloſely circulate.

44

Wherefore the ſoul it ſelf by her *Idee*,
Which is her ſelf, doth every thing diſcover;
By her own *Centrall Omniformity*
Brings forth in her own ſelf when ought doth move her;
Till mov'd a dark indifferency doth hover.
But fierce deſire, and a ſtrong piercing will
Makes her thoſe hidden characters uncover.
Wherefore when death this lower life ſhall ſpill.
Or fear or love the ſoul with actuall forms ſhall fill.

The Argument of

ANTIPSYCHOPANNYCHIA

OR,

The Confutation of the Sleep of the Soul.

Cant. 3.

Departed ſouls by living Night
Suckt in, for pinching wo
No'te ſleep; or if with God unite,
For joyes with which they flow.

1

MY hardeſt task is gone, which was to prove
That when the ſoul dy death's cut off from all,
Yet ſhe within her ſelf might live and move,
Be her own world, by life *imaginall.*
But ſooth to ſain, 't ſeems not ſo naturall.
For though a ſtarre, part of the *Mundane* ſpright,
Shine out with rayes circumferentiall
So long as with this world it is unite;
Yet what 't would do cut off, ſo well we cannot weet.

2

But ſith our ſoul with God himſelf may meet,
Inacted by His life, I cannot ſee
What ſcruple then remains that moven might
Leaſt doubt, but that ſhe wakes with open eye,
When Fate her from this body doth untie.
Wherefore her choiſeſt forms do then ariſe,
Rowz'd up by union and large ſympathy
With Gods owa ſpright; ſhe plainly then deſcries
Such plenitude of life, as ſhe could nere deviſe.

3

If God even on this body operate,
And shakes this Temple when he doth descend,
Or with sweet vigour doth irradiate,
And lovely light and heavenly beauty lend.
Such rayes from Moses face did once extend
Themselves on Sinai hill, where he did get
Those laws from Gods own mouth, mans life to mend;
And from Messias on mount Saron set
Farre greater beauty shone in his disciples sight.

4

Als Socrates, when (his large *Intellect*
Being fill'd with streaming light from God above)
To that fair sight his soul did close collect,
That inward lustre though the body drove
Bright beams of beauty. These examples prove
That our low being the great Deity
Invades, and powerfully doth change and move.
Which if you grant, the souls divinity
More fitly doth receive so high a Majesty.

5

And that God doth illuminate the mind,
Is well approv'd by all antiquity;
With them Philosophers and Priests we find
All one: or else at least Philosophy
Link'd with Gods worship and pure piety:
Witnesse Pythagoras, Aglaophemus,
Zoroaster, thrice-mighty Mercury,
Wise Socrates, nothing injurious,
Religious Plato, and vice-taming Orpheus.

6

All these, addicted to religion,
Acknowledg'd God the fount of verity,
From whence flows out illumination
Upon purg'd souls. But now, O misery!
To seek to God is held a phantasie,
But men hug close their loved lust and vice,
And deem that thraldome a sweet liberty;
Wherefore reproch and shame they do devise
Against the braver souls that better things empriſe.

7

But lo! a proof more strong and manifest:
Few men but will confesse that prophesie
Proceeds from God, when as our soul's possest
By his All-seeing spright; als ecstasie
Wherein the soul snatch'd by the Deity.
And for a time into high heaven hent
Doth contemplate that blest Divinity
So Paul and John that into Patmos went,
Heard and saw things inestimably excellent.

8

Such things as these, men joyntly do confesse
To spring from Gods own spirit immediately:
But if that God ought on the soul impresse
Before it be at perfect liberty,
Quite rent from this base body; when that she
Is utterly releast, she'll be more fit
To be inform'd by that divine *Idee*
High *Logos*, that doth every man enlight
That enters into life, as speaks the sacred Writ.

9

Behold a fit resemblance of this truth,
The Sun begetteth both colours and sight,
Each living thing with life his heat indew'th,
He kindles into act each plastick spright:
Thus he the world with various forms doth dight
And when his vigour hath fram'd out an eye
In any living wight, he fills with light
That Organ, which can plainly then descry
The forms that under his far-shining beams do ly.

10

Even so it is with th' *intellectuall* sunne,
Fountain of life, and all-discovering light,
He frames our souls by his creation,
Als he indews them with internall sight,
Then shines into them by his lucid spright.
But corporall life doth so obnubilate
Our inward eyes that they be nothing bright;
While in this muddy world incarcerate
They lie, and with blind passions be intoxicate.

11

Fear, anger, hope, fierce vengeance, and swoln hate,
Tumultuous joy, envie and discontent,
Self-love, vain-glory, strife and fell debate,
Unsatiate covetise, desire impotent,
Low-sinking grief, pleasure, lust violent,
Fond emulation, all these dim the mind
That with foul filth the inward eye yblent,
That light that is so near it cannot find.
So shines the Sunne unseen on a trees rugged rind.

12

But the clean soul by virtue purifi'd
Collecting her own self from the foul steem
Of earthly life, is often dignifi'd
With that pure pleasure that from God doth streem,
Often's enlightn'd by that radiant beam,
That issues forth from his divinity,
Then feelingly immortall she doth deem
Her self, conjoynd by so near unity
With God, and nothing doubts of her eternitie.

13

Nor death, nor sleep nor any dismall shade,
Of low contracting life she then doth fear,
No troubled thoughts her settled mind invade,
Th' immortall root of life she seeth clear,
Wisheth she were for ever grafted here:
No cloud, no darknesse, no deficiency
In this high heavenly life doth ere appear;
Redundant fulnesse, and free liberty,
Easie flowing knowledge, never weary energy,

14

Broad open sight, eternall wakefulnesse,
Withouten labour or consuming pain:
The soul all these in God must needs possesse
When there deep-rooted life she doth obtain,
As I in a few words shall maken plain.
This bodies life by powerfull sympathy
The soul to sleep and labour doth constrain,
To grief, to wearinesse and anxiety,
In fine, to hideous sense of dread mortality.

15

But sith no such things in the Deity
Are to be found; Shee once incorporate
With that quick essence, she is setten free
From ought that may her life obnubilate,
What then can her contract or maken strait?
For ever mov'd by lively sympathy
With Gods own spright, an ever-waking state
She doth obtain. Doth heavens bright blazing eye
Ever close, ywrapt in sleep and dead obscurity?

16

But now how full and strong a sympathy
Is caused by the souls conjunction
With the high God, I'll to you thus descry.
All men will grant that spread dispersion
Must be some hinderance to close union:
Als must confesse that closer unity
More certainly doth breed compassion;
Not that there's passion in the Deity,
But something like to what all men call Sympathy.

17

Now sith the soul is of such subtlety,
And close collectednesse, indispersion,
Full by her *centrall omniformity*,
Pregnant and big without distension;
She once drawn in by strong attraction
Should be more perfectly there counite
In this her high and holy union
Then with the body, where dispersion's pight:
(But such hard things I leave to some more learned wight)

18

The first pure *Being's* perfect *Unity*,
And therefore must all things more strongly bind
Then Lives corporeall, which dispersed be.
He also the first *Goodnesse* is defin'd
Wherefore the soul most powerfully's inclin'd
And strongly drawn to God. But life that's here,
When into it the soul doth closely wind,
Is often sneep'd by anguish and by fear,
With vexing pain and rage that she no'te easly bear.

Parte

19

Farre otherwise it fares in that pure life
That doth result in the souls Unity
With God: For there the faster she doth strive
To tie her selfe, the greater liberty
And freer welcome, brighter purity
She finds, and more enlargement, joy and pleasure
O'reflowing, yet without satietie,
Sight without end, and love withouten measure:
This needs must close unite the heart to that hid treasure.

20

This plainly's seen in that mysterious Cone
Which I above did fairly stell describe: well
Their freenesse and incarceration
Were plainly setten forth. What down doth dive
Into the straitned Cuspis needs must strive
With stringent bitternesse, vexation,
Anxious unrest; in this ill plight they live:
But they that do ascend to th' top yflown
Be free, yet fast unite to that fair vision.

21

Thus purged souls be close conjoyn'd to God,
And closer union surer sympathy;
Wherefore so long as they make their abode
In Him, incorp'rate by due Unitie
They liven in eternall energie.
For Israels God nor slumbers, nor doth sleep;
Nor Israel lost in dull lethargie
Must listlesse ly, while numbing streams do steep.
His heavy head, overwhelmed in oblivion deep.

22

But here more curious men will straight enquire,
Whither after death the wicked soul doth go,
That long hath wallowed in the sinfull mire.
Before this question I shall answer to,
Again the nature of the soul I'll show.
She all things in her self doth centrally
Contain; what ever she doth feel or know,
She feels or knows it by th' innate *Idee:*
She's all proportion'd by her *omniformity.*

God,

23

God, heaven, this middle world, deep glimmering hell
With all the lives and shapes that there remain,
The forms of all in humane souls do dwell:
She likewise all proportions doth contain
That fits her for all sprights. So they constrain
By a strong pulling sympathy to come,
And straight possesse that fitting vitall vein
That 'longs unto her, so her proper room
She takes as mighty *Nemesis* doth give the doom.

24

Now (which I would you presly should observe)
Though oft I have with tongue balbutient
Prattled to th' weaker ear (lest I should sterve
My stile with too much subtilty) I nere ment
To grant that there's any such thing existent
As a mere body: For all's life, all spright,
Though lives and sprights be very different.
Three generall sprights there be, *Eternall Light*
Is one, the next *our World*, the last *Infernall Night*.

25

This last lies next unto old *Nothingnesse*
Night *Hyle*, whom I term'd point of the Cone:
Her daughter *Night* is full of bitternesse,
And strait constraint, and pent privation:
Her sturdy ray's scarce conquer'd by the moon.
The earths great shade breaks out from this hid spright,
And active is; so soon the Sun is gone,
Doth repossesse the aire shotten forth right
From its hid centrall life, ycleep'd *Infernall Night*.

26

In this drad world is scorching *Phlegethon*;
Hot without flame, burning the vexed sense;
There hatefull *Styx* and sad *Cocytus* run,
And silent *Acheron*. All drink from hence,
From this damn'd spright receiven influence,
That in our world or poyson do outspue,
Or have an ugly shape and foule presence:
That deadly poison and that direfull hue
From this *Nocturnall* spright these uggly creatures draw.

This

27

This is the seat of Gods eternall ire,
When unmixt vengeance he doth fully powre
Upon foul souls fit for consuming fire:
Fierce storms and tempests strongly doth he show
Upon their heads: His rage doth still devoure
The never dying soul. Here *Satanas*
Hath his full swing to torture every houre
The grisly ghosts of men; when they have passe
From this mid world to that most direfull dismall place.

28

Did Nature but compile one mighty sphere
Of this dark *Stygian* spright, and close collect
Its scatter'd being, that it might appear
Aloft in the wide heaven, it would project
Dark powerfull beams, that solar life ycheckt
With these dull choking rayes, all things would die.
Infernall poyson the earth would infect,
Incessant showrs of pitchie shafts let flie
Against the Sun with darknesse would involve the skie.

29

Nor is my Muse wox mad, that thus gives life
To Night or Darknesse, sith all things do live.
But Night is nothing (straight I'll end that strife)
Doth nought impressions to the sense derive?
If without prejudice you'll deigne to dive
Into the matter, as much reaky
To darknesse as to coldnesse you will give.
Certes both night and coldnesse active be
Both strike the sense, they both have reall entity.

30

Again. 'tis plain that that nocturnall spright
Sends forth black eben-beams and mirksome rayes,
Because her darknesse as the Sunne his light
More clearly doth reflect on solid place,
As when a wall, a shade empighten has
Upon it, sure that shade farre darker is
Then is the aire that lies in the mid space.
What is the reason? but that rayes emisse
From *centrall Night* the walls reflexion multiplies.

31

The light's more light that strikes upon the wall,
And much more strongly there affects the eye,
Then what's spread in the space aereall:
So 'tis with shadows that amid do lie
In the slight air; there scarce we them descrie,
But when they fall upon the wall or ground,
They gain a perfect sensibilitie.
Scarce ought in outgone light is to be found
But this Nocturnall ray's with like indowments crown'd.

32

But why doth my half wearied mind pursue
Dim sculking darkneſſe, a fleet nimble shade?
If Moses and wise Solomon speak true,
What we assert may safely well be said.
Did not a palpable thick Night invade
The Land of Egypt, such as men might feel
And handle with their hands? That darkneſſe ray'd
From neth'r *Hell*, and silently did steal
On th' enemies of God, as Scripture doth reveal.

33

The womb of *Night* then fully flowred out:
For that all-swaying endleſſe Majestie
Which penetrateth those wide worlds throughout,
This thin spread darkneſſe that dispers'd doth lie
Summon'd by his drad voice, and strong decree.
Much therefore of that spirit close unite
Into one place did strike the troubled eye
With horrid blackneſſe, and the hand did smite
With a clam pitchie ray shot from that *Centrall Night*.

34

This *Centrall Night* or Universall spright
Of wo, of want, of balefull bitterneſſe,
Of hatred, envy, wrath, and fell despight,
Of lust, of care, wasting disquietneſſe,
Of warre, contention, and bloud-thirstineſſe,
Of zeal, of vengeance, of suspicion
Of hovering horrour, and sad pensiveneſſe,
This *Stygian* stream through all the world doth run,
And many wicked souls unto it self hath wonne.

Lo!

35

Lo! here's the portion of the Hypocrite,
That serveth God but in an outward show.
But his drad doom must passe upon his sprite,
Where it propends there surely must he go.
Due vengeance neither sleepeth nor is slow:
Hell will suck in by a strong sympathie
What's like unto it self: So down they flow,
Devouring anguish and anxietie
Do vex their souls, in piteous pains, alas! they lie.

36

Thus with live *Hell* be they concorporate,
United close with that self-gnawing sprite:
And this I wot will breed no sleeping state.
Who here descends finds one long restlesse Night.
May this the dreaming *Psychopannychite*
Awake, and make him seriously prepare
And purge his heart, lest this infernall might
Suck in his soul 'fore he be well aware.
Kill but the seeds of sinne then are you past this fear.

37

Thus have I prov'd by the souls union
With heaven and hell, that she will be awake
When she from this mid Nature is ygone.
But still more curious task to undertake;
And spenden time to speak of Lethe lake,
And whether at least some souls fall not asleep.
(Which if they do of *Hell* they do partake)
Whether who liv'd like plant or grazing sheep,
Who of nought else but sloth and growth doth taken keep?

38

Whose drooping phansie never flowred out,
Who relish'd nought but this grosse bodies food,
Who never entertaind an active thought,
But like down-looking beasts was onely mov'd
To feed themselves, whither this drousie mood
So drench the lowring soul and inly steep
That she lies senseless drownd in Lethe floud;
Who will let dive into this mysterie deep:
Into such narrow subtilties I list not creep.

But

39

But well I wote that wicked crueltie,
Hate, envie, malice, and ambition,
Bloud-sucking zeal, and lawlesse tyrannie,
In that *Nocturnall* sprite shall have their wonne,
Which like this world admits distinction.
But like will like unto it strongly draw:
So every soul shall have a righteous doom.
According to our deeds God will bestow
Rewards: Unto the cruell he'll no mercy show.

40

Where's Nimrod now, and dreadfull Hannibal?
Where's that ambitious pert Pellean lad,
Whose pride swell'd bigger then this earthly ball?
Where's cruell Nero, with the rest that had
Command, and vex'd the world with usage bad?
They're all sunk down into this nether hell;
Who erst upon the Nations stoutly strad
Are now the Devils footstool. His drad spell
Those vassals doth command, though they with fury swell.

41

Consuming anguish, styptick bitternesse,
Doth now so strangle their imperious will,
That in perpetuall disquietnesse
They roll and rave, and roar and rage their fill,
Like a mad bull that the slie hunters skill
Hath caught in a strong net. But more they strive
The more they kindle that tormenting ill.
Wo's me! in what great miserie they live!
Yet wote I not what may these wretched thralls relieve.

42

The safest way for us that still survive
Is this, even our own lust to mortifie;
So Gods own Will will certainly revive.
Thus shall we gain a perfect libertie,
And everlasting life. But if so be
We seek our selves with ardent hot desire,
From that *Infernall Night* we are not free;
But living *Hell* will kindle a fierce fire.
And with unceasant pains our vexed soul will tire.

Then

43

Then the wild phanſie from her horrid wombe
Will ſenden forth foul ſhapes. O dreadfull ſight.
Overgrown toads fierce ſerpents thence will come,
Red-ſcaled Dragons with deep burning light
In their hollow eye-pits: With theſe ſhe muſt fight;
Then thinks her ſelf ill wounded, ſorely ſtung.
Old fulſome Hags with ſcabs and skurf bedight,
Foul tarry ſpittle tumbling with their tongue
On their raw lether lips, theſe near will to her clung,

44

And lovingly ſalute againſt her will,
Cloſely embrace, and make her mad with wo:
She'd lever thouſand times they did her kill,
Then force her ſuch vile baſeneſſe undergo.
Anon ſome Giant his huge ſelf will ſhow,
Gaping with mouth as vaſt as any Cave,
With ſtony ſtaring eyes, and footing ſlow:
She ſurely deems him her live-walking grave,
From that dern hollow pit knows not her ſelf to ſave.

45

After a while, toſt on the Ocean main
A boundleſſe ſea ſhe finds of miſery;
The fiery ſnorts of the Leviathan
(That makes the boyling waves before him flie)
She hears, ſhe ſees his blazing morn-bright eye:
If here ſhe ſcape, deep gulfs and threatning rocks
Her frighted ſelf do ſtraightway terrifie;
Steel-coloured clouds with rattling thunder knocks,
With theſe ſhe is amaz'd, and thouſand ſuch like mocks.

46

All which afflict her even like perfect ſenſe:
For waxen mad with her ſore ſearching pain
She cannot eaſly find the difference,
But toils and tears and tugs, but all in vain;
Her ſelf from her own ſelf ſhe cannot ſtrain.
Nocturnall life hath now let ope th' *Idee*
Of innate darkneſſe, from this fulſome vein
The ſoul is fill'd with all deformity.
But *Night* doth ſtirre her up to this dread energie.

47

But here some man more curious then wise
Perhaps will ask, where *Night* or *Hell* may be:
For he by his own self cannot devise,
Sith chearfull light doth fill the open sky.
And what's the earth to the souls subtilty?
Such men I'd carry to some standing pool,
Down to the water bid them bend their eye,
They then shall see the earth possest and full
Of heaven, dight with the sunne or starrs that there do roll.

48

Or to an hill where's some deep hollow Cave
Dreadfull for darkness; let them take a glasse,
When to the pitchy hole they turned have
Their instrument, that darkness will find place
Even in the open sunne-beams, at a space
Which measures twice the glasses distance
From the Caves mouth. This well discovered has
How *Hell* and *Heaven* may both together lie,
Sith darkness safely raies even in the sunny skie.

49

But further yet the mind to satisfie
That various apprehensions bearen down
And to hold up with like variety
Of well fram'd phantasms, lest she sink and drown
Laden with heavie thoughts sprong from the ground
And miry clods of this accursed earth
Whose dull suffusions make her often sown,
Orecome with cold, till nimble Reason bear'th
Unto her timely aid and on her feet her rear'th:

50

I will adjoyn to those three former wayes
To weet, of the *S*ouls self-activity
Of Union with Hell, and Gods high rayes
A fourth contrivement, which all souls doth ty
To their wing'd Chariots, wherein swift they fly.
The fiery and airy Vehicles they hight
In Plato's school known universally.
But so large matter can not well be writ
In a few lines for a fresh Canticle more fit.

The Preface to the Reader.

ALthough the opinion of the Præexiſtency of the Soul be made ſo probable and paſſable in the Canto it ſelf, that none can ſleight and contemn it, that do not ordinarily approve themſelves men by Deriſion more then by Reaſon; yet ſo heavie prejudice lying upon us both from Naturall diffidence in ſo high Points, and from our common Education, I thought it fit, for ſecuring my ſelf, from ſuſpicion of overmuch lightneſſe, to premize thus much: That that which I have taken the pains and boldneſſe to preſent to the free judgement of others, hath been already judged of old, very ſound and orthodox, by the wiſeſt and moſt learned of preceding Ages.

Which *R. Menaſſeh Ben-Iſrael*, doth abundantly atteſt in his 15. *Problem. De Creatione*; Avouching that it is the common Opinion of all the Hebrews, and that it was never called into controverſie, but approved of, by the common conſent and ſuffrage of all wiſe men.

And himſelf doth by ſeverall places out of the Old Teſtament (as pat for his purpoſe, I think, as any can be brought againſt it) endeavour to make it good; but might I confeſſe, have been more fitly furniſhed, could his Religion have reached into the New. For *Philip.* 2. *v.* 6,7,8. *John* 9. *v.* 1,2,3. *John* 17. *v.* 45. *Mark* 8. *v.*27, 28. all thoſe places do ſeem ſo naturally to favour this Probability, that if it had pleas'd the Church to have concluded it for a ſtanding Truth; He that would not have been fully convinc'd upon the evidence of theſe paſſages of Scripture, would undoubtedly, have been held a man of a very timorous & Scepticall conſtitution, if not ſomething worſe.

Nor is the feebleneſſe and miſerable ineptneſſe of In-

fancy any greater damp to the belief of this Preexistency then the dotage and debility of old Age, to the hope of the Souls future subsistency after death,

Nor, if we would fetch an argument from Theologie, is Gods Justice, and the divine Nemesis lesse set out, by supposing that the Souls of men, thorough their own revolting from God before they came into the body, have thus in severall measures engaged themselves in the sad, dangerous, and almost fatall entanglements of this Corporeall World; then it is, by conceiving that they must needs survive the Body, that the judgement of the Almighty may passe upon them, for what they have committed in the flesh.

Nor lastly, is it harder to phansie, how these Præexistent Souls insinuate into seed, Embryos, or Infants, then how Created ones are insinuated; nor yet so hard, to determine of their condition if they depart in Infancy, as of the condition of these.

But mistake me not, Reader; I do not contend (in thus arguing) that this opinion of the Præexistency of the Soul, is true, but that it is not such a self-condemned Falsity, but that I might without justly incurring the censure of any Vainnesse or Levity, deem it worthy the canvase and discussion of sober and considerate men.

Yours *H. M.*

The Præexiſtency of the SOUL.

The Argument:

Of the Souls Præexiſtency
Her Orb of Fire and Aire,
Of Ghoſts, of Goblins, of Sorcery,
This Canto doth declare.

1

RIſe then *Ariſto's* ſon! aſſiſt my Muſe
Let that hie ſpright which did inrich thy brains
With choice cõceits, ſome worthy thoughts infuſe
Worthy thy title and the Readers pains.
And thou, O *Lycian* Sage! whoſe pen contains
Treaſures of heavenly light with gentle fire,
Give leave a while to warm me at thy flames
That I may alſo kindle ſweet deſire
In holy minds that unto higheſt things aſpire.

2

For I would ſing the Præexiſtency
Of humane ſouls, and live once ore again
By recollection and quick memory
All what is paſt ſince firſt we all began.
But all too ſhallow be my wits to ſcan
So deep a point and mind too dull to clear
So dark a matter, but Thou O more then man!
Aread thou ſacred Soul of *Plotin* deare
Tell what we mortalls are, tell what of old we were.

3

A ſpark or ray of the Divinity
Clouded in earthy fogs, yclad in clay,
A precious drop ſunk from Æternitie,
Spilt on the ground, or rather ſlunk away.
For then we fell when we gan firſt t'aſſay
By ſtealth, of our own ſelves ſomething to been,
Uncentring our ſelves from our great ſtay.
Which fondly we new liberty did ween
And from that prank right jolly wights our ſelves did deem.

4

For then forthwith ſome thing beſide our God
We did conceive our parted ſelves to be,
And looſened, firſt from that ſimple Good,
Then from great *Æon*, then from *Pſyche* free,
We after fell into low phantaſie,
And after that into corporeall ſenſe,
And after ſenſe embarkd as in a tree,
(Firſt ſown in earthly ſlime, then ſprung from thence)
A fading life we lead in deadly influence.

5

Thus groaping after our own Centres near
And proper ſubſtance we grew dark, contract,
Swallow'd up of earthly life, ne what we were
Of old, through ignorance can we detect.
Like noble babe by fate or friends neglect
Left to the care of ſorry ſalvage wight,
Grown up to manly years cannot conject
His own true parentage, nor read aright
What Father him begot, what womb him brought to light.

6

So we as ſtranger Infants elſewhere born
Can not divine from what ſpring we did flow
Ne dare theſe baſe alliances to ſcorn,
Nor lift our ſelves a whit from hence below,
Ne ſtrive our Parentage again to know;
Ne dream we once of any other ſtock,
Since foſter'd upon *Rheas* knees we grow,
In Satyres arms with many a mow and mock
Oft danc'd, and hairy *Pan* our cradle oft hath rock'd.

But

7

But *Pan* nor *Rhea* be our Parentage
We been the Of-ſpring of all-ſeeing *Jove*
Though now, whether through our own miſcariage
Or ſecret force of fate, that all doth move
We be caſt low, for why? the ſportfull love
Of our great Maker (like as mothers dear
In pleaſance from them do their children ſhove
That back again they may recoyl more near)
Shoves off our ſouls a while, the more them to endear.

8

Or whether Juſtice and due Equity
Expects the truth of our affection,
And therefore ſets us 'twixt the Deitie
And the created world, that thereupon
We may with a free reſignation
Give up our ſelves to him deſerves us beſt.
That love is none that's by coaction.
Hence he our ſouls from his own ſelf releaſt
And left us free to follow what the moſt us pleas'd.

9

And for this purpoſe did enrich our choice
By framing of the outward Univerſe.
The framing of this world a meet deviſe
Whereby Gods wiſedome thorough all may pierce,
From hight to depth. In depth is vengeance fierce,
Whereby tranſgreſſing ſouls are ſorely ſcourged
And back again are forced to reverſe
By *Nemeſis* deep-biting whips well urged,
And in ſad ſorrows bath well drench'd and ſoundly purged.

10

Thus nothing's loſt of Gods fecundity.
But ſtretching out himſelf in all degrees
His wiſedome, goodneſſe and due equity
Are rightly rank'd, in all the ſoul them ſees.
O holy lamps of God! O ſacred eyes
Filled with love and wonder every where!
Ye wandring tapers to whom God deſcryes
His ſecret paths, great *Pſyches* darlings dear!
Behold her works, but ſee your hearts cloſe not too near.

11

But they so soon as vitall Orbs were made
That rolled round about each starry fire
Forth-with pursue, and strive them to invade;
Like evening flies that busily conspire
Following a Jade that travail long doth tire,
To seize his nodding head and suck his sweat.
But they suck'd in into the vitall mire
First died and then again reviv'd by heat
Did people all the Orbs by this audacious feat.

12

But infinite Myriads undipt as yet
Did still attend each vitall moveing sphear
And wait their turnes for generation fit
In airy bodies wafted here and there,
As sight and sympathy away did bear.
These corporate with bloud, but the first flight
Of fallen souls, ymeint with slimy gear
Rose from their earth, breaking their filmes slight:
As Storyes say, *Nile* living shapes sends forth to sight.

13

Here their third chariot cleep'd terrestiall
Great *Psyches* brood did enter; for before
They rode more light; first in cœlestiall
Or fiery chariots, wherein with *Uranore*
The care and thought of all the world they bore.
This is the Orb of pure quick life and sense
Which the thrice mighty *Mercury* of yore
Ascending, held with Angels conference
And of their comely shapes had perfect cognoscence.

14

In this the famous *Tyanean* swain
Lifted above the deadly charming might
Of the dull Carkasse could discover plain
From seven-hill'd *Rome* with speedy piercing sight
What they in *Egypt* did as Stories write.
This is that nimble quick vivacious Orb
All ear, all eye, with rayes round shining bright;
Sphear of pure sense which no perpessions curb
Nor uncouth shapen Spectres ever can disturb.

15

Next this is that light Vehicle of air,
Where likewiſe all ſenſe is in each part pight.
This is more groſſe ſubject to grief and fear
And moſt what ſoil'd with bodily delight;
Sometimes with vengeance, envie, anger, ſpight.
This Orb is ever paſſive in ſenſation.
But the third wagon of the ſoul that hight
The terrene Vehicle, beſide this paſſion
Hath organized ſenſe, diſtinct by limitation.

16

Theſe laſt be but the ſouls live ſepulchres
Where leaſt of all ſhe acts, but afterward
Roſe from this tomb, ſhe free and lively fares
And upward goes if ſhe be not debar'd
By *Adraſtias* law nor ſtrength empar'd
By too long bondage, in this Cave below.
The purged ſouls aſcent nought may retard;
But earthly mindedneſſe may eath foreſlow
Their flight, then near the ground in airy weeds they go;

17

Awak'd to life more ample then before,
If they their fortune good could then purſue.
But ſith unwillingly they were ytore
From their dear carkaſſes their fate they rue,
And terrene thoughts their troubled minds embue:
So that in languiſhment they linger near
Their wonted homes and oft themſelves they ſhew;
Sometimes on purpoſe, ſometimes unaware
That wak'd by haſty call they ſtreightway diſappear.

18

For men that wont to wander in their ſleep
By the fixt light of inward phantaſie,
Though a short fit of death faſt bounden keep
Their outward ſenſe and all their Organes tye;
Yet forth they fare ſteared right ſteddily
By that internall guide: even ſo the ghoſts
Of men deceas'd bedewed with the ſky
And nights cold influence, in ſleep yclos'd
Awake withir's and walk in their forewonted coaſt.

19

In ſhape they walk much like to what they bore
Upon the earth: For that light Orb of air
Which they inact muſt yielden evermore
To phanſies beck, ſo when the ſouls appear
To their own ſelves alive as once they were,
So cloath'd and converſant in ſuch a place,
The inward eyes of phanſie thither ſtear
Their gliding vehicle, that bears the face
Of him that liv'd, that men may reade what wight it was.

20

And often ask'd what would they, they deſcry
Some ſecret wealth, or hidden injury.
That firſt they broach that overſe doth ly most
Within their minds: but vaniſh ſuddenly
Diſturb'd by bold mans importunity.
But thoſe that on ſet purpoſe do appear
To holden talk with frail mortality
Make longer ſtay. So that there is no fear
That when we leave this earthly husk we periſh clear.

21

Or what is like to perfect periſhing,
That inert deadlineſſe our ſouls ſhall ſeize,
That neither ſenſe nor phanſies fountains ſpring,
But ever cloſe in dull unactive eaſe.
For though that Death our ſpirits doth releaſe
From this diſtinguiſh'd organizate ſenſe,
Yet we may hear and ſee, what, where we pleaſe,
And walk at large when we are gone from hence
And with both men and ghoſts hold friendly conference;

22

And all in virtue of that airy Waine
In which we ride when that of earth is gone,
Unleſſe no terrene tinctures do us ſtein,
For then forthwith to heaven we be yſlone,
In our ſwift fiery chariot thither drawn.
But leaſt men deem me airy notions feigne:
All ſtories this ſure truth do ſeem to own.
Wherefore my Muſe! ſome few do not diſdain,
Of many, to relate, more firm aſſent to gain.

23

But first lay out the treasures of the Air
That immense womb from whence all bodies spring.
And then the force of Phantasie declare.
Of Witches wonnes a while then maist thou sing
Their Stygian rites, and nightly revelling.
Then to the wished port to draw more near
Als tell of the untimely wandering
Of the sad ghosts of men that oft appear
All which to the hard search of truth, joynt light do bear;

24

Shew fitly how the præexistent soul
Inacts and enters bodies here below,
And then entire, unhurt, can leave this moul
And thence her airy Vehicle can draw,
In which by sense and motion they may know
Better then we what things transacted be
Upon the Earth; and when they list, may show
Themselves to friend or foe, their phantasie
Moulding their airy Orb to grosse consistency.

25

For sooth to sayn, all things of Air consist
And easly back again return to air.
Witnesse the carkases of man and beast
Which wast though teeth of Wolves them never tear,
Nor Crow nor Vulture do their flesh empare,
Yet all is wast and gone, no reliques seen
Of former shape, saving the bones bare,
And the bare bones by Time and Art, I ween,
First into liquour melt to air ychanged been.

26

Besides experience doth maken plain
How clouds be but the crudling of the air.
Take a round glasse let 't nought but air contain,
Close it with Hermes seal, then cover it over
With cinders warm, onely the top discover,
The gentle fire hard at the bottome pight
Thins the low air, which got above doth hover
Like a white fume embodying in the hight
With cooler parts, then turns to drops all crystall bright.

Not

27

Not much unlike to the experiment
That learned Leech profeſſes to have ſeen
Amongſt the *Alps*, where the wind violent
Hammered out clouds with his ſtrong bluſtring keen
'Gainſt a ſteep rock, which ſtreight themſelves did teem
Upon the Earth and wet the verdant Plain,
Diſſolved by the ſight of Phœbus ſheen.
But ſometimes clouds afford, not onely rain
But bloud, ſtones, milk, corn, frogs, fire, earth and all contain.

28

Wherefore all bodies be of air compos'd
Great Natures all-complying Mercury,
Unto ten thouſand ſhapes and forms diſpos'd:
Like nimble quick-ſilver that doth agree
With gold with braſſe or with what ere it be
Amalgamate, but brought unto the fire
Into an airy fume it all doth flie,
Though you before might turn to earth and mire
What into ancient air ſo quickly doth retire.

29

Wherefore the ſoul poſſeſt of matter meet
If ſhe hath power to operate thereon
Can eath transform this Vehicle to ſight,
Dight with due colour, figuration.
Can ſpeak, can walk, and then diſpear anon
Spreading her ſelf in the diſperſed air.
Then if ſhe pleaſe recall again what's gone.
Thoſe th' uncouth myſteries of phanſie are
Then thunder farre more ſtrong, more quick then lightning fa

30

Some heavings toward this ſtrange activity
We may obſerve even in this mortall ſtate.
Here health and ſickneſſe of the phantaſie
Often proceed, which working minds create,
And pox and peſtilence do malleate
Their thoughts ſtill beating on thoſe objects ill,
Which doth the maſtered bloud contaminate,
And with foul poyſonous impreſſions fill
And laſt the precious life with deadly dolour kill.

31

And if 't be true that learned Clerks do ſayen
His phantaſie whom a mad dog hath bit
With ſhapes of dogs doth all his Urine ſtain.
Women with child, if in their longing fit
They be differ'd, their eager appetite
So ſharply edges the quick phantaſie
That it the Signature doth carve and write
Of what ſhe long'd for, on the Infants body,
Imprinting it ſo plain that all the world may ſee.

32

Thoſe ſtreaked rods plac'd by that *Syrian* ſwain
Before the ſheep when they receiv'd the ramme,
(Whence the beſt part of *Labans* flock became
All ſpotted or'e, whereby his ſhepheard wan
The greater wages,) ſhow what phanſie can.
And boyes ore night when they went to their reſt
By dreams grown up to th' ſtature of a man—
And bony ſhapes in mens ſad hearts expreſt
Dear image of their love, and wrought by loves unreſt:

33

Things farre more wonderfull then *Cippus* horn
Who in the field with ſo much earneſtneſſe
Viewing the fight of bulls roſe in the Morn
VVith forked front: for though the fight did ceaſe
Amongſt th' enraged heards, yet ne're the leſſe
His working phanſie did the war revive.
Which on the bloud did make ſo ſtrong impreſſe
In dewy ſleep that humours did arrive
His knobby head and a fair pair of horns contrive:

34

All theſe declare the force of phantaſie
Though working here upon this ſtubborn clay.
But th' airy Vehicle yields more eaſily
Unto her beck more nimbly doth obey.
Which truth the joynt confeſſions bewray
Of damned Hags and Maſters of bold skill
Whoſe helliſh myſteries fully to diſplay
With pitchy darkneſſe would the Heavens fill
The earth would grone, trees ſigh, and horrour all ore ſpill.

But

35

But he that out of darkneſſe giveth light
He guide my ſteps in this ſo uncouth way
And ill done deeds by children of the Night
Convert to good, while I ſhall thence aſſay
The noble ſouls conditions ope to lay,
And ſhow her empyre on her ayry ſphear
By what of ſprights and ſpecters Stories ſay.
For ſprights and ſpectres that by night appear
Be or all one with ſouls or of a nature near.

36

Up then renowned Wizard, Hermite ſage!
That twice ten years didſt in the deſert wonne,
Convers'dſt with ſprights in thy hid Hermitage
Since thou of mortals didſt the commerce ſhun,
Well ſeen in theſe bad arts that have foredone
Many a bold wit, Up *Marcus*: tell again
That ſtory of thy *Thrax*, who has thee wonne,
To Chriſtian faith, the guiſe and haunts explain
Of all air-trampling ghoſts that in the world remain.

37

There be ſix ſorts of ſprights. *Lelurion*
Is the firſt kind, the next are nam'd from Air
The firſt aloft, yet farre beneath the Moon
The other in this lower region fare.
The third Terreſtriall, the fourth Watery are,
The fift be Subterranean, the laſt
And worſt, Light-hating ghoſts more cruel farre
Then Bear or Wolf with hunger hard oppreſt
But doltiſh yet and dull like an unweildy beaſt.

38

If this ſort once poſſeſſe the arteries
Of forlorn man: Madneſſe and ſtupor ſeize
His ſalvag'd heart, and death dwels in his eyes.
Ne is there remedy for this ſad diſeaſe.
For that unworthy gueſt ſo ſenſeleſſe is
And deaf, no Exorciſt can make him hear,
But would in vain with Magick words chaſtiſe.
Others the thundring threats of *Tartar* fear
And the dread names of Angels that this office bear.

For

39

For they been all ſubject to paſſion.
Some been ſo groſſe they hunger after food,
And ſend out ſeed of which worms ſpring anon,
And love to liggen warm in living bloud,
Whence they into the veins do often crowd
Of beaſts as well as men, wherein they bathe
Themſelves, and ſponge-like ſuck that vitall flood,
As they done alſo in their aery path
Drink in each unctuous ſteam, which their dire thirſt allayth.

40

Such be the four laſt kinds, foul, dull, impure
Whoſe inward life and phanſy's more inert
And therefore uſually in one ſhape endure.
But thoſe of aire can eaſily convert
Into new forms and then again revert,
One while a man, after a comely maid,
And then all ſuddenly to make the ſtert,
Like leaping Leopard he'll thee invade
Then made a man again he'll comfort thee afraid.

41

Then ſtraight more quick then thought or caſt of eye
A ſnarling Dog, or briſled Boar he'll be;
Anon a jugge of milk if thou be drie,
So eaſily's turnd that aire-conſiſtency
Through inward ſport and power of phantaſie.
For all things virtually are containd in aire.
And like the ſunne, that fiery ſpirit free
Th' internall ſoul, at once the ſeed doth rear
Waken and ripe at once as if full ag'd they were.

42

Cameleon like thus they their colour change
And ſize contract, and then dilate again:
Like the ſoft earthworm hurt by heedleſſe chance
Shrinks in her ſelf to ſhun or eaſe her pain.
Nor done they onely thus themſelves conſtrain
Into leſſe bulk, but if with courage bold
And flaming brond thou ſtrike theſe ſhades in twain,
A ſudden ſmart they feel that cannot hold,
Cloſe quick as cloven aire. So ſang that Wizzard old.

43

And truth he ſaid what ever he was told,
As even this preſent Age may verifie,
If any liſts its ſtories to unfold
Of Hags of Hobgoblings of Incubi,
Abhorred dugs by devils ſucken dry,
Of leaping lamps and of fierce flying ſtones
Of living wool, and ſuch like witchery
Or prov'd by ſight or ſelf confeſſions
Which things much credence gain to paſt traditions.

44

Wherefore with boldneſſe we will now relate
Some few in breif, as of th' *Aſtorgan* lad,
Whoſe peeviſh mother in fell ire and hate
Quite drunk with paſſion, through quick cholar mad
With execrations bold the devil bad,
Take him alive, which mood the boy no'te bear
But quits the room, walks out with ſpirit ſad
Into the court, where, Lo! by night appear
Tall Giants with grim looks, rough limbs, black grizely hair.

45

Theſe in a moment hoiſt him into th' air,
Away him bear more ſwift then bird can fly,
Straight to the deſtin'd place arrived are
Mongſt craggy rocks, and buſhy Mountains high,
Where up and down they drag the ſorry boy;
His tender skin and goary fleſh they tear
Till he gan on his Maker call and cry.
Which forc'd the villains home again him bear,
Where he the ſtory told, reſtor'd by Parents care.

46

The walking Skeleton in *Bolonia*
Laden with rattling chains, that ſhowd his grave
To th' watchfull Student, who without diſmay
Bid tell his wants, and ſpeak what he would have:
Thus cleared he the houſe by courage brave.
Nor may I paſſe the fair *Cerdinian* maid
Whoſe love a jolly ſwain did kindly crave,
And oft with mutuall ſolace with her ſtay'd;
Yet was no jolly ſwain but a deceitfull ſhade.

More

47

More harmleſſe mirth may that mad ſpright commend
Wherin an honeſt widows houſe did won
At *Salamanca*, who whole ſhowers would ſend
Of ſtones that ſwifter then a whirlwind come
And yet where ere they hit no hurt is done.
But curſed cruell be thoſe wicked Hags
Whom poyſonous ſpight, envy and hate have won
T'abhorred ſorcery, whoſe writhled bags
Fould feinds oft ſuck and neſtle in their loathſome rags.

48

Such as the Devil woes in homely form
Of ſwarthy man, or ſome black ſhaggy Curre,
Or vermine baſe, and in ſad caſe forlorn
Them male-content to evil motions ſtirre,
Proffer their ſervice adding a quick ſpurre
To meditated vengance, and fell teen,
Whoſe helliſh voice they heare without demur,
Abjure God and his Sonne, who did redeem
The world, give up themſelves to Satan and foul ſinne.

49

Thus bodyed into that *Stygian* crue
Of damned wights made faſt by their own bloud
To their bad Maſter, do his ſervice due,
Frequent the aſſemblies, dance as they were wood
Around an huge black Goat, in loanſome wood
By ſhady night, farre from or houſe or town,
And kiſſe with driveling lips in frantcik mood
His ſacred breech. Catch that catch may anon
Each Feind has got his Hag for copulation.

50

O loathſome law ! O filthy fond embrace !
The other roòt of curſed ſorcery.
For if the ſtreams of this bad art we trace
They lead to two foul ſprings, th'one Venerie
And coarſeſt Luſt, the other near doth lie
And is ycleeped Vengeance, Malice, Hate,
Or reſtleſſe Envy that would all deſtroy.
But both but from one ſeed do germinate
Hight uncurb'd Will, or ſtrong Deſire inordinate.

51

Wherefore I needs muſt humbly here adore
Him whoſe chaſte ſoul enwombd in Virgin chaſt,
As chaſt a body amongſt mortals wore,
Who never woman knew, ne once did taſte
Of Hymens pleaſures while this life did laſt.
Ah! my dear Lord! dread Sovereigne of ſouls
Who with thy life and lore ſo warmed haſt
My wounded heart, that when thy Storie's told,
Sweet Love, methinks, in's ſilver wings me all infolds.

52

How do I hang upon thy ſacred lips
More ſweet then Manna or the hony-dew!
Thy ſpeech, like roſie drops doth cool my wits
And calme my fierce affections untrue,
And winne my heart unto obeiſance due.
Bleſt O thrice bleſſed be that holy hill
Whereon thou did'ſt inſtruct thy faithfull crue
In wayes of peace, of patience and good will
Forbidding baſe ſelf-love, revenge and ſpeeches ill.

53

Meek Lambe of God! the worlds both ſcourge and ſcorn!
How done th' infernall feinds thy face envy!
Thou light, they darkneſſe, they Night, thou the Morn!
Mild chariot of Gods love'ly Majeſty!
Exalted Throne of the Divinitie!
As thou with thine mak'ſt through the yielding aire
How do thy frighted foes before thee fly!
And grin and gnaſh their teeth for ſpight and fear
To ſee ſuch awfull ſtrength quite to themſelves contraire.

54

Ho! you vain men that follow filthy luſt
And ſwallow down revenge like pleaſant wine:
Baſe earthly ſpirits! fly this ſinfull duſt.
See with what helliſh Comrades you combine.
Als ſee whoſe lovely friendſhip you decline.
Even his whoſe love to you more ſtrong then death
Did death abide, foul ſhame and evil tine.
But if ſweet love your hearts may move uneath
Think how one fatall flame, ſhall burn all underneath.

Pan

55

Pans pipe ſhall then be mute, and Satyrs heel
Shall ceaſe to dance ybrent in ſcorching fire;
For pleaſure then each earthly ſpright ſhall feel
Deep ſearching pain; Revenge and baſe deſire
Shall bear due vengeance, reap their worthy hire:
From thee, great Prince of ſouls! ſhall be their doome.
Then thou and thy dear Saints aſcending higher
Shalt fly the fate, and quit this ſtinking room
With ſmouldry ſmoak, fierce fire, and loathſome ſtench o'rerun.

56

Go now you curſed Hags, ſalute your Goat
Whether with driveling lips or taper end,
Whereby at laſt you fire his hiſpide coat,
And then the deadly duſt on miſchief ſpend
As your Liege Lord theſe aſhes doth commend
For wicked uſe, thundring this precept drad,
Revenge, revenge, or I ſhall on you ſend
Due vengeance: Thus diſmiſt th' Aſſembly bad
Hoyſt up into the Air, fly home through clammy ſhade.

57

Which ſtories all to us do plainly prove
That airy ſprights both ſpeak, and hear, and ſee.
Why do not then the ſouls of mortalls move
In airy Chariots but ſtupid lie
Lock'd up in ſloth and ſenſeleſſe Lethargie.
Certes our ſoul's as well proportionate
To this aeriall weed as ſpirits free:
For neither can our ſouls incorporate
With naked Earth, the Air muſt ever mediate.

58

Which that bold Art which Necromancy hight
Doth know too well, and therefore doth prepare
A vap'rous vehicle for th' intended ſpright,
With reek of oyl, meal, milk, and ſuch like gear,
Wine, water, hony; Thus ſouls fitted are
A groſſer Carkas for to reaſſume.
And though *Theſſalian* Hags their pains do ſpare
Sometimes they enter without Magick fume;
Witneſſe ye *Cretick* wives, who felt their fruitleſſe ſpume.

59

And therefore to prevent such hellish lust
They did by laws Municipall provide
That he that dar'd to rise out of his dust
And thus infest his wife, a stake should gride
His stubborn heart and's body burn beside.
Hereto belongs that story of the spright
Of fell Asuitus noted far and wide,
And of his faithfull comrade Asmund hight;
Twixt whom this law was made, as Danish Records write:

60

Which of them two the other did survive
Must be intomb'd with's fellow in one grave.
Dead *Asuit* therefore with his friend alive
His dog and horse all in one mighty Cave
Be shut together, yet this care they have,
That faithfull Asmund, be not lost for meat:
Wherefore he was well stor'd his life to save
And liv'd sometime in that infernall seat
Till *Errick* King of Sweads the door did open break.

61

For well he ween'd there was some treasure hid
Which might enrich himself, or's Army pay.
But when he had broke ope the brasen lid
Nought but a sory wight they finden may,
Whom out of darknesse brought to open day
The King beheld, dight with most deadly hue,
His cheek all gore, his ear quite bit away.
Then gan the King command the cause to shew,
To which Asmundus answers, as doth here ensue:

62

Why gaze you thus on my sad squalid face,
Th' alive needs languish must amongst the dead,
But this sore wound that further doth deface
My wasted looks, Asuitus (who first fed
On's horse and dog, and then with courage dred,
At me let fly) *Asuit* this wound me gave,
But well I quit my self, took off his head
With this same blade, his heart nayl'd to the Cave:
Thus I my self by force did from the monster save.

63

The ſoul of *Naboth* lies to *Ahab* told,
As done the learned Hebrew Doctours write,
His foe in miſchief thereby to infold.
Go up to *Ramoth Gilead* and fight,
Go up and proſper, ſaid the lying ſpright
The angry ghoſt of *Naboth* whom he ſlew
Unjuſtly, and poſſeſt his ancient right.
Hence his revengefull ſoul with ſpeech untrue
Sat on his Prophets lips, and did with lies embue.

64

Ne may I paſſe that ſtory ſad of *Saul*
And *Samuels* ghoſt, whom he in great diſtreſſe
Conſulted, was foretold his finall fall
By that old man, whom *Endors* ſorcereſſe
Awak'd from pleaſant viſion and ſweet eaſe,
Straitning a while his wonted liberty
By clammy air more cloſe and thick compreſſe,
Then gan the mantled Sage *Sauls* deſtiny
To reade, and thine with his, dear *Jonathan* ! to tye.

65

That lovely laſſe *Pauſanias* did kill
Through ill ſurmiſe ſhe ment him treachery
How did her angry ſpirit haunt him ſtill
That he could no where reſt, nor quiet ly.
Her wronged ghoſt was ever in his eye.
And he that in his anger ſlew his wife,
And was exempt by Law from penalty,
Poore ſorry man he led a weary life
Each night the Shrow him beat with buffes and boxes rife.

66

And love as well as hate the dead doth reach,
As may be ſeen by what *Albumazor*
Did once befall, that learnd *Arabian* Leach.
He of a late deceas'd Phyſition
Upon his bed by dream or viſion
Receiv'd a ſoveraign ſalve for his ſore eye,
And juſt *Simonides* compaſſion
Unto the dead that did unburied ly
On waſhed ſhore, him ſav'd from jaws of deſtinie.

67

For he had periſh'd in th' unruly waves,
And ſudden ſtorm, but lo! the thankfull ſpright
Of the interr'd by timely counſell ſaves,
Warning him of the danger he would meet
In his intended voyage,
Simonides deſiſts by 's counſell won:
The reſt for want of faith or due foreſight,
A prey to the devouring Seas become,
Their daſhed bodies welter in the weedy ſcum.

68

In Artick Climes, an Iſle that *Thule* hight
Famous for ſnowy monts, whoſe hoary head's
Sure ſigne of cold, tyet from their fiery feet
They ſtrike out burning ſtones with thunders dread,
And all the Land with ſmoak, and aſhes ſpread:
Here wandring Ghoſts themſelves have often ſhown,
As if it were the region of the dead,
And men departed met with whom they've known
In ſeemly ſort ſhake hands, and ancient friendſhip own.

69

A world of wonders hither might be thrown,
Of Sprights and ſpectres, as that frequent noiſe
Oft heard upon the Plane of *Marathon*,
Of neighing horſes and of Martiall boyes.
The Greek, the Perſian, nightly here deſtroyes
In hot aſſault, embroyl'd in a long war.
Foure hundred years did laſt theſe dreadfull toyes,
As doth by *Attick* Records plain appear,
The ſeeds of hate, by death ſo little ſlaked are.

70

Nor liſts me ſpeak of *Remus* Lemures,
Nor haunted houſe of ſlain *Caligula*,
Nor *Julius* ſtern Ghoſt, who will, with eaſe
May for himſelf of old or new purvey.
Thouſand ſuch ſtories in mens mouths do ſtray.
But ſith it much perplexeth flower minds
To think our ſouls unhurt can paſſe away
From their dear corps ſo cloſe thereto confin'd,
From this unweildy thought let's now their wits unbind.

For

71

For if that ſpirits can poſſeſſe our veins
And arteries (as uſuall ſtories tell)
Uſe all our Organes act our nerves and brains
And by our tongue can future things foretell,
And ſafely yet keep cloſe in this warme cell
For many years and not themſelves impare
Nor loſe ymeint with the bloud where they dwel,
But come out clever when they conjured are
And nimbly paſſe away ſoft gliding through the air.

72

Why ſcape not then the ſouls of men as clear
Since to this body they 're no better joyn'd
Then thorough it to feel, to ſee, to hear
And to impart the paſſions of the mind?
All which done by th' uſurping ſpright we find.
As witneſſe may that maid in *Saxony*,
Who meanly born of rude unlearned kind,
Not taught to reade, yet Greek and Latine ſhe
Could roundly ſpeak and in thoſe tongues did propheſie.

73

Timotheus ſiſter down in childbed laid
Diſtur'b, all-phrantick thorough deadly pain
Tearing the clothes, which much her friends diſmal'd,
Mumbling ſtrange words as confus'd as her brain
At laſt was prov'd to ſpeak *Armenian*.
For an old man that was by chance in town
And from his native ſoyle *Armenia* came
The woman having heard of his renown
Sent to this aged Sire to this ſick wight to come.

74

Lo! now has entred the *Armenian* Sage
With ſcalp all bald, and skin all brown and brent,
The number of his wrinkles told his age.
A naked ſword in his dry hand he hent.
Thus ſtanding near her bed ſtrong threats he ſent
In his own language, and her fiercely chid.
But ſhe well underſtanding what he meant
Unto his threats did bold defiance bid.
Ne could his vaunts as yet the ſturdy ſpirit rid.

75

Then gan he sternely speak and heave his hond
And feign'd himself enrag'd with hasty ire
As ready for to strike with flaming brond,
But she for fear shrunk back and did retire
Into her bed and gently did respire,
Muttering few easie words in sleepy wise.
So now whom erst tumultuous thoughts did tire
Compos'd to rest doth sweetly close her eyes,
Then wak'd, what her befell, in sober mood descryes.

76

Now, *Thrax*! thy Story adde of *Alytas*
Who got his freind into a Mountain high
Where he with him the loansome night did passe
In Stygian rites and hellish mystery.
First twiches up an herb that grew thereby,
Gives him to taste, then doth his eyes besmear
With uncouth salves, wherewith all suddenly
Legions of spirits flying here and there
Around their cursed heads do visibly appear.

77

Lastly into his mouth with filthy spaul
He spot, which done, a spirit like a Daw
His mouth did enter, and possessed all
His inward parts. From that time he gan know
Many secret things, and could events foreshow.
This was his guerdon this his wicked wage
From the inwoning of that Stygian Crow.
But who can think this bird did so engage
With flesh that he no'te scape the ruin of the cage.

78

No more do souls of men. For stories sayen
Well known 'mongst countrey folk, our spirits fly,
From twixt our lips, and thither back again,
Sometimes like Doves, sometime like to a Bee,
And sometime in their bodyes shape they be;
But all this while their carkase lyes asleep
Drown in dull rest son of mortality;
At last these shapes return'd do slily creep
Into their mouth, then the dead clouds away they wipe.

Nor

79

Nor been theſe ſtories all but Countrey fictions.
For ſuch like things even learned Clerks do write,
Of braſen ſleep and bodi's dereliction.
That *Proconneſian* Sage that *Atheus* hight
Did oft himſelf of this dull body quit,
His ſoul then wandring in the eaſie aire.
But as to ſmoking lamp but lately light
The flame catch'd by the reek deſcends from farre,
So would his ſoul at laſt to his warm blood repair.

80

And *Hermotime* the *Clazomenian*
Would in like ſort his body leave alone,
And view with naked ſoul both Hill and Plain
And ſecret Groves and every Region,
That he could tell what far and near was done:
But his curs'd foes the fell *Cantharidæ*
Aſſault his houſe when he was far from home,
Burn down to aſhes his forſaken clay.
So may his wandring ghoſt for ever freely ſtray:

81

And 'tis an art well known to Wizards old
And wily Hags, who oft for fear and ſhame
Of the coarſe halter, do themſelves with-hold
From bodily aſſiſting their night game.
Wherefore their carkaſſes at home retain.
But with their ſoules at thoſe bad feaſts they are,
And ſee their friends and call them by their name
And dance around the Goat and ſing, har, har,
And kiſſe the Devils breech and taſte his deadly chear.

82

A many ſtories to this purpoſe might
Be brought of men that in this Ecſtacy
So ſenſeleſſe ly that coales laid to their feet
Nor nips nor whips can make them ope their eye.
Then of a ſudden when this fit's gone by,
They up and with great confidence declare
What things they heard and ſaw both far and nie,
Profeſſing that their ſouls unbodied were
And roam'd about the earth in Countries here and there.

And

83

And to confirm the truth of this ſtrange flight
They oft bring home a letter or a ring
At their return, from ſome far diſtant wight
Well known to friends that have the ordering
Of their forſaken corps that no live thing
Do tread or touch't, ſo ſafely may their ſpright
Spend three whole dayes in airy wandering.
A feat that's often done through Magick might,
By the *Norvegian* Hags as learned Authors write.

84

But now well wearied with our too long ſtay
In theſe Cimmerian fogs and hatefull miſts
Of Ghoſts of Goblins and drad ſorcery,
From nicer allegations we'll deſiſt.
Enough is ſaid to prove that ſouls diſmiſt
From theſe groſſe bodies may be cloth'd in air
Scape free (although they did not præexiſt,)
And in theſe airy orbs feel, ſee, and hear
And moven as they liſt as did by proof appear.

85

But that in ſome ſort ſouls do præexiſt
Seems to right reaſon nothing diſſonant
Sith all ſouls both of trees, of men and beaſt
Been indiviſible; And all do grant
Of humane ſouls though not of beaſt and plant:
But I elſewhere, I think, do gainly prove
That ſoul's of beaſts, by reaſons nothing ſcant,
Be individuous, ne care to move
This queſtion of a new, mens patiences to prove.

86

But if mens ſouls be individuous
How can they ought from their own ſubſtance ſhed?
In generation there's nought flows from us
Saving groſſe ſperm yſpent in Nuptiall bed
Drain'd from all parts throughout the body ſpred,
And well concocted where me liſt not name.
But no conveyances there be that lead
To the ſouls ſubſtance, whereby her they drain
Of looſened parts, a young babe-ſoul from thence to gain.

Whe efore

87

Wherefore who thinks from ſouls new ſouls to bring
The ſame let preſſe the Sunne beams in his fiſt
And ſqueez out drops of light, or ſtrongly wring
The Rainbow, till it die his hands, well preſt.
Or with unceſſant induſtry perſiſt
Th' intentionall ſpecies to maſh and bray
In marble morter, till he has expreſt
A ſovereigne eye-ſalve to diſcern a Fay.
As eaſily as the firſt all theſe effect you may.

88

Ne may queint ſimilies this fury damp
Which ſay that our ſouls propagation
Is as when lamp we lighten from a lamp.
Which done without en diminution
Of the firſt light, ſhows how the ſoul of man
Though indiviſible may another rear
Imparting life. But if we rightly ſcan
This argument, it cometh nothing near.
To light the lamp's to kindle the ſulphurious gear.

89

No ſubſtance new that act doth then produce
Onely the oyly atomes 't doth excite
And wake into a flame, but no ſuch uſe
There is of humane ſperm. For our free ſprite
Is not the kindled ſeed, but ſubſtance quite
Diſtinct therefrom. If not, then bodies may
So changed be by nature and ſtiff ſight
Of hungry ſtomacks, that what erſt was clay
Then herbs, in time it ſelf in ſenſe may well diſplay.

90

For then our ſoul can nothing be but bloud
Or nerves or brains, or body modifide.
Whence it will follow that cold ſtopping crud,
Hard moldy cheeſe, dry nuts, when they have rid
Due circuits through the heart at laſt ſhall ſpeed
Of life and ſenſe, look thorough our thin eyes
And view the Cloſe wherein the Cow did feed
Whence they were milk'd, groſſe Pie-cruſt will grow wiſe,
And pickled Cucumbers ſans doubt Philoſophize.

This

91

This all will follow if the ſoul be nought
But the live body. For mens bodies feed
Of ſuch groſſe meat. and if more fine be brought,
Suppoſe Snipes heads, Larks heels for Ladies meet
The broth of Barly, or that oily Sweet
Of th' unctious Grape, yet all men muſt confeſſe
Theſe be as little capable of wit
And ſenſe, nor can be ſo transform'd, I wiſſe.
Therefore no ſoul of man from ſeed traducted is.

92

Ne been they by th' high God then firſt create
When in this earthly manſion they appear.
For why ſhould he ſo ſoon contaminate
So unſpotted beauties as mens ſpirits are
Flinging them naked into dunghills here?
Soyl them with guilt and foul contagion?
When as in his own hand they ſpotleſſe were
Till by an uncouth ſtrange infuſion
He plung'd them in the deep of Malediction.

93

Beſides unworthily he doth ſurmiſe
Of Gods pure being and bright Majeſty
Who unto ſuch baſe offices him ties,
That He muſt wait on lawleſſe Venery
Not onely by that large Cauſality
Of generall influence (for Creation
More ſpeciall concourſe all men deem to be)
But on ſet purpoſe He muſt come anon,
And ratifie the act which oft men wiſh undone.

94

Which is a raſh and ſhameleſſe bad conceit,
So might they name the brat *Adeodatus*,
What ever they in lawleſſe love beget.
Again, what's ſtill far more prodigious
When men are ſtung with fury poyſonous
And burn with flames of luſt toward brute beaſts,
And overcome into conjunction ruſh,
He then from that foul act is not releaſt,
Creates a ſoul miſplacing the unhappy gueſt.

Where fore

95

Wherefore mans ſoul's not by Creation.
Nor is it generate as I prov'd before.
Wherefore let 't be by emanation
(If fully it did not præexiſt of yore)
By flowing forth from that eternall ſtore
Of Lives and ſouls ycleep'd the World of life,
Which was, and ſhall endure for evermore.
Hence done all bodies vitall fire derive
And matter never loſt catch life and ſtill revive.

96

And what has once ſprout out doth never ceaſe
If it enjoy it ſelf, a ſpray to be
Diſtinct and actuall, though if God pleaſe
He can command it into th' ancient tree.
This immenſe Orb of waſt vitality
With all its Lives and Souls is every where,
And do's, where matter right prepar'd doth lie,
Impart a ſoul, as done the ſunne beams clear
Inſinuate themſelves, where filth doth not debarre.

97

Thus may the ſouls in long ſucceſſion
Leap out into diſtinct activity:
But ſooth to ſay though this opinion
May ſeem right fair and plauſible to be
Yet toils it under an hard difficulty.
Each where this Orb of life's with every ſoul;
Which doth imply the ſouls ubiquity.
Or if the whole Extent of Natures's full
Of ſeverall ſouls thick ſet, what may the furtheſt pull?

98

What may engage them to deſcend ſo low
Remov'd farre from the ſteam of earthly mire?
My wits been here too ſcant and faith too ſlow.
Ne longer liſts my wearied thoughts to tire.
Let bolder ſpirits to ſuch hight aſpire.
But well I wote, if there admitted were
A præexiſtency of ſouls entire,
And due Returns in courſes circular
This courſe all difficulties with eaſe away would bear.

99

For then ſuppoſe they wore an airy ſphear
Which choiſe or *Nemeſis* ſuck'd lower down,
Thus without doubt they'll leave their carcaſe clear;
Like diſpoſſeſſed ſpright when death doth come
And by rude exorciſme bids quit the room.
Ne let theſe intricacies perplex our mind
That we forget that ere we ſaw the ſunne
Before this life. For who can call to mind
Where firſt he here ſaw ſunne or felt the gentle wind.

100

Beſides what wonder is 't, when fierce diſeaſe
Can ſo empair the ſtrongeſt memory,
That ſo full change ſhould make our ſpirits leeſe
What 'fore they had impreſs'd in phantaſie.
Nor doth it follow thence that when we die
We nought retain of what paſs'd in theſe dayes.
For Birth is Death, Death Life and Liberty.
The ſoul's not thence contract but there diſplayes
Her looſened ſelf, doth higher all her powers raiſe.

101

Like to a light faſt lock'd in lanthorn dark
Whereby, by night our wary ſteps we guide
In ſlabby ſtreets, and dirty channels mark,
Some weaker rayes through the black top do glide,
And fluſher ſtreams perhaps from horny ſide.
But when we 've paſt the perill of the way
Arriv'd at home, and laid that caſe aſide,
The naked light how clearly doth it ray
And ſpread its joyfull beams as bright as Summers day.

102

Even ſo the ſoul in this contracted ſtate
Confin'd to theſe ſtrait inſtruments of ſenſe
More dull and narrowly doth operate.
At this hole hears, the ſight muſt ray from thence,
Here taſts, there ſmels; But when ſhe's gone from hence,
Like naked lamp ſhe is one ſhining ſphear.
And round about has perfect cognoſcence
What ere in her Horizon doth appear.
She is one Orb of ſenſe, all eye, all airy ear.

Now

103

Now have I well eſtabliſh'd the fourth way
The ſouls of men from ſtupid ſleep to ſave,
Firſt Light, next Night, the third the ſoules Self-ray
Fourth the ſouls Chariot we named have
Whether moiſt air or fire all ſparkling brave
Or temper mixt. Now how theſe foure agree,
And how the ſoul her ſelf may dip and lave
In each by turns; how no redundancy
Ther's in them, might we tell, nor ſcant deficiency.

104

But ceaſe my reſtleſſe Muſe be not too free,
Thy chiefeſt end thou haſt accompliſhed
Long ſince, thak'd of the *Pſychopannychie*
And rouz'd the ſoul from her dull drowſiehed.
So nothing now in death is to be dred
Of him that wakes to truth and righteouſneſſe.
The corps lies here, the ſoul aloft is fled
Unto the fount of perfect happineſſe.
Full freedome joy and peace ſhe lively doth poſſeſſe.

ANTIMONOPSYCHIA

Or

The fourth part of the Song

OF THE

SOUL,

Containing
A confutation of the Unity of Souls.

Whereunto is annexed a Paraphraſe upon Apollos anſwer concerning Plotinus his Soul departed this life.

By *H. M.* Maſter of Arts, and Fellow of Chriſts Colledge in *Cambridge.*

Χαίρε, ἐγὼ δ' ὑμῖν θεὸς ἄμβροτος οὐκ ἔτι θνητός.

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The Argument of

ANTIMONOPSYCHIA

OR,

Confutation of the Unitie of SOULS.

The all-devouring Unitie
Of Souls I here disprove;
Show how they bear their memorie
With them when they remove.

1

WHo yields himself to learning and the Muse,
Is like a man that leaves the steddy shore,
And skims the Sea. He nought then can refuse
What ever is design'd by Neptunes power,
Is fiercely drove in every stormy stoure,
Slave to the water and the whisling wind:
Even so am I, that whylom meant recover
The wished land, but now against my mind
Am driven fiercely back, and so new work do find.

3

What though the Rationall soul immortall be,
And safely doth exist this body gone,
And lies broad wake in her existency
In all souls that exist do prove but one.
Or, though a number, if oblivion
Of all things past, put them in such a state
That they can no-wise guesse that ere upon
This earth they trode, even this seems to abate
Their happinesse. They'll deem themselves then first create.

3

Wherefore to eaſe us of this double doubt,
With mighty force great Phœbus doth inſpire
My raving mind. He'll bear me ſtrongly out,
Till I have perfected his own deſire;
Nor will he ſuffer me once to reſpire
Till I have brought this ſong unto an end.
O may it be but ſhort though a quick fire!
Such rage and rapture makes the body bend,
Doth waſte its fading ſtrength and fainting ſpirits ſpend.

4

Now comes the ſtory of Praxiteles
Into my mind, whom looking in a glaſſe,
With ſurly countenance, it did much diſpleaſe,
That any ſhould ſo ſourely him outface;
Yet whom he ſaw his dogged ſelf it was:
Tho he with angry fiſt ſtruck his own ſhade.
Thus he the harmleſſe mirior ſhattered has
To many ſhivers; the ſame ſhapes invade
Each piece, ſo numbers he of ſurly vizards made.

5

Theſe ſhapes appeard from the diviſion
Of the broke glaſſe: ſo rather phanſies deem
That Rationall ſouls (whom they ſuppoſe but one)
By the divided matter many ſeem:
Bodies disjoind broke glaſſes they eſteem:
Which if they did into one ſubſtance flow,
One ſingle ſoul in that one glaſſe would ſhine,
If that one ſubſtance alſo were ygo,
One onely ſoul is left, the reſt were but a ſhow.

6

Well is their mind by this ſimilitude
Explaind. But now lets ſift the verity
Of this opinion, and with reaſon rude
force Rub, cruſh, toſſe, riſle this fine phantaſie,
As light and thin as cob-webs that do fly
In the blew air, caus'd by th' Autumnall ſun,
That boils the dew that on the earth doth lie.
May ſeem this whitiſh rag then is the ſcum,
Unleſſe that wiſer men make't the field-ſpiders loom.

7

But ſuch deep ſecrets willingly I leave
To grand Philoſophers. I'll forward go
In my propoſed way. If they conceive
There's but on ſoul (though many ſeem in ſhow)
Which in theſe living bodies here below
Doth operate (ſome ſuch opinion
That Learned Arab held hight Aven-Roe)
How comes't to paſſe that ſhe's ſo ſeldome known
In her own ſelf? In few ſhe thinks her ſelf but one.

8

Seems not this Soul or Intellect very dull,
That in ſo few ſhe can her ſelf diſcover
To be but one in all, though all be full
Of her alone? Beſides, no ſoul doth love her
Becauſe ſhe ſucks up all: but what ſhould move her
Thus to dereſt her ſelf, if ſo that ſhe's
But one in all? right reaſon ſurely drove her
Thus to condemne this loneſome Unitie
Of ſoul: which reaſons her own operations be.

9

Thoughts good and bad that Univerſall mind
Muſt take upon it ſelf; and every ill,
That is committed by all humane kind,
They are that ſouls. Alas, we have no will,
No free election, nor yet any skill,
But are a number of dull ſtalking trees
That th' univerſall Intellect doth fill
With its own life and motion: what it pleaſe
That there it acts. What ſtrange abſurdities are theſe?

10

All plotted miſchief that ſly reaſon wrought,
All ſubtill falſities that nimbly fly
About the world, that ſoul them all hath brought;
Then upon better thoughts with penalty
Doth ſore afflict her ſelf, doth laugh and cry
At the ſame time. Here *Ariſtophanes*
Doth maken ſport with ſome ſpruſe Comedy;
There with ſome Tragick ſtrain ſad *Sophocles*
Strikes the Spectatours hearts, makes many weeping eyes.

11

Such grief this ſoul muſt in her ſelf conceive
And pleaſure at one time. But here you'll ſay
We ought not grief or pleaſure for to give
Unto the ſoul. To what then? This live clay?
It feels no grief if ſhe were gone away:
Therefore the ſoul at once doth laugh and cry.
But in this Argument I'll no longer ſtay,
But forward on with ſwifter courſe will hie,
And finden out ſome groſſer incongruity.

12

Let now two men conceiven any form
Within their ſelves, ſuppoſe of flaming fire;
If but one ſoul doth both their corpſe inform,
There's but one onely ſpecies intire.
For what ſhould make it two? The Idee of fire,
That is but one, the ſubject is but one,
One onely ſoul that all men doth inſpire.
Let one man quench thatform he thought upon,
That form is now extinct and utterly ygone;

13

So that the other man can think no longer,
Which all experience doth prove untrue.
But yet I'll further urge with reaſon ſtronger,
And ſtill more clearly this fond falſhood ſhew.
Can contraries the ſame ſubject imbew?
Yes; black and white, heat, cold may both poſſeſſe
The mind at once; but they a nature new
Do there obtain, they're not groſſe qualities,
But ſubtill ſprights that mutually themſelves no'te preſſe.

14

But contradiction, can that have place
In any ſoul? *Plato* affirms Idees;
But *Ariſtotle* with his pugnacious race
As idle figments ſtifly them denies.
One ſoul in both doth thus Philoſophiſe,
Concludes at once contradictoriouſly
To her own ſelf. What man can here deviſe
A fit eſcape, if (what's ſure verity)
He grant but the ſouls indiviſibility?

Which

15

Which ſtifly is maintaind in that ſame ſong
Which is ycleeped *Pſychathanaſie*,
And ſafely well confirm'd by reaſons ſtrong:
Wherefore I liſt not here the truth to try,
But wiſh the Reader to turn back his eye,
And view what there was faithfully diſplaid.
Now if there be but one centrality
Of th' Univerſall ſoul which doth invade
All humane ſhapes; how come theſe contradictions made?

16

For that one ſoul is judge of every thing,
And heareth all Philoſophers diſpute;
Herſelf diſputes in all that jangling,
In reaſoning fiercely doth her ſelf confute,
And contradictions confidently conclude:
That is ſo monſtrous that no man can think
To have leaſt ſhew of truth. So this purſuit
I well might now leave off: what need I ſwink
To prove whats clearly true, and force out needleſſe ink.

17

Again, ſhe would the ſame thing will and nill
At the ſame time. Beſides, all men would have
The ſelf-ſame knowledge, art, experience, skill;
The frugall parent might his money ſave,
The Pedagoge his pains: If he engrave
His Grammer precepts but in one boyes mind,
Or decent manners: He doth thus embrave
With ſingle labour all the youth you'll find
Under the hollow Heavens, they'll be alike inclin'd.

18

And every man is skill'd in every trade,
And every ſilent thought that up doth ſpring
In one mans breſt, doth every man invade;
No counſel-keeper, nor no ſecret thing
Will then be found; They'll need no whiſpering
Nor louder voice. Let Orators be dumb,
Nor need the eager auditours make a ring;
Though every one keep himſelf cloſe at home,
The ſilent Preachers thoughts through all the world will roam,

Find

19

Find each man out, and in a moment hit
With unavoided force: Or sooth to sain
They all begin at once to think what's fit,
And all at once anon leave off again.
A thousand such incongruities vain
Will follow from the first absurdity,
Which doth all souls into one centre strain,
And make them void of self-centrality.
Strange soul from whence first sprong so uncouth falsity.

20

Now all the arguments that I have brought
For to disprove the souls strange solitude,
That there is not one onely soul, well mought
Be urg'd (and will with equall strength conclude)
To prove that God his creature hath indew'd
With a *self centrall* essence, which from his
Doth issue forth, with proper raies embew'd,
And that not all the very Godhead is:
For that would straight beget the like absurdities.

21

For he is indivisibly one being,
At once in every place and knoweth all;
He is omnipotent, infinite in seeing:
Wherefore if Creatures intellectuall
(And in that order humane souls will fall)
Were God himself, they would be alike wise,
Know one anothers thoughts imaginall,
Which no man doth: such falsehoods would arise
With many more, which an idiot might well despise.

22

Nor will mens souls that now be different
Be God himself hereafter, and all one:
For thus they were quite lost; their life ylent
And subtill being quite away are flone.
This is a perfect contradiction,
They are all one with God, and yet they are.
If they be one with God, then they alone
Did make themselves, and every rolling starre:
For God alone made these, and God himself they are.

Before

23

Before the Sun and all the hoſt of heaven,
The earth, the ſea, and mans deep centrall ſpright;
Before all theſe were made, was not God even
With his own ſelf? what then him moven might
To waſte his words and ſay, *Let there be light.*
If the accompliſhment of all things be,
That all be God himſelf. This is not right.
No more perfection, no more Entity
There's then, then was in that eternall *Silency.*

24

Or will you ſay, that God himſelf delights
To do and undo? But how can this ſtand
With ſelf-ſufficiency? There's nought that might
Adde to His happineſſe (if I underſtand
His nature right.) But He with open hand
Doth eaſly feed the Creature that he made
As eaſly. Wherefore if the truth be ſcand
This Goodneſſe would that nought ſhould be decay'd;
His mind is all ſhould live; no life he would ſhould fade.

25

But if the finall conſummation
Of all things make the Creature *Deiform,*
As Plato's ſchool doth phraſe it; there is none
That thence need fear to come to any harm:
For God himſelf will then inact, inform,
And quicken humane ſouls at the laſt day;
And though the Devil rore, and rage, and ſtorm,
Yet Deaths dread power ſhall be done away,
Nor living *Night* on men her poyſonous beams ſhall ray.

26

He haſten it that makes that glorious day!
For certainly it is no fearfull thing
But unto pride, and love of this baſe clay:
Its their deſtruction, but the perfecting
Of the juſt ſou's. It unto them doth bring
Their full deſire, to be more cloſe unite
With God, and utter cleans'd from all their ſin.
Long was the world involv'd in cloudy *Night,*
But at the laſt will ſhine the perfect Chriſtian light.

Thus

27

Thus the ſouls numerous plurality
I've prov'd, and ſhew'd ſhe is not very God;
But yet a decent *Deiformity*
Have given her: thus in the middle trod
I ſafely went, and fairly well have row'd
As yet. Part of my voyage is to come,
Which is to prove that the ſouls new aboad
In heaven or hell (what ever is her doom)
Nought hinders but paſt forms even there again may bloom.

28

Which if they did not, ſhe could never tell
Why ſhe were thus rewarded, wherefore ill
Or good ſhe doth enjoy, whether ill or well
She lived here. Remembrance death did ſpill.
But otherwiſe it fares; as was her will
And inclination of her thirſty ſpright,
Impreſſions of like nature then doth fill
Her lively mind, whether with ſad affright
Diſturb'd, which ſhe long fear'd; or in hop'd-for delight.

29

The life that here moſt ſtrongly kindled was
(Sith ſhe awakes in death) muſt needs betray
The ſoul to what neareſt affinity has
With her own ſelf, and likeneſſes do ſway
The mind to think of what ever did play
In her own ſelf with a like ſhape or form;
And contraries do help the memory:
So if the ſoul be left in caſe forlorn,
Remembrance of paſt joy makes her more deeply mourn.

30

'Tis alſo worth our obſervation,
That higher life doth ever comprehend
The lower vitall acts: ſenſation
The ſoul ſome fitten hint doth promptly lend
To find out plantall life; ſenſe is retaind
In ſubtiller manner in the phantaſie;
Als reaſon phantaſies doth well perpend:
Then muſt the ſouls higheſt capacity
Contain all under life. Thus is their Memory.

This

31

This faculty is very intimate
And near the Centre, very large and free,
Extends it ſelf to whatſoever that
The ſoul peracts. There is no ſubtilty
Of Intellect, of Will, nor Phantaſie.
No Senſe, nor uncouth ſtrange impreſſion
From damned Night, or the bleſt Deity,
But of all theſe ſhe hath retention,
And at their freſh approach their former ſhapes can own.

32

This memorie the very bond of life
You may well deem. If it were cut away
Our being truly then you might contrive
Into a point of time. The former day
Were nought at all to us: when once we lay
Our ſelves to ſleep, we ſhould not know at morn
That e're we were before; nor could we ſay
A whit of ſenſe: ſo ſoon as off we turn
One word, that's quite forgot. Coherence thus is torn.

33

Now ſith it is of ſuch neceſſitie,
And is the bundle of the ſouls duration,
The watchman of the ſoul, leſt ſhe ſhould flie
Or ſteal from her own ſelf, a ſure fixation
And Centrall depth it hath, and free dilation,
That it takes notice of each energie
Of Phanſie, Senſe, or any Cogitation.
Wherefore this virtue no dependencie
Hath of this body, muſt be ſafe when it doth die.

34

But if diſperſed lifes collection,
Which is our memory, ſafely ſurvive
(Which well it may, ſith it depends not on
The *Mundane* ſpirit) what can fitly drive
It into actions? In heaven ſhe doth live
So full of one great light, ſhe hath no time
To ſuch low trifles, as paſt ſights, to dive,
Such as ſhe gathered up in earthly ſlime:
Foreknowledge of herſelf is loſt in light divine.

35

But can ſhe here forget our radiant Sunne?
Of which its maker is the bright *Idee*,
This is His ſhadow; or what ſhe hath done
Now ſhe's rewarded with the Deitie?
Suppoſe it: Yet her hid *Centralitie*
So ſprightly's quickned with near Union
With God, that now lifes wiſhed liberty
Is ſo encreas'd, that infinitely ſh' has fun
Herſelf, her deep'ſt deſire unſpeakably hath wonne.

36

And deep deſire is the deepeſt act,
The moſt profound and centrall energie,
The very ſelfneſſe of the ſoul, which backt
With pier.ing might, ſhe breaks out, forth doth flie
From dark contracting death, and doth deſcry
Herſelf unto herſelf; ſo thus unfold
That actuall life ſhe ſtraightwayes ſaith, is I.
Thus while ſhe in the body was infold,
Of this low life, as of herſelf oft tales ſhe told.

37

In dangerous ſickneſſe often ſaith, I die;
When nought doth die but the low plantall man,
That falls aſleep: and while Nature doth tie
The ſoul unto the body; ſhe nere can
Avoid it, but muſt feel the ſelf-ſame pain,
The ſame decay, if hereto ſhe her mind
Do bend. When ſtupid cold her corſe oreran,
She felt that cold; but when death quite doth bind
The ſenſe, then ſhe herſelf doth dead and ſenſeleſſe find.

38

Or elſe at leaſt juſt at the entrance
Of death ſhe feels that ſlie privation,
How now it ſpreads ore all: ſo living ſenſe
Perceives how ſleep creeps on, till quite o'recome
With drouſineſſe, animadverſion
Doth ceaſe: but (lower ſenſe then faſt ybound)
The ſoul beſtoweth her adverſion
On ſomething elſe: So oft ſtrange things hath found
In ſleep, from this dull carcaſe while ſhe was unbound.

So

39

So though the ſoul, the time ſhe doth advert
The bodies paſſions takes her ſelf to die;
Yet death now finiſh'd, ſhe can well convert
Herſelf to other thoughts. And if the eye
Of her adverſion were faſt fixt on high,
In midſt of death 'twere no more fear or pain,
Then 'twas unto Elias to let flie
His uſeleſſe mantle to that Hebrew Swain,
While he rode up to heaven in a bright fiery wain.

40

Thus have I ſtoutly reſcued the ſoul
From centrall death or pure mortalitie,
And from the liftleſſe flouds of Lethe dull,
And from the ſwallow of drad Unitie.
And from an all-conſuming Deitie.
What now remains, but ſince we are ſo ſure
Of endleſſe life, that to true pietie
We bend our minds, and make our conſcience pure,
Leſt living Night in bitter darkneſſe us immure.

FINIS.

THE

THE ORACLE
OR,
A Paraphraſticall Interpretation of the anſwer of *Apollo*, when he was conſulted by *Amelius* whither *Plotinus* ſoul went when he departed this life.

I Tune my ſtrings to ſing ſome ſacred verſe
Of my dear friend; in an immortall ſtrain
His mighty praiſe I loudly will rehearſe
With hony-dewed words: ſome golden vein
The ſtrucken chords right ſweetly ſhall reſound.
Come, bleſſed Muſes, let's with one joynt noiſe,
With ſtrong impulſe, and full harmonious ſound,
Speak out his excellent worth. Advance your voice,
As once you did for great Æacides,
Rapt with an heavenly rage, in decent dance,
Mov'd at the meaſures of Meonides.
Go to, you holy Quire, let's all at once
Begin, and to the end hold up the ſong,
Into one heavenly harmony conſpire;
I Phœbus with my lovely locks ymong
The midſt of you ſhall ſit, and life inſpire.
Divine Plotinus! yet now more divine
Then when thy noble ſoul ſo ſtoutly ſtrove
In that dark priſon, where ſtrong chains confine,
Keep down the active mind it cannot move
To what it loveth moſt. Thoſe fleſhly bands
Thou now haſt loos'd, broke from Neceſſitie.
From bodies ſtorms, and frothie working ſands
Of this low reſtleſſe life now ſetten free,

Thy

Thy feet do ſafely ſtand upon a ſhore,
Which foaming waves beat not in ſwelling rage,
Nor angry ſeas do threat with fell uprore;
Well haſt thou ſwommen out, and left that ſtage
Of wicked Actours, that tumultuous rout
Of ignorant men. Now thy pure ſteps thou ſtay'ſt
In that high path, where Gods light ſhines about,
And perfect Right its beauteous beams diſplayes.
How oft, when bitter wave of troubled fleſh,
And whirl-pool-turnings of the lower ſpright,
Thou ſtoutly ſtrov'ſt with, Heaven did thee refreſh,
Held out a mark to guide thy wandring flight!
While thou in tumbling ſeas didſt ſtrongly toyl
To reach the ſteddie Land, ſtruckſt with thy arms
The deafing ſurges, that with rage do boyl;
Stear'd by that ſigne thou ſhunn'ſt thoſe common harms.
How oft, when raſher caſt of thy ſouls eye
Had thee miſguided into crooked wayes,
Waſt thou directed by the Deitie?
They held out to thee their bright lamping rayes:
Diſpers'd the miſtie darkneſſe, ſafely ſet
Thy feeble feet in the right path again.
Nor eaſie ſleep ſo cloſely ere beſet
Thy eyelids, nor did dimneſſe ere ſo ſtain
Thy radiant ſight, but thou ſuch things didſt ſee
Even in that tumult, that few can arrive
Of all are named from Philoſophie
To that high pitch, or to ſuch ſecrets dive.
But ſith this body thy pure ſoul divine
Hath left, quite riſen from her rotten grave,
Thou now among thoſe heavenly wights doſt ſhine,
Whoſe wonne this glorious luſtre doth embrave:
There lovely Friendſhip, mild-ſmiling Cupid's there,
With lively looks and amorous ſuavitie,
Full of pure pleaſure, and freſh flowring chear;
Ambroſian ſtreams ſprung from the Deitie
Do frankly flow, and ſoft love-kindling winds
Do ſtrike with a delicious ſympathie
Thoſe tender ſpirits, and fill up their minds
With ſatisfying joy. The puritie
Of holy fire their heart doth then invade,
And ſweet Perſwaſion, meek Tranquillitie,

The gentle-breathing Air, the Heavens nought ſad,
Do maken up this great felicitie.
Here Rhadamanthus, and juſt Æacus,
Here Minos wonnes, with thoſe that liv'd of yore
I'th' golden age; here Plato vigorous
In holy virtue, and fair Pythagore.
Theſe been the goodly Off-ſpring of Great Jove,
And liven here, and who ſo fill'd the Quire
And ſweet aſſembly of immortall Love,
Purging their ſpirits with refining fire;
Theſe with the happy Angels live in bliſſe,
Full fraught with joy, and laſting pure delight,
In friendly feaſts, and life-outfetching kiſſe.
But, ah! dear Plotin, what ſmart did thy ſprite
Indure, before thou reach'ſt this high degree
Of happineſſe? what agonies, what pains
Thou underwent'ſt to ſet thy ſoul ſo free
From baſer life? She now in heaven remains
Mongſt the pure Angels. O thrice-happy wight!
That now art got into the Land of Life,
Faſt plac'd in view of that Eternall Light,
And ſitt'ſt ſecure from the foul bodies ſtrife.
But now, you comely virgins, make an end,
Break off this muſick, and deft ſeemly Round,
Leave off your dance: For Plotin my dear friend
Thus much I meant my golden harp ſhould ſound.

AN ADDITION

of ſome few ſmaller

POEMS,

BY

HENRY MORE:

Maſter of Arts, and Fellow of

CHRISTS COLLEDGE in

CAMBRIDGE.



CAMBRIDGE,

Printed by *Roger Daniel*, Printer to the

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Cupids Conflict.

Mela. Cleanthes.

Cl. MEla my dear! why been thy looks ſo ſad
As if thy gentle heart were ſunk with care?
Impart thy caſe; for be it good or bad
Friendſhip in either will bear equall ſhare.
Mel. Not ſo; *Cleanthes*, for if bad it be
My ſelf muſt bleed afreſh by wounding thee:

But what it is, my ſlow, uncertain wit
Cannot well judge. But thou ſhalt ſentence give
How manfully of late my ſelf I quit,
When with that lordly lad by chance I ſtrive.
Cl. Of friendſhip *Mela*! let's that ſtory hear.
Mel. Sit down *Cleanthes* then, and lend thine ear.

Upon a day as beſt did pleaſe my mind
Walking abroad amidſt the verdant field
Scattering my carefull thoughts i'th'wanton wind
The pleaſure of my path ſo farre had till'd
My feeble feet that without timely reſt
Uneath it were to reach my wonted neſt.

In ſecret ſhade farre moved from mortalls ſight
In lowly dale my wandring limbs I laid
On the cool graſſe where Natures pregnant wit
A goodly Bower of thickeſt trees had made.
Amongſt the leaves the chearfull Birds did fare
And ſweetly carol'd to the echoing Air.

Hard at my feet ran down a cryſtall ſpring
Which did the cumbrous pebbles hoarſly chide
For ſtanding in the way. Though murmuring
The broken ſtream his courſe did rightly guide
And ſtrongly preſſing forward with diſdain
The graſſie flore divided into twain.

The place a while did feed my fooliſh eye
As being new, and eke mine idle ear
Did liſten oft to that wild harmonie
And oft my curious phanſie would compare
How well agreed the Brooks low muttering Baſe,
With the birds trebbles pearch'd on higher place.

But ſenſes objects ſoon do glut the ſoul,
Or rather weary with their emptineſſe;
So I, all heedleſſe how the waters roll
And mindleſſe of the mirth the birds expreſſe,
Into my ſelf 'gin ſoftly to retire
After hid heavenly pleaſures to enquire.

While I this enterprize do entertain;
Lo! on the other ſide in thickeſt buſhes
A mighty noiſe! with that a naked ſwain
With blew and purple wings ſtreight rudely ruſhes
He leaps down light upon the flowry green,
Like ſight before mine eyes had never ſeen.

At's ſnowy back the boy a quiver wore
Right fairly wrought and gilded all with gold:
A ſilver bow in his left hand he bore,
And in his right a ready ſhaft did hold.
Thus armed ſtood he, and betwixt us tway
The labouring brook did break its toilſome way.

The wanton lad whoſe ſport is others pain
Did charge his bended bow with deadly dart,
And drawing to the head with might and main,
With fell intent he aim'd to hit my heart.
But ever as he ſhot his arrows ſtill
In their mid courſe dropt down into the rill.

Of wondrous virtues that in waters been
Is needleſſe to rehearſe, all books do ring
Of thoſe ſtrange rarities. But ne're was ſeen
Such virtue as reſided in this ſpring.
The noveltie did make me much admire
But ſtirr'd the haſty youth to ragefull ire:

As

As heedleſſe fowls that take their per'lous flight
Over that bane of birds, *Averno lake*,
Do drop down dead: ſo dead his ſhafts did light
Amid the ſtream, which preſently did ſlake
Their fiery points, and all their feathers wet
Which made the youngſter Godling inly fret.

Thus luſtfull Love (this was that love I ween)
Was wholly changed to conſuming ire.
And eath it was, ſith they're ſo near a kin
They be both born of one rebellious ſire.
But he ſuppreſt his wrath and by and by
For feathered darts, he winged words let flie.

Vain man! ſaid he, and would thou wer'ſt not vain
That hid'ſt thy ſelf in ſolitary ſhade
And ſpil'ſt thy precious youth in ſad diſdain
Hating this lifes delight! Hath God thee made
Part of this world, and wilt not thou partake
Of this worlds pleaſure for its makers ſake?

Unthankfull wretch! Gods gifts thus to reject
And maken nought of Natures goodly dower.
That milders ſtill away through thy neglect
And dying fades like unregarded flower.
This life is good, what's good thou muſt improve,
The higheſt improvement of this life is love.

Had I (but O that envious Deſtinie,
Or Stygian vow, or thrice accurſed charm
Should in this place free paſſage thus denie
Unto my ſhafts as meſſengers of harm!)
Had I but once transfixt thy froward breaſt,
How would'ſt thou then —— I ſtaid not for the reſt;

But thus half angry to the boy replide:
How would'ſt thou then my ſoul of ſenſe bereave!
I blinded, thee more blind ſhould chooſe my guide!
How would'ſt thou then my muddied mind deceive
With fading ſhows, that in my errour vile,
Baſe luſt, I love ſhould tearm; vice, virtue ſtile.

How ſhould my wicked rhymes then idolize
Thy wretched power, and with impious wit
Impute thy baſe born paſſions to the skies,
And my ſouls ſickneſſe count an heavenly fit,
My weakneſſe ſtrength, my wiſdome to be caught,
My bane my bliſſe, mine eaſe to be o'rewraught.

How often through my fondly feigning mind
And frantick phanſie, in my Miſtris eye
Should I a thouſand fluttering *Cupids* find
Bathing their buſie wings? How oft eſpie
Under the ſhadow of her eye-brows fair
Ten thouſand Graces ſit all naked bare?

Thus haunted ſhould I be with ſuch feat fiends,
A pretty madneſſe were my portion due.
Fooliſh my ſelf I would not hear my friends.
Should deem the true for falſe, the falſe for true.
My way all dark more ſlippery then ice
My attendants, anger, pride, and jealouſies.

Unthankfull then to God I ſhould neglect
All the whole world for one poore ſorry wight,
Whoſe peſtilent eye into my heart project
Would burn like poyſonous Comet in my ſpright.
Aye me! how diſmall then would prove that day
Whoſe onely light ſprang from ſo fatall ray.

Who ſeeks for pleaſure in this mortall life
By diving deep into the body baſe
Shall looſe true pleaſure: But who gainly ſtrive
Their ſinking ſoul above this bulk to place
Enlarg'd delight they certainly ſhall find,
Unbounded joyes to fill their boundleſſe mind.

When I my ſelf from mine own ſelf do quit
And each thing elſe; then an all-ſpreaden love
To the vaſt Univerſe my ſoul doth fit,
Makes me half equall to All-ſeeing Jove.
My mightie wings high ſtretch'd then clapping light
I bruſh the ſtarres and make them ſhine more bright.

Then

Then all the works of God with cloſe embrace
I dearly hug in my enlarged arms,
All the hid paths of heavenly Love I trace
And boldly liſten to his ſecret charms.
Then clearly view I where true light doth riſe,
And where eternall Night low-preſſed lies.

Thus loſe I not by leaving ſmall delight
But gain more joy, while I my ſelf ſuſpend
From this and that; for then with all unite
I all enjoy, and love that love commends.
That all is more then loves the partiall ſoul
Whoſe petty love th' impartiall fates controll.

Ah fon! ſaid he, (and laughed very loud)
That trickſt thy tongue with uncouth ſtrange diſguize,
Extolling highly that with ſpeeches proud
To mortall men that humane ſtate denies,
And raſhly blaming what thou never knew;
Let men experienc'd ſpeak, if they'll ſpeak true.

Had I once lanc'd thy froward flinty heart
And cruddled bloud had thawn with living fire
And prickt thy drouſie ſprite with gentle ſmart
How wouldſt thou wake to kindle ſweet deſire!
Thy ſoul fill'd up with overflowing pleaſures
Would dew thy lips with honey dropping meaſures.

Then would thou caroll loud and ſweetly ſing
In honour of my ſacred Deity
That all the woods and hollow hills would ring
Reechoning thy heavenly harmony.
And eke the hardy rocks with full rebounds
Would faithfully return thy ſilver ſounds.

Next unto me would be thy Miſtreſſe fair,
Whom thou might ſetten out with goodly skill
Her peerleſſe beauty and her virtues rare,
That all would wonder at thy gracefull quill.
And laſtly in us both thy ſelf ſhouldſt raiſe
And crown thy temples with immortall bayes.

But now thy riddles all men do neglect,
Thy rugged lines of all do ly forlorn.
Unwelcome rhymes that rudely do detect
The Readers ignorance. Men holden scorn
To be so often non-plus'd or to spell,
And on one stanza a whole age to dwell.

Besides this harsh and hard obscurity
Of the hid sense, thy words are barbarous
And strangely new, and yet too frequently
Return, as usuall plain and obvious,
So that the show of the new thick-set patch
Marres all the old with which it ill doth match.

But if thy haughty mind, forsooth would deign
To stoop so low as t' hearken to my lore,
Then wouldst thou with trim lovers not disdeign
To adorn th' outside, set the best before.
Nor rub nor wrinkle would thy verses spoil.
Thy rhymes should run as glib and smooth as oyl.

If that be all; said I, thy reasons slight
Can never move my well establish'd mind.
Full well I wote alwayes the present sprite,
Or life that doth possesse the soul, doth blind,
Shutting the windows 'gainst broad open day
Lest fairer sights its ugliness bewray.

The soul then loves that disposition best
Because no better comes unto her view.
The drunkard drunkennesse, the sluggard rest,
Th' Ambitious honour and obeysance due.
So all the rest do love their vices base
'Cause virtues beauty comes not into place.

And looser love 'gainst Chastity divine
Would shut the door that he might sit alone.
Then wholly should my mind to him incline,
And woxen strait, (since larger love was gone)
That paultry spirit of low contracting lust
VVould fit my soul as if 't were made for 't just.

Then ſhould I with my fellow bird or brute
So ſtrangely metamorphiz'd, either ney
Or bellow loud: or if't may better ſute
Chirp out my joy pearch'd upon higher ſpray.
My paſſions fond with impudence rehearſe,
Immortalize my madneſſe in a verſe.

This is the ſumme of thy deceiving boaſt
That I vain ludeneſſe highly ſhould admire,
When I the ſenſe of better things have loſt
And chang'd my heavenly heat for helliſh fire.
Paſſion is blind: but virtues piercing eye
Approching danger can from farre eſpie.

And what thou doſt Pedantickly object
Concerning my rude rugged uncouth ſtyle,
As childiſh toy I manfully neglect,
And at thy hidden ſnares do inly ſmile.
How ill alas! with wiſdome it accords
To ſell my living ſenſe for liveleſſe words.

My thought's the fitteſt meaſure of my tongue,
Wherefore I'll uſe what's moſt ſignificant,
And rather then my inward meaning wrong
Or my full-ſhining notion trimly ſkant,
I'll conjure up old words out of their grave,
Or call freſh forrein force in if need crave.

And theſe attending on my moving mind
Shall duly uſher in the fitting ſenſe.
As oft as meet occaſion I find.
Unuſuall words oft uſed give leſſe offence;
Nor will the old contexture dim or marre,
For often us'd they're next to old, thred-bare.

And if the old ſeem in too ruſty hew,
Then frequent rubbing makes them ſhine like gold,
And gliſter all with colour gayly new.
Wherefore to uſe them both we will be bold.
Thus liſts me fondly with fond folk to toy,
And anſwer fools with equall foolery.

The meaner mind works with more nicetie
As Spiders wont to weave their idle web,
But braver ſpirits do all things gallantly
Of leſſer failings nought at all affred:
So Natures careleſſe pencill dipt in light
With ſprinkled ſtarres hath ſpattered the Night,

And if my notions clear though rudely thrown
And looſely ſcattered in my poeſie,
May lend men light till the dead Night be gone,
And Morning freſh with roſes ſtrew the sky:
It is enough, I meant no trimmer frame
Nor by nice needle-work to ſeek a name.

Vain man! that ſeekeſt name 'mongſt earthly men
Devoid of God and all good virtuous lere;
Who groping in the dark do nothing ken;
But mad, with griping care their ſouls do tear,
Or Burſt with hatred or with envie pine,
Or burn with rage or melt out at their eyne.

Thrice happy he whoſe name is writ above,
And doeth good though gaining infamy;
Requiteth evil turns with hearty love,
And recks not what befalls him outwardly:
Whoſe worth is in himſelf, and onely bliſſe
In his pure conſcience that doth nought amiſſe.

Who placeth pleaſure in his purged ſoul
And virtuous life his treaſure doth eſteem;
Who can his paſſions maſter and controll,
And that true lordly manlineſſe doth deem,
Who from this world himſelf hath clearly quit,
Counts nought his own but what lives in his ſprite.

So when his ſpright from this vain world ſhall flit
It bears all with it whatſoever was dear
Unto it ſelf, paſſing in eaſie fit,
As kindly ripen'd corn comes out of th'ear.
Thus mindleſſe of what idle men will ſay
He takes his own and ſtilly goes his way.

But the Retinue of proud Lucifer,
Thoſe bluſtering Poets that fly after fame
And deck themſelves like the bright Morning-ſtarre,
Alas! it is but all a crakling flame.
For death will ſtrip them of that glorious plume,
That airie bliſſe will vaniſh into fume.

For can their carefull ghoſts from *Limbo Lake*
Return, or liſten from the bowed skie
To heare how well their learned lines do take?
Or if they could; is Heavens felicitie
So ſmall as by mans praiſe to be encreas'd,
Hells pain no greater then hence to be eas'd?

Therefore once dead in vain ſhall I tranſmit
My ſhadow to gazing Poſterity;
Caſt farre behind me I ſhall never ſee't,
On Heavens fair Sunne having faſt fixt mine eye.
Nor while I live, heed I what man doth praiſe
Or underprize mine unaffected layes.

What moves thee then, ſaid he, to take the paine
And ſpenden time if thou contemn'ſt the fruit?
Sweet fruit of fame, that fills the Poets brains
With high conceit and feeds his fainting wit.
How pleaſant 'tis in honour here to live
And dead, thy name for ever to ſurvive!

Or is thy abject mind ſo baſely bent
As of thy Muſe to maken Merchandize?
(And well I wote this is no ſtrange intent.)
The hopefull glimps of gold from chattering Pies,
From Daws and Crows, and Parots oft hath wrung
An unexpected *Pegaſeian* ſong.

Foul ſhame on him, quoth I, that ſhamefull thought
Doth entertain within his dunghill breaſt,
Both God and Nature hath my ſpirits wrought
To better temper and of old hath bleſt
My loftie ſoul with more divine aſpires,
Then to be touchd with ſuch vile low deſires.

I hate and highly ſcorn that Keſtrell kind
Of baſtard ſcholars that ſubordinate
The precious choice induements of the mind
To wealth or worldly good. Adulterate
And curſed brood! Your wit and will are born
Of th' earth and circling thither do return.

Profit and honour be thoſe meaſures ſcant
Of your ſlight ſtudies and endeavours vain,
And when you once have got what you did want
You leave your learning to enjoy your gain.
Your brains grow low, your bellies ſwell up high,
Foul ſluggiſh fat ditts up your dulled eye.

Thus what the earth did breed, to th' earth is gone,
Like fading hearb or feeble drooping flower,
By feet of men and beaſt quite trodden down,
The muck-ſprung learning cannot long endure,
Back ſhe returns loſt in her filthy ſource,
Drown'd, chok'd or ſtocken by her cruell nurſe.

True virtue to her ſelf's the beſt reward,
Rich with her own and full of lively ſpirit,
Nothing caſt down for want of due regard,
Or 'cauſe rude men acknowledge not her merit.
She knows her worth and ſtock from whence ſhe ſprung,
Spreads fair without the warmth of earthly dung,

Dew'd with the drops of Heaven ſhall flouriſh long;
As long as day and night do ſhare the skie,
And though that day and night ſhould fail yet ſtrong,
And ſteddie, fixed on Eternitie
Shall bloom for ever. So the ſoul ſhall ſpeed
That loveth virtue for no worldly meed.

Though ſooth to ſay, the worldly meed is due
To her more then to all the world beſide.
Men ought do homage with affections true
And offer gifts, for God doth there reſide.
The wiſe and virtuous ſoul is his own ſeat
To ſuch what's given God himſelf doth get.

But earthly minds whose sight's seal'd up with mud
Discern not this flesh-clouded Deity,
Ne do acknowledge any other good
Then what their mole-warp hands can feel and trie
By groping touch; (thus worth of them unseen)
Of nothing worthy that true worth they ween.

Wherefore the prudent Law-givers of old
Even in all Nations, with right sage foresight
Discovering from farre how clums and cold
The vulgar wight would be to yield what's right
To virtuous learning, did by law designe
Great wealth and honour to that worth divine.

But nought's by law to Poesie due said he,
Ne doth the solemn Statesmans head take care
Of those that such impertinent pieces be
Of common-weals. Thou'd better then to spare
Thy useless vein. Or tell else, what may move
Thy busie Muse such fruitless pains to prove.

No pains but pleasure to do th' dictates dear
Of inward living nature. What doth move
The Nightingall to sing so sweet and clear
The Thrush, or Lark that mounting high above
Chants her shrill notes to heedless ears of corn
Heavily hanging in the dewy Morn.

When Life can speak, it cannot well withhold
T' expresse its own impressions and hid life.
Or joy or greif that smoothered lie untold
Do vex the heart and wring with restless strife,
Then are my labours no true pains but ease
My souls unrest they gently do appease.

Besides, that is not fruitless that no gains
Brings to my self. I others profit deem
Mine own: and if at these my heavenly flames
Others receiven light, right well I ween
My time's not lost. Art thou now satisfide
Said I: to which the scoffing boy replide:

Greas

Great hope indeed thy rhymes ſhould men enlight;
That be with clouds and darkneſſe all o'recaſt,
Harſh ſtyle and harder ſenſe void of delight
The Readers wearied eye in vain do waſt.
And when men win thy meaning with much pain,
Thy uncouth ſenſe they coldly entertain.

For wotſt thou not that all the world is dead
Unto that Genius that moves in thy vein
Of poetrie! But like by like is fed.
Sing of my Trophees in triumphant ſtrein,
Then correſpondent life, thy powerfull verſe
Shall ſtrongly ſtrike and with quick paſſion pierce.

The tender frie of lads and laſſes young
With thirſtie eare thee compaſſing about,
Thy Nectar-dropping Muſe, thy ſugar'd ſong
Will ſwallow down with eager hearty draught;
Reliſhing truly what thy rhymes convey,
And highly praiſing thy ſoul-ſmiting lay.

The mincing maid her mind will then bewray,
Her heart-bloud flaming up into her face,
Grave matrons will wax wanton and betray
Their unreſolv'dneſſe in their wonted grace;
Young boyes and girls would feel a forward ſpring,
And former youth to eld thou back wouldſt bring.

All Sexes, Ages, Orders, Occupations
Would liſten to thee with attentive ear,
And eas'ly moved with thy ſweet perſwaſions,
Thy pipe would follow with full merry chear.
While thou thy lively voice didſt loud advance
Their tickled bloud for joy would inly dance.

But now, alas! poore ſolitarie man!
In loneſome deſert thou doſt wander wide
To ſeek and ſerve thy diſappearing Pan,
Whom no man living in the world hath eyde:
For Pan, is dead but I am ſtill alive,
And live in men who honour to me give:

They honour alſo thoſe that honour me
With ſacred ſongs. But thou now ſingſt to trees
To rocks to Hills, to Caves that ſenſeleſſe be
And mindleſſe quite of thy hid myſteries,
In the void air thy idle voice is ſpread,
Thy Muſe is muſick to the deaf or dead.

Now out alas! ſaid I, and wele-away
The tale thou telleſt I confeſſe too true.
Fond man ſo doteth on this living clay
His carcaſe dear, and doth its joyes purſue,
That of his precious ſoul he takes no keep
Heavens love and reaſons light lie faſt aſleep.

This bodies life vain ſhadow of the ſoul
With full deſire they cloſely do embrace,
In fleſhly mud like ſwine they wallow and roll,
The loftieſt mind is proud but of the face
Or outward perſon; if men but adore
That walking ſepulchre, cares for no more.

This is the meaſure of mans induſtry
To wexen ſome body and getten grace
To's outward preſence; though true majeſtie
Crownd'd with that heavenly light and lively rayes
Of holy wiſdome and Seraphick love,
From his deformed ſoul he farre remove.

Slight knowledge and leſſe virtue ſerves his turn
For this deſigne. If he hath trod the ring
Of pedling arts; in uſuall pack-horſe form
Keeping the rode; O! then 't's a learned thing.
If any chanc'd to write or ſpeak what he
Conceives not, 't were a foul diſcourteſie.

To cleanſe the ſoul from ſinne, and ſtill diffide
Whether our reaſons eye be clear enough
To intromit true light, that fain would glide
Into purg'd hearts, this way's too harſh and rough:
Therefore the cleareſt truths may well ſeem dark
When ſloathfull men have eyes ſo dimme and ſtark.

Theſe be our times. But if my minds preſage
Bear any moment, they can ne're laſt long,
A three branch'd Flame will ſoon ſweep clean the ſtage
Of this old dirty droſſe and all wex young.
My words into this frozen air I throw
Will then grow vocall at that generall thaw.

Nay, now thou'rt perfect mad, ſaid he, with ſcorn,
And full of foul deriſion quit the place.
The skie did rattle with his wings ytorn
Like to rent ſilk. But I in the mean ſpace
Sent after him this meſſage by the wind
Be't ſo I'm mad, yet ſure I am thou'rt blind.

By this the out-ſtretch'd ſhadows of the trees
Pointed me home-ward, and with one conſent
Foretold the dayes deſcent. So ſtraight I riſe
Gathering my limbs from off the green pavement
Behind me leaving then the ſlooping Light.
Cl. And now let's up, *Veſper* brings on the Night.

Fides Fluctuans.

O Deus æterno lucis qui abſconditus Orbe
Humanos fugis aſpectus! da cernere verum,
Da magnum ſpectare diem non mobilis Ævi.
Da contemplari nullius in infera noctis
Lapſurum ſolem. Spiſſas caliginis umbras
Adventu diſpelle tuo. Pernicibus alis,
Ocyus advolitans, animam tu ſiſte ſolutam
Mobilitate ſua; rapidæ quam curſus aquæ
Deturbat ſecum atque in cæco gurgite condit.
Sed tamen ex fluxu hoc rerum miſeroque tumultu
En! vultus attollo meos; tu porrige dextram,
Exime ut excelſo figam veſtigia ſaxo.
O Deus! O Centrum rerum! te percita motu
Arcano circumvolitant cuncta atque requirunt
Nequicquam, quoniam æterna te contegis umbra.
Attamen inſano exerces mea pectora amore,
Et ſuſpirantem volupe eſt tibi ludere mentem
Ignibus occultis. Non talibus æſtuat *Ætna*,

Intima

Intima cùm accenſas eructet flamma favillas
Pleniùs, & lato ſpargat ſua viſcera campo.
Omnia ſolicita mecum quæ mente revolvi
Somnia ſunt? ſtultéque animi ſatagentis inane
Figmentum? ſpes noſtra perit radicitùs omnis?
Expectata diu vacuas vita exit in auras?
Hei mihi! quam immenſæ involvor caligine noctis!
Subſido, pereo, repeto jam materiai
Infenſas tenebras & ahenæ vincula mortis.
Quæ me intemperies agitat! Reſcindito cœlos
Summe Deûm, tantóſque animi componito fluctus.

Reſolution.

WHere's now the objects of thy fears:
Needleſſe ſighs and fruitleſſe tears?
They be all gone like idle dream
Suggeſted from the bodies ſteam.
O Cave of horrour black as pitch!
Dark Den of Spectres that bewitch
The weakned phanſy ſore affright
With the grim ſhades of griſely Night.
What's Plague and Priſon? Loſſe of friends?
Warre, Dearth and Death that all things ends?
Mere Bug-bears for the childiſh mind
Pure Panick terrours of the blind.
Collect thy ſoul into one ſphear
Of light and 'bove the earth it rear.
Thoſe wild ſcattered thoughts that erſt
Lay loſely in the World diſperſt
Call in: thy ſpirit thus knit in one
Fair lucid orb; thoſe fears be gone
Like vain impoſtures of the Night
That fly before the Morning bright.
Then with pure eyes thou ſhalt behold
How the firſt Goodneſſe doth infold
All things in loving tender armes:
That deemed miſchiefs are no harms
But ſovereign ſalves; and skilfull cures
Of greater woes the world endures;
That mans ſtout ſoul may win a ſtate
Far rais'd above the reach of fate.

Then wilt thou ſay, *God rules the World*,
Though mountain over mountain hurl'd
Be pitch'd amid the foaming Maine
Which buſie winds to wrath conſtrain.
His fall doth make the billowes ſtare
And backward skip from every part.
Quite ſunk, then over his ſenſeleſſe ſide
The waves in triumph proudly ride.
Though inward tempeſts fiercely rock
The tottering Earth, that with the ſhock
High ſpires and heavie rocks fall down
With their own weight drove into ground;
Though pitchy blaſts from Hell up-born
Stop the outgoings of the Morn,
And Nature play her fiery games
In this forc'd Night, with fulgurant flames,
Baring by fits for more affright
The pale dead viſages, ghaſtly ſight
Of men aſtoniſh'd at the ſtoure
Of Heavens great rage, the rattling ſhowers
Of hail, the hoarſe bellowing of thunder
Their own loud ſhreekes made mad with wonder:
All this confuſion cannot move
The purged mind freed from the love
Of commerce with her body dear
Cell of ſad thoughts, ſole ſpring of fear.
What ere I feel or heare or ſee
Threats but theſe parts that mortall be.
Nought can the honeſt heart diſmay
Unleſſe the love of living clay
And long acquaintance with the light
Of this Outworld and what to ſight
Thoſe two officious beams diſcover
Of forms that round about us hover.
Power, Wiſedome, Goodneſſe ſure did fra
This Univerſe and ſtill guide the ſame.
But thoughts from paſſions ſprung, decei
Vain mortalls, No man can contrive
A better courſe then what's been run
Since the firſt circuit of the Sun.
He that beholds all from on high
Knowes better what to do then I.

I am

I'm not mine own, ſhould I repine
If he diſpoſe of what's not mine.
Purge but thy ſoul of blind ſelf-will
Thou ſtreight ſhalt ſee God doth no ill.
The world He fills with the bright rayes
Of his free goodneſſe. He diſplayes
Himſelf throughout. Like common aire
That ſpirit of life through all doth fare
Suck'd in by them as vitall breath
That willingly embrace not death.
But thoſe that with that living Law
Be unacquainted, cares do gnaw;
Miſtruſt of Gods good providence
Doth daily vex their wearied ſenſe.
Now place me on the *Libyan* ſoil,
With ſcorching ſun and ſands to toil,
Far from the view of ſpring or tree,
Where neither man nor houſe I ſee.
Place me by the fabulous ſtreams
Of *Hydaſpes*; In the Realms
Where *Caucaſus* his lofty back
Doth raiſe in wreaths and endleſſe tract.
Commit me at my next remove
To icy *Hyperborean Jove.*
Confine me to the *Arctick* Pole
Where the numbd heavens do ſlowly roll:
To lands, where cold raw heavie miſt
Sols kindly warmth and light reſiſts.
Where louring clouds full fraught with ſnow
Do ſternly scoul, where winds do blow
With bitter blaſts, and pierce the skin
Forcing the vitall ſpirits in;
Which leave the body thus ill beſted
In this chill plight at leaſt half dead:
Yet by an Antiperiſtaſis
My inward heat more kindled is:
And while this fleſh her breath expires
My ſpirit ſhall ſuck celeſtiall fires
By deep-fetchd ſighs and pure devotion.
Thus waxen hot with holy motion,
A once I'll break forth in a flame;
Above this world and worthleſſe fame

I'll take my flight, careleſſe that men
Know not, how, where I die or when.
Yea! though the Soul ſhould mortall prove
So be Gods life but in me move
To my laſt breath: I'm ſatisfide
A loneſome mortall God t' have dide.

Devotion.

GOod God! when thou thy inward grace doſt ſhower
Into my breſt,
How full of light and lively power
Is then my ſoul!
How am I bleſt!
How can I then all difficulties devour!
Thy might
Thy ſpright
With eaſe my combrous enemy controll.

If thou once turn away thy face and hide
Thy chearfull look,
My feeble fleſh may not abide
That dreadfull ſtound,
I cannot brook
Thy abſence. My heart with care and grief then gride
Doth fail,
Doth quail,
My life ſteals from me, at that hidden wound.

My phanſie's then a burden to my mind,
Mine anxious thought
Betrayes my reaſon, makes me blind:
Near dangers drad
Make me diſtraught.
Surpriz'd with fear, my ſenſes all I find.
In hell
I dwell
Oppreſt with horrour, pain and ſorrow ſad.

My former Reſolutions all are fled,
Slip't over my tongue,
My Faith, my Hope, and Joy, are dead.
Aſſiſt my heart
Rather then my ſong
My God! my Saviour! when I'm ill beſted
Stand by,
And I
Shall bear with courage, undeſerved ſmart.

Aphroditus.

Syneſ. hymn. 2. & 3. *Macrob. Saturnal.* lib. 3. cap. 8.

SUmme Pater! rerum fixa inconcuſſáque ſedes!
Omnia qui fulcis mundo non fictus Adonis.
Fundamen cœlorum! immobile Suſtentamen
Telluris! magnûmque quies ſecura Deorum!
Omniparens Amor! In dias tu luminis oras
Omnia producis vaſtus quæ continet orbis:
Innumera tu prole tua terraſque feraces,
Aerá que immenſum comples campoſque natantes.
Sæclorum Pater es, Mater pia, ſedula Nutrix.
Te circum quoniam ludunt humana propago,
Quos niſi tu ſiſtis, nutricis more, patenti
In gremio, & circumjectis tutare lacertis,
Protinus heu! pereunt, priſcas repetendo tenebras,
Submerſoſque ſuo claudit *Styx* lurida, fundo.
Lurida *Styx*, ſummi quam oderunt tangere *Olympi*
Incolæ, inextinctum ſpirantes ſemper amorem;
Hujus enim horrendas nemo quiſquam petet umbras
Fluminis, accenſus lucenti pectora ab igni.
Nos tamen intereà charis dum amplecteris ulnis
Materno ſiſtiſque genu, te cernere contrà
Vix cupimus, blandoſve tuos advertere vultus.
Sed veluti lactens infantulus ubera matris
Quæritat, & cunctas complet vagitibus ædes
Ni ſedet & mollem ſibi nudam veſte mamillam
Exhibet: Hæc igitur properat, ſævumque tyrannum
Demulcet dictis, atque oſcula dulcia figit.

Ille autem non dicta moratur, nec pia matris
Oſcula, non hilares oculos vultumque ſerenum
Attendit, pulchros neque, amantum rete, capillos.
Nulla mora eſt, quò cæca fames vocat, inſtat, in uber
Involat, & niveum ſitienti fauce liquorem
Haurit, & alterno jactans ſua cruſcula motu
Maternum refricat gremium, dulcedine ſenſûs
Exultans, tenerum ſucco feriente palatum.
Sic nos, magna Parens! quorum provectior ætas,
Sic tua ſic avidis premimus ſacra ubera labris,
Sed formam vultumve tuum quis conſpicit? Omneis
Cæcus amor quò tractat & expectata voluptas
Auferimur, plenoque unà devolvimur alveo.
Verùm ego ſi poſſim! neq; enim deprendere poſſum
Divinam ſpeciem; nimio tua pignora luſu
Namque ſoles laſſare & gratam avertere formam.
At cùm conatu longo defeſſus ocellos
Adduco & facilis vincit mea tempora ſomnus;
Tu tamen intereà vigilas & membra ſopore
Dulci extenſa vides & amico lumine mulces.
Hæc, *Venus* alma! animus, nebulas, noctemq; malignam
Somniat obfuſus, neque enim poti' cernere quicquam eſt;
Sed furit & cæco rerum perculſus amore
Evomit inſanum turbato pectore carmen.

Out of the Anthologie a Diſtick.

Εἰ τὸ φέρον σε φέρει φέρε καὶ φέρε, εἰ δ' ἀναναγκτῖς
Καὶ σαυτὸν λυπεῖς, καὶ τὸ φέρον σὺ φέρει.

In Engliſh thus:

WHen the ſtrong Fates with Gigantean force,
Bear thee in iron arms without remorſe
Bear and be born. But if with pieviſh ſtruggle
Thou writhe and wreſt thy corſe, thou doſt but double
Thy preſent pain, and ſpend thy reſtleſſe ſpright,
Nor thou more heavie art, nor they more light.

Or thus:

If Chance thee change, be chang'd and change thou it
To better, by thy well complying wit.
If thou repine, thou doſt but pain and grieve
Thy ſelf, and Chance will change thee without leeve.

Right well I wot, my rhymes ſeem rudely dreſt
In the nice judgement of thy ſhallow mind
That mark'ſt expreſſions more then what's expreſt,
Buſily billing the rough outward rinde,
But reaching not the pith. Such ſurface skill's
Unmeet to meaſure the profounder quill.

Yea I alas! my ſelf too often feel
Thy indiſpos'dneſſe; when my weakened ſoul
Unſtedfaſt, into this Outworld doth reel,
And lyes immerſe in my low vitall mold.
For then my mind, from th' inward ſpright eſtrang'd,
My Muſe into an uncouth hew hath chang'd.

A rude confuſed heap of aſhes dead
My verſes ſeem, when that cæleſtiall flame
That ſacred ſpirit of life's extinguiſhed
In my cold breſt. Then gin I rashly blame
My rugged lines: This word is obſolete;
That boldly coynd, a third too oft doth beat

Mine humourous ears. Thus fondly curious
Is the faint Reader, that doth want that fire
And inward vigour heavenly furious
That made my enrag'd ſpirit in ſtrong deſire
Break through ſuch tender cob-web niceties,
That oft intangle theſe blind buzzing flies.

Poſſeſt with living ſenſe I inly rave,
Careleſſe how outward words do from me flow,
So be the image of my mind they have
Truly expreſt, and do my viſage ſhow;
As doth each river deckt with Phebus beams
Fairly reflect the viewer of his ſtreams.

Who can diſcern the Moons aſperity
From of this earth, or could this earths diſcover
If from the earth he raiſed were on high
Among the ſtarrs and in the sky did hover?
The Hills and Valleyes would together flow
And the rough Earth, one ſmooth-fac'd Round would ſhow.

Nor can the lofty ſoul ſnatch'd into Heven
Buſied above in th' Intellectuall world
At ſuch a diſtance ſee my lines uneven,
At ſuch a diſtance was my ſpirit hurld,
And to my trembling quill thence did endite,
What he from thence muſt reade, who would read right.

Fair Fields and rich Encloſures, ſhady Woods,
Large populous Towns, with ſtrong and ſtately Towers,
Long crawling Rivers, far diſtended Flouds,
What ever's great, its ſhape theſe eyes of ours
And due proportions from high diſtance ſee
The beſt; And *Paro*! ſuch my Rhyme's to thee.

Thy groveling mind and mop'ing poreblind eye,
That to move up unmeet, this to ſee farre,
The worth or weakneſſe never can deſcry
Of my large winged Muſe. But not to ſpare
Till thou canſt well diſprove, proves well enough
Thou art raſh and rude how ere my rhymes are rough.

Neceſsitas Triumphata.

Seu,

Humanam voluntatem ad unum *neceſſariò non determinari.*

O Dea! quæ clavum manibus cuneúmque ſuperbis
Geſtas, & ſtricta liquidi compagine plumbi
Cuncta premis, duramque ſoles imponere legem,
Uſque adeone tuo indulges, ſæviſſima rerum!
Imperio, aſtringas triſti tibi ut omnia nodo?
Terra tua eſt & quos ſub verno tempore flores
Proruit, & quicquid tenebroſa in viſcera condit.
Amnes quò tu cunque vocas ſalſæque lacunæ
Pergunt, & lati palantia ſydera mundi.
Aer ſub ditione tua eſt, nimbique ruentes,
Quæque boant rauco metuenda tonitrua cælo.
Et nimis anguſtum ſi forte hæc omnia regnum
Infernas moderare umbras, ſedeſque filentûm,
Horrificoſque ſuis ructantem è faucibus æſtus
Tartaron. His addas brutum genus omne animantûm
Innumeras pecorum ſpecies atque Altivolantûm.

Mancipium

Mancipium Natura tuum eſt; ſeu triſtior illa
Quam Nox ima premit cæca in caligine, ſive
Quam matutinis radiis fovet Ætherius Sol.
Omnibus his dare jura potes, duraſque catenas
Nectere, & ad rigidum nodis mordentibus *Unum*
Stringere. At hac ſtupida non torpent cætera lege.
Liberum enim eſt genus humanum, veluti innuba virgo
Quæ nondum ullius thalamis addicta mariti eſt.
Multi hanc ergo viri precibus blandiſque loquelis
Facundos quos fecit amor noctiſque cupido
Solicitant. Noſtras alios ita manibus imis
E mediis alios, alios è ſedibus altis
Impugnaſſe procos animas ſentimus, & ipſum
Deſcendiſſe Jovem caſto in præcordia luſu, ut
Virtutem inſpiret ſanctumque accendat amorem.
Scilicet hæc fiunt quoniam mens libera noſtra eſt
Legibus æterni fati *Uniuſque* ſeveri.
Quod ſi animæ motus ſolido Dea ferrea clavo
Præfixos jam olim, determinet; illius omnes
Fictitii aſſenſus, libertas nil niſi inane
Commentum: quod qui eſt auſus fabricare, neceſſe eſt
Æſtuet implicitus nodis quos conſuit ipſe,
Et Chyſippeum ſudet volvendo cylindrum.

Exorciſmus.

WHat's this that in my breſt thus grieves and groanes
Rives my cloſe-ſtraitned heart, diſtends my ſides
with deep fetch'd ſighs, while th' other in fell pride
Reſiſts and choaks? O hear the dreadfull moanes
Of thy dear ſon, if ſo him cleep I may.
If there be any ſenſe 'twixt Heven and Earth,
If any mutuall feeling ſure this birth
May challenge ſpeed, and break off all delay.
You Winged people of the unſeen sky
That bear that living Name in your pure breſt,
Chariots of God in whom the Lord of reſt
Doth ſit triumphant, can not you eſpy
The ſelf ſame Being in ſuch jeopardy?
Make haſte make haſte if you Gods army been,
Rescue his ſon, wreak your revengefull teen
On his faſt holding Enemy.
Hath Nature onely ſympathy?

What? may I deem you ſelf-exulting ſprights
Lock'd up in your own ſelves, whoſe inward life
Is ſelf-contenting joy, withouten ſtrife
Of doing good and helping wofull weights.
Then were you empty carres and not the throne
Of that thrice-beautious ſun the god of love
The Soul of ſouls and heart of higheſt Jove,
If you to others good were not moſt prone.
Open thou Earth; uncloſe thou faſt bound ball
Of ſmoring darkneſſe! The black jawes of Hell
Shall iſſue forth their dead, that direfull cell
Of miſcreant Lives that ſtrive ſtill to enthrall,
Shall let him go at laſt, and he ore all
Shall triumph. Then the gladſome Progeny
Of the bright Morning ſtar ſhining on high,
Shall fill the Round ætheriall
With ſound of voices muſicall.

Nor yet this breath's quite ſpent. Swift flight of wing
Hath ſhot my ſoul from th'hight to th'depth again
And from the depth to th' height. The gliſtring Main
Of flowing light and darkneſſes curs'd ſpring
I've mov'd with ſacred words: (the extreme worlds,
In holy rage aſſaulted with my ſpell)
I'll at the middle Movable as well
As thoſe, and powerfull magick gainſt it hurle.
You waving aires! and you more boiſtrous winds!
Dark *Zephyrs* ſons, who with your ſwelling blaſts
Thruſt out the ribs of heaven, and that orepaſt
Leave Nature languid to her wont confind,
Suppreſſe your ſpright and be at his command
Who on the troubled *Galilean* lake
Did wind and ſtorm to him obedient make.
Let ſtill ſerenity the land
Incloſe about with ſteddy hand.

And you heaven-threatning rocks, whoſe tops be crown'd
With wreaths of woolly clouds, fall into duſt.
And thou, O *Ida* hill! thy glory muſt
Conſume, and thou lye equall with the ground.
O're quick ey'd *Ida*! thou which ſeeſt the Sun
Before day ſpring? thoſe Eaſtern ſpatterd lights
And broad ſpread ſhinings purpling the gay Night,

And that ſwoln-glowing ball; they'll all be gone.
You ſummer neezings when the Sun is ſet
That fill the air with a quick fading fire,
Ceaſe from your flaſhings, and thou Self-deſire
The worſt of meteors, curs'd Voraginet!
The wind of God ſhall rend thee into nought
And thou ſhalt vaniſh into empty air,
Nor ſhall thy rending out leave any ſcarre.
Thy place ſhall not be found though ſought
So periſh ſhall all humane thought.

Deliquium.

VIres deficiunt abítque vita.
Virtutem revoca, O Deus! fugacem.
O ſol juſtitiæ, atque origo vitæ!
Vitæ, qua reficis tuos alumnos,
Inſpira, obſecro, ſpiritum ſuavem
Venis languidulis, meóſque ocellos
Lucis vivica novo vigore, *vivifica*
Perculſum ſaliat novóque amore
Pectus, compoſitas agat choreas
Lætum cor, cupidis premátque in ulnis
Quæ tu cunque facis, Pater Deorum!
Immenſíque opifex perite mundi!
Cuncta exoſculer ambitu benigno &
Injectis teneam fovens lacertis.
Nam jucunda cluent, cluent amena
Ni nubes animum gravent acerbum
Atque urat dolor intimus medullam.
Ergo magnanimam piámque mentem
Sedatam, facilémque, callidámque
Concedas quæ hominum ſciat ferátque
Mores omnimodos bonos malóſque.
Nec cor concutiant ſuperbiarum
Fluctus turgidulum; furor dolórque
Vitæ ne obſideant vias miſellæ
Soffocéntque ſuis feris catenis.
Mentem præbe humilem at ſimul ſerenam,
Mentem præbe hilarem at ſimul ſeveram,
Te circum choreas leves agentem,
Pulſantem citharam at tibi canentem.

IT was the time when all things quiet lay
In ſilent reſt; and Night her ruſty Carre
Drawn with black teem had drove above half way.
Her curbed ſteeds foaming out lavering tarre
And finely trampling the ſoft miſty air
With proner courſe toward the Weſt did fare.

I with the reſt of weak mortality
For natures due relief lay ſtretch'd on bed.
My weary body lay out-ſtretch'd, not I.
For I, alas! from that dead corſe had fled.
Had left that ſlough, as erſt I doft my clothes,
For kindly reſt that very Evening-cloſe.

Free as in open Heaven more ſwift then thought
In endleſſe ſpaces up and down I flie,
Not carryed on wings, or as well taught
To row with mine own arms in liquid skie:
As oft men do in their deceiving ſleep
Hovering over Waters, Woods, and Valleys ſteep:

But born on the actuall efflux of my will
Without reſiſtence thither eaſly glide
Whither my buſie mind did breathe untill.
All-ſuddenly an uncouth ſight I ſpide,
Which meanly as I may I will propound
To wiſer men to weigh with judgement ſound.

Behold a mighty Orb right well compil'd
And kned together of opacous mould.
That neither curſe of God nor man defil'd,
Though wicked wights as ſhall anon be told
Did curſe the ill condition of the place,
And with foul ſpeech this goodly work diſgrace.

But vain complaints may weary the ill tongue
And evil ſpeeches the blaſphemer ſtain,
But words Gods ſacred works can never wrong,
Nor wrongfull deeming work dame Natures bane.
Who miſconceives, conceives but his own ill,
Brings forth a talthood, ſhows his want of skill.

This

This globe in all things punctually did seem
Like to our earth saving in magnitude:
For it of so great vastnesse was, I ween,
That if that all the Planets were transmewd
Into one Ball, they'd not exceed this Round
Nor yet fall short though close together bound.

At a farre distance from this sphear was pight
(More then the journey of ten thousand year
An hundred times told over, that swiftest flight
Of bird should mete, that distance did appear)
There was there pight a massie Orb of light
Æquall with this dark Orb in bigneſſe right.

Half therefore just of this dark Orb was dight
With goodly glistre and fair golden rayes,
And ever half was hid in horrid Night.
A durkish Cylindre through infinite space
It did project, which still unmoved staid,
Strange sight it was to see so endlesse shade.

Th' Diametre of that Nocturnall Roll
Was the right Axis of this opake sphear.
On which eternally it round did roll.
In Æquinoctiall posture 't did appear,
So as when Libra weighs out in just weight
An equall share to men of Day and Night.

Thus turning round by turns all came in view
What ever did that massie Ball adorn.
Hills, Valleys, Woods, themselves did plainly shew,
Towns, Towers, and holy Spires to Heaven born,
Long winding Rivers, and broad foaming Seas.
Fair Chrystall springs fierce scorching thirst t' appease.

And all bespread were the huge Mountains green
With Fleecy flocks and eke with hairy goats.
Great fields of Corn and Knee-deep grasse were seen,
Swine, Oxen, Horses, Carriages, Sheep-cotes,
What ere the Countrey or the walled town
Can show with us, the like things there were shown.

And look what ever that Half-sphear of light
Did bear upon it (the Ball turning round)
The same into the Hemisphear of Night
Were carried. And look what things were found
In that dark Hemisphear, were brought anon
To th' Hemisphear the light did shine upon.

For sooth to say, they both make up one Ball.
The self same parts now dipt in deepest Night
Anon recovered from their former fall
Do shine all glorious deckt with gladsome light.
And oft PANGAION as it turn'd, I red
In mighty characters decyphered.

Th' Inhabitants of this big swollen sphear
Were of two kinds, well answering unto
The diverse nature of each Hemisphear.
One foul, deform'd, and ghastly sad in show,
The other fair and full of lively mirth,
These two possest this Universall Earth.

They both had wings: The foul much like a Bat
Or forged Fiend and of a pitchy hew,
And ovall eyes like to a blinking Cat.
The fair had silver wings all-glistering new
With golden feathers set, shap'd like a Doves
Or lovely Swans, that in *Meander* moves.

In other parts most like to spotlesse man
Made out in comely due proportion.
Both with their wings uncessantly did fan
The agil air, but never light upon
The moving Orb, but in suspense they hovered.
Therefore Light these, eternall Night those covered.

For though the Globe doth move, it moves them not;
Passing as water underneath a brig.
Yet what thus passeth by, they deem their lot,
Both of their deemed lots together lig,
To wit, that Sphear with all its ornaments.
Nor yet that sphear them both alike contents.

For

For they on the dim side with fell uprore
Do hideously houl and Nature blame
For her ill works. Enrag'd with fury sore
Oft God himself they curse; blaspheme his Name.
And all his creatures, as they passen by
In goodly pomp, they view with scornfull eye.

Instead of hymnes they bold invectives make
Against the Maker of that Universe.
My quivering quill, and palsied hand do quake
Now I recall to mind the wicked verse
Which those bad men had fram'd in fell despight,
And foul detraction to the God of light.

And while with hollow howlings they did chaunt
That hellish Ode. Ravens more black then pitch
And fatall Owles, Dragons, and what so wont
To do or token mischeif: every such
Came flying round about t' encrease the sound,
Such sound as would with madnesse man confound.

When they had made an end of this ill ditty,
As execrable thing they would forsake
This work of God, and out of dear self-pitty
Fly from the creatures, and themselves betake
To higher region: but their labour's vain
Fly never so high, Night doth them still contain.

For the projection of that endlesse Roll
Cast to unmeasured infinity,
Wearies to death their ill-deceived soul:
For nought but darknesse and obscurity
They finden out by their high tedious flight,
But now I'd turn'd me to the land of Light.

There might I see with lovely pleasant look
And mild aspect, the people all things view,
Interpreting right what ever seemed crook.
Crooked for crook'd is right; and evil hew
For evil shaped mind, that fear may breed.
Good oft doth spring from evil-seeming seed.

Viewing the works of God they ever smil'd
As seeing some resemblance of that face
That they so dearly lov'd, that undefil'd
And spotlesse beauty, that sweet awfull Grace
Where Love and Majesty do alway sit
And with eternall joy the viewer greet.

Ravisht with heavenly mirth and pure delight
They sing a sacred song with chearfull voice.
It kindles holy pleasure within my spright
As oft I think on that Angelick noise.
The living Spring of blisse they loudly praise
Blesse all His creatures in their pious layes.

And while the creatures goodnesse they descry
From their fair glimps they move themselves up higher
Not through contempt or hate they from them fly
Nor leave by flying, but while they aspire
To reach their fountain, them with sight more clear
They see. As newly varnish'd all appear.

This is the mystery of that mighty Ball
With different sides. That side where grisly Night
Doth sit bold men *Melampronæa* call,
The other side *Lampropronæa* hight,
Logos that Orb of light, but *Foolishnesse*
(To speak plane English) the Roll doth expresse.

These words I read or heard, I know not whether:
Or thought, or thought I thought. It was a dream.
But yet from dreams wise men sound truth may gather
And some ripe scatterings of high knowledge glean.
But where, or heavy passions cloud the eyes,
Or prejudice, there's nothing can make wise.

Quæ vis nunc agitat meas medullas?
Et cor, molliculo ferire motu
Ceptat? percutiunt novi furores
Mentem, concipio novos amores.
Ah! nunc me fluidos abire in igneis
Totum sentio. Flamma mollis artus
Dulcis, vivida, permeavit omneis,
Jucundúmque ciet calore sensum
Toto corpore spiritúque toto.
Bellam hic laude suam efferat Fabullam
Formosam ille suam canat Corinnam.
Me leni Monocardia urit igni
Et sacrum instituit suum poetam.
Pulchra O Simplicitas! beata virgo!
Tu vincis radios nitore Phœbes,
Tu stellas superas decore cunctas.
Nam quis pectora? quis sinus apertos?
Candorísve tui potest tueri
Thesauros niveos eburneósve?
Quin Luna imbrifera tepentis Austri
Nube obscurior, atque sydus omne
Sit nigrum magis ac imago noctis
Et Hyles tenebris, nives ebúrque.
Quod si orbes hilares amabilésque
Lucentésque tuor faces, amorum
Blandas illecebras, ruit statim Sol
Et lati species perit Diei
Submersa in tenebris Meridianis.
O princeps Charitum! Dea O Dearum!
Cœli splendor! & unica O voluptas
Humani generis! catena nodis
Auratis, homines ligans Deósque!
Te circumvolitant leves *Olympi*
Alati juvenes, tuósque gressus
Sustentant manibus suis tenellos,
Et firmant tua crura mollicella,
Dulcis cura Deûm Venúsque cœli!
O fons lætitiæ piíque lusus!
O ter pulchra puella! blanda virgo!
Nostris molliter insidens medullis
Cœle stémque animo fovens amorem
In cœtu superûm locas Deorum.

SIng aloud His praise rehearse
Who hath made the Universe.
He the boundlesse Heavens has spread
All the vitall orbs has kned;
He that on *Olympus* high
Tends his flocks with watchfull eye,
And this eye has multiplide
Midst each flock for to reside.
Thus as round about they stray
Toucheth each with out-strecth'd ray,
Nimble they hold on their way,
Shaping out their Night and Day.
Summer, Winter, Autumne, Spring,
Their inclined Axes bring.
Never slack they; none respires,
Dancing round their Centrall fires.
In due order as they move
Echo's sweet be gently drove
Thorough Heavens vast Hollownesse,
Which unto all corners presse:
Musick that the heart of *Jove*
Moves to joy and sportfull love;
Fills the listning saylers eares
Riding on the wandring Sphears.
Neither Speech nor Language is
Where their voice is not transmisse.
God is good, is Wise, is Strong,
Witnesse all the creature-throng,
Is confess'd by every Tongue.
All things back from whence they sprong,
As the thankfull Rivers pay
What they borrowed of the Sea.
Now my self I do resigne,
Take me whole I all am thine.
Save me, God! from Self-desire,
Deaths pit, dark Hells raging fire,
Envy, Hatred, Vengeance, Ire.
Let not Lust my soul bemire.
Quit from these thy praise I'll sing,
Loudly sweep the trembling string.
Bear a part, O Wisdomes sonnes!
Free'd from vain Religions.

Lo!

Lo! from farre I you salute,
Sweetly warbling on my Lute.
Indie, *Egypt*, *Arabie*,
Asia, *Greece*, and *Tartarie*,
Carmel-tracts, and *Lebanon*
With the *Mountains* of the *Moon*,
From whence muddie *Nile* doth runne
Or where ever else you wonne;
Breathing in one vitall air,
One we are though distant farre.
Rise at once let's sacrifice
Odours sweet perfume the skies.
See how Heavenly lightning fires
Hearts inflam'd with high aspires!
All the substance of our souls
Up in clouds of Incense rolls.
Leave we nothing to our selves
Save a voice, what need we els!
Or an hand to wear and tire
On the thankfull Lute or Lyre.
Sing aloud His praise rehearse
Who hath made the Universe.

Charitie and Humilitie.

FArre have I clambred in my mind
But nought so great as love I find:
Deep-searching wit, mount-moving might
Are nought compar'd to that good spright.
Life of delight and soul of blisse!
Sure source of lasting happinesse!
Higher then Heaven! lower then hell!
What is thy tent? where maist thou dwell?
My mansion hight humilitie,
Heavens vastest capabilitie.
The further it doth downward tend
The higher up it doth ascend;
If it go down to utmost nought
It shall return with that it sought.
Lord stretch thy tent in my strait breast,
Enlarge it downward, that sure rest

May there be pight; for that pure fire
Wherewith thou wonteſt to inſpire
All ſelf-dead ſouls. My life is gone,
Sad ſolitude 's my irkſome wonne.
Cut off from men and all this world
In Lethes loneſome ditch I'm hurld.
Nor might nor ſight doth ought me move,
Nor do I care to be above.
O feeble rayes of mentall light!
That beſt be ſeen in this dark night,
What are you? what is any ſtrength
If it be not laid in one length
With pride or love? I nought deſire
But a new life or quite t' expire.
Could I demoliſh with mine eye
Strong towers, ſtop the fleet ſtars in skie,
Bring down to earth the pale-fac'd Moon,
Or turn black midnight to bright Noon:
Though all things were put in my hand,
As parch'd as dry as th' Libyan ſand
Would be my life if Charity
Were wanting But Humility
Is more then my poore ſoul durſt crave
That lies intombd in lowly grave.
But if 't were lawfull up to ſend
My voice to Heaven, this ſhould it rend.
Lord thruſt me deeper into duſt
That thou maiſt raiſe me with the juſt.

THE

THE TRIUMPH,

OR

A Paraphraſe upon the ninth Hymn of *Syneſius*, written in honour of Jeſus, the Son of *Mary*, the SAVIOUR of the World.

O Lovely Child, with Glory great arraid!
Sweet Of-ſpring of the *Solymeian* Maid!
Thee would I ſing, and thy renowned Acts:
For thou didſt rid the boundleſſe flowry tracts
Of thy dear Fathers Garden from the ſpoyles
Of the falſe Serpent, and his treacherous toyles!
When thou hadſt once deſcended to this earth
A ſtranger wight 'mongſt us of humane birth;
After ſome ſtay new voyage thou didſt take
Croſſing cold *Lethe* and the *Stygian* Lake,
Arriv'ſt at the low fields of *Tartara*
There where innumerable flocks do ſtray
Of captive ſouls, whom pale-fac'd Death doth feed
Forc'd under his ſtiff Rod, and churliſh Reed.
Streight at thy ſight how did that ſurly Sire
Old *Orcus* quake, and greedy Dogg retire
From's uſuall watch! whiles thou from ſlaviſh chain
Whole ſwarms of ſouls, to freedome doſt regain.
Then 'ginſt thou with thy immortall Quire to praiſe
Thy Father, and his ſtrength to Heaven to raiſe.
Aſcending thus with joy, as thou doſt fare
Through the thin Sky, the Legions of the Aire
Accurſed Fiends, do tremble at thy ſight,
And ſtarry Troops wax pale at thy pure light.
But *Aether* maſter of queint Harmonies
With ſmiling look on's Muſick doth deviſe,
Tunes his ſeven-corded Harp, more trimly ſtrung;
Then ſtrikes up loudly thy Triumphall ſong.
Lucifer laughs bright Nuncio of the Day,
And golden *Heſperus*, to hear him play.
The Moon begins a dance, great Queen of Night,
Her hollow horns fill'd up with fluſher light.

Titan his ſtreaming locks along doth ſtrow
Under thy ſacred feet more ſoft to go,
Doth homage to thee as to Gods dear Son,
And to the Spring whence his own light doth run.
Then thou, drad Victour! thy quick wings didſt ſhake
And ſuddenly aſcend'ſt above the back
Of the blew Skie. In th' Intellectuall ſphears
Diſpreadſt thy ſelf: Where the ſtill Fount appears
Of inexhauſted Good, and ſilent Heaven
Smiles without wrinckle, ever conſtant, even.
Unwearied Time this manſion connot ſeize
Nor *Hy'es* worm, importunate Diſeaſe.
Here *Æon* wons that cannot wexen old,
Though of his years the numbers no'te be told.
Youthfull and ag'd at once here doth he live,
And to the Gods, unmov'd duration give.

Απορία.

Οὐκ ἔγνων πόθεν εἰμὶ ὁ δύσμορος, ἢ δὲ τίς εἰμὶ,
Ὢ τῆς ἀφροσύνης, ἢ δὲ πρὶν ἤρχόμην.
Ἀλλ' ὀδυνῶμαι τε γόοις πολυγηράμπτοις ὀνύχεσσι
Ζώνην, ἔμοιγε δοκεῖ, παντοχόῃ ἐλκόμενος.
Ἴσα ἐγρηγόρσεις κ' ὀνείρατα. ὦ πάτερ, ὦ Ζεῦ,
Ὡς σμυδνὸν κ' ἡμεῖς ζώομεν ἐν νεφέλαις.
Ψεύδεα, φαντασίη, κενότης, τερετίσματ', ἀνάγκη.
Τἄλλα μὲν ἀγνώσας τὸν βίον οἶδα μόνον.

Εὐπορία.

Οὐρανόθεν γέγονα προθορὼν, θεῦ ἄμβροτος ἀκτίς,
Κ', ὦ τῆς εὐφροσύνης, πρὸς θεὸν εἶμι πάλιν.
Νῦν δ' ἔρως με πλέρυσιν θεόσυτος ἐξυπερείδει,
Ζῶ δ', ἐπ' ἀληθείᾳ, πάντοτε τερπόμενος.
Νὺξ ἀπέβη μοὶ ὅιαρ τε. Πάτερ θεοδερκέος αὐγῆς,
Ἀΐδιον κ' ἡμᾶς ἀμφικάλυψε φάος.
Πίστις κ' σοφίη θεότης, χαρὰ, εὐπάλαμος ἀλκὴ,
Ταῦτα ζωὴ, ἄδης τἄλλα κ' ὀδύνη.

FINIS.

Notes upon *Psychozoia*.

Canto 1. Stanz. 1.

Vers. 6. *Psyche I'll sing &c.*

THe fitteſt ſtation to take a right view of the *Song of the Soul*, is *Psyche*, or the ſoul of the Univerſe. For whatſoever is handled in *Psychozoia*, and the three other parts of this ſong hath a meet relation to *Psyche* as the ſubject of the whole Poem. For the whole Poem is ſpent either in her Parentage, Marriage, Clothing or Of-ſpring.

The three firſt are diſpatched in the firſt Canto of *Psychozoia*, the laſt in the two latter Cantoes and three following parts of the Poem. For in the ſecond Canto the manner of the production of Souls is ſet out till the 24 Stanza. Then all the reſidue of that and the whole Canto following in the deſcription of their habitation. But their habitation being the Land of life, that is, the ſeverall ſtates of the Soul in good and evill, for this cauſe chiefly, as alſo in part, for the deſcription in the firſt Canto of that life derived from *Ahad* and *Æon* to *Psyche*, and that which flows from her καθ' ὑπερολὴν to the loweſt skirts of the Univerſe, do I call this firſt part of the Song of the Soul, *Psychozoia*.

Vers. 7. *O life of time and all Alterity!*

For what is time but the perſeverance of the motion of the ſoul of the world, while ſhe by her reſtleſſe power

brings forth theſe things in ſucceſſion, that Eternity hath at once altogether. For ſuch is the nature of *Æon* or *Eternity, viz.* A life exhibiting all things at once, and in one. Διάσασις ἔν ζωῆς χρόνον ἔχει, but diſtance of life makes time, and the prorogation of life continueth time, the præterition of life is the præterition of time, but *Pſyche* is the fountain of this evolved life, whence ſhe is alſo the very life of time.

And all Alterity.

It may be thus ſhadowed out. The ſeed of a plant hath all the whole tree, branches, leaves, and fruit at once, in one point after a manner cloſed up, but potentially. Eternity hath all the world in an indiviſible indiſtant way at once, and that actually.

Pſyche or the Soul of the world, when ſhe begins this world, begets a groſſer kind of Alterity, and diſperſed diverſity ὥσπερ ἐκ σπέρματος ἡ σύχιος ἐξελίττων αὐτὴν λόγος. *&c.* as the ſeminall forme ſpreads out it ſelf, and the body it inacts into diſtant branches from the quiet and ſilent ſeed, making that actuall in time and ſucceſſion which could not be here below in bodies at once. See *Plotin Ennead.* 3. *lib.* 7. *cap.* 10. where the nature of time is more fully deſcribed.

Verſ. 8. *The life of lives.*

Viz. God himſelf.

Νόος εἶ νόος — Of minds thou art the Mind.
Ψυχᾶν Ψυχὰ — The Soul of ſouls.
Φύσις εἶ φυτίων — And Nature of each natures kind.

Syneſ. Hymn. 4.

Stanz. 5. Verſ. 9. *That ſame that Atove hight.*

The deepeſt Centre of all things, and firſt root of all beings; the Platoniſts call τ' ἀγαθὸν & τὸ ἕν, that is, the Good, and the One. See *Plot. Ennead.* 1. *lib.* 7. *cap.* 1. *Mercur. Triſmeg. Serm. Univerſ. ad Æſculap.* This is the

the simple and naked essence of God, utterly devoid of division and plurality, and therefore not to be known by reason or Intellect, but νόος ἄνθει, as the Oracle speaks, by the flower, or the summity of the Intellect.

Ἔστι δὲ δή τι νοητὸν ὃ χρὴ σε νοεῖν νόος ἄνθει,

that is, ἐνταίᾳ δυνάμει as *Mich. Psellus* expounds it, by the unitive power of the Intellect, or by a certain simple and tactuall Energie of the soul when it is rouſed into act.

For so is the expression of *Plotinus*, *Ennead.6. l.9. c.7.* ἀλλ' ἔστι πῶ δυναμένῳ θίγειν παρὸν, πῶ δ' ἀδυναλοῦντι οὐ πάρεστι For he is present to him that can touch him, but to him that cannot, he is not present: and in the 9. Cap. describing more lively the state of our union with *Atove*, or the eminent absolute Good, Καὶ τὸ ἐνταῦθα, *&c.* And there lyeth our happineſſe, saith he, and to be removed from hence, is but to partake leſſe of being. Here is the reſt of the soul, set out of the reach of all evils, ascended into a place devoid of all danger and mischief. Here she becomes intellectuall, Here she is impassible, Here she truly lives indeed. But this life that we live disjoyned from God is but a shadow, and umbratil imitation of that. But that ἐνέργεια μετὰ νόε, intellectuall energie, an energie that begets Gods ἐν ἡσύχῳ τῇ πρὸς ἐκεῖνο ἐπαφῇ in that still and silent tactuall conjunction with this Universall Good. It begets beauty, it begets righteousneſſe, it begets valour; for these doth the soul bring forth, being once impregned of God, and fil'd as it were with his sacred seed. And in the 10. Chap. describing further this Union, he saith, that God and the soul doth as it were κέντρον κέντρῳ συνάψαι, joyne centres, and centres do wholly swallow up one another, so that this union is even more then touch.

This tactuall conjunction of the soul with God surely in the Christian phraſe is no more then divine love, as S. *John* speaks. God is love, and he that is in love is in God,

God and God in him. And *Plotinus* doth plainly acknowledge it, when as he ſaith, Every ſoul is a Venus and hath her Cupid born with her, an heavenly Cupid with an heavenly Venus, till ſhe be defiled with earthly love, πάνδημος γενομένη καὶ οἷον ἑταιριδεῖσα, made common and as it were become an Harlot: but that the ſoul in the purity of her own nature, loves God and deſireth to be joyned with him, as a beautifull virgin to a beautifull man, ὥσπερ παρθένος καλὴ πρὸς καλὸν ἄνδρα, for ſo I think the text is to be read, and not παρθένος καλὴ πρὸς καλὸν ἔρωτα. See the whole ninth book of the ſixth *Ennead*. For the nature of *Atove* or *Ahad* and the manner of the conjunction of the ſoul with him is there exquiſitly ſet out.

STANZA. 6, 7. *Now can I not*, &c.

It being acknowledged both in the pureſt Philoſophy and in Chriſtianity, that the root of all things is goodneſſe it ſelf, the moſt genuine conſequence of this is, That his providence being meaſured by himſelf, goodneſſe it ſelf is the meaſure thereof: ſo that all Melancholick and diſmall dreams of idly affrighted men, may well vaniſh in the clearneſſe of this light and truth; as alſo the envious, malicious, and bloudy minded man may here conſider, how far he hath wandred from the will of God, and the root of his own being.

STANZA. 8. *This Ahad of himſelf the Æon fair*, &c.

This Æon is all things eſſentially and truly as *Ahad* or *Atove* above all things. It is the very intellectuall world, Eternall life, united ever with the father that brought him forth. The λόγος ἐνδιάθετος of God, his underſtanding, or explicit inward comprehenſion of all things *ab æterno*, infinite and every where, differing onely from his fountain in this, that he is one ſimple Unity, this one ever-actuall omniformity,

νοερᾶς ῥάπτρα τομαῖσιν.

as the Oracle speaks, being the very Essence or Idea of all things, at once, not successively or in part. See *Plotin. Ennead.* 3. *lib.* 7. where he doth acknowledge Æon and On all one: at the fourth Chapter.

STANZ. 9. *This is the ancient Eidos omniform*
Fount of all beauty, &c.

The description of Æon, which is the first form also or pulchritude, is largely set out: *Ennead.* 5. *lib.* 8. ὦ τῶ νοητῶ κάλλες, where the condition of that Eternall life is thus delineated. Καὶ γὰρ τὸ ῥεῖα ζῶειν ἐκεῖ, καὶ ἀμίθεα ἡ αὐτοῖς καὶ ἡδίτεφα καὶ τροφὸς, καὶ ὐσία καὶ τροπὴ καὶ ὁρῶσι τὰ πάντα, ἐν οἷς γίνεται θεώμενοι ἀλλ' οἷς ὐσία, καὶ ἑαυτοὺ ἐν ἄλλοις· διαφανῆ γὰρ πάντα καὶ σκολεινὸν ὐδὲ ἀντίτυπον ὐδέν. ἀλλὰ πᾶς παντὶ φανερὸς εἰς τὸ ἔσω καὶ πάντα· φῶς γὰρ φωτί. καὶ γὰρ ἔχει πᾶς πάντα ἐν ἑαυτῶ, καὶ αὖ πάλιν ἐν ἄλλω πάντα· ὅτι παντα χῦ πάντα, καὶ πᾶν, πᾶν, καὶ ἕκαστον πᾶν, καὶ ἄπειρος ἡ αἴγλη. ἕκαστον γὰρ αὐτῶν μέγα· ἐπεὶ καὶ τὸ μικρὸν μέγα. καὶ ἥλιος ἐκεῖ πάντα ἄστρα, καὶ ἕκαστον ἥλιος αὖ, καὶ πάντα. Ἐξέχει δ' ἐν ἑκάστω ἄλλο, ἐμφαίνει δὲ καὶ πάντα &c. that is, It is an easie life they live there, for truth is their mother, nurce, substance, and nourishment, and they see all things (not in which generation is but essence) and themselves in others. For all's pellucid, nothing dark or impervious, but every one to every one is perspicuous, and all to every one as light to light. For every one hath in him all things, and again sees all things in others. So that all things are every where, and all is all, and every thing all, and the splendour infinite. For every thing there is great, sith what is little must be also great: the *Sun* there is all the starres, and again every starre the *Sun*, and all things: but every thing is more eminently some one thing, and yet all things fairly shine in every thing, &c. See *Plotin. Ennead.* 5. *lib.* 8. cap. 4.

STANZ. 13. *Far otherwise it fares in Æons realms.*
This is in reference to *Narcissus* story Stanz. 12. that sets

out

out the hazard of loving earthly beauty, and of the deſire of conjunction with it: but there is no ſuch danger in *Æon* land, for the objects there are perfective and not deſtructive, better then the ſoul, not baſer: and chiefly *Abinoam* or *Ahad* which is as it were the Sun of that world, which *Æon* doth alwayes behold ſteddy and unmoved, and with him all they that arrive thither. *Æons* ſelf is alſo an unſpeakable plenitude of life, and it is an unexpreſſeable perfection of the mind to be joyned with him, ſo that there is plainly no danger or hurt to deſire earneſtly the enjoyment of theſe divine forms, though union with corporeall features may deface the ſoul.

STANZ, 14. *For Æon land which men Idea call*
Is nought but life, &c.

So *Plotin.* Ἡ τῆς νῦ καὶ ὄντος φύσις κόσμος ὄντως ἐστὶν ὁ ἀληθινὸς καὶ πρῶτος, ὑ διαφὰς ἀφ' ἑαυτῆς, οὐδὲ ἀσθενὴς τῷ μερισμῷ οὐδὲ ἐλλειπὴς, ἀλλὰ ἡ πᾶσα ζωὴ αὐτῆ καὶ πᾶς ἐς ἐν ἐνὶ ζῶσα καὶ νοῦς πάντα ὁμῦ. Καὶ τὸ μὲν παρέχεται ὅλον, καὶ πᾶν αὐτῷ φίλον, ὑ χωρισθὲν ἄλλο ἀπ' ἄλλε οὐδὲ ἕτερον μᾶλλον μᾶλλον μᾶσον καὶ τὸν ἄλλων ἀπεχθέστατον. Ὅθεν οὐδ' ἀδικεῖ ἄλλο, ἄλλο, οὐδ' ἂν ἦ ἐναντίον· πανταχῆ ὂν ὂν ἓν καὶ τέλειον ὁπουοῦν, ἕστηκέ τε καὶ ἀλλοίωσιν οὐκ ἔχει. that is,

The nature of *Intellect* and *On* is the true and firſt world, not diſtant from it ſelf, not weak by diviſion or diſperſion, nothing defective. But all of it is life, and all intellect living in one and at once underſtanding. A part exhibits the whole, and the whole is friendly to it ſelf, not ſeparated one part from another, nor become another alone; and eſtrang'd from others. Whence one part is not injurious to another nor contrary. Wherefore every where being one and perfect every where, it ſtands unmoved and admits no alteration. See *Ennead 3. lib. 2. cap. 1,*

STANZ. 15. *That Virgin wife of Æon Uranore.*

Uranore or *Pſyche* the wife *of Æon*, the daughter of *Ahad*. For indeed all things come from him, but καθ'

ὕστε-

ὑποστολὴν; First τὸ ἓν or *Ahad*, that is a simple unity: then *Æon*, that's ἓν πάντα an actuall unmoveable Omniformity: Lastly, ἓν καὶ πάντα, that's *Uranore*, or *Psyche*, viz. capable of that stable Omniformity, that Fulnesse of life even all things, and of him that is above all things: but it is not of her Essence to be all things actually and steddily. See *Plotin.* περὶ τῶν ἀρχικῶν ὑποστάσεων. *Ennead.* 5. *lib.* 1. *cap.* 8. But nothing can be more plain than what he hath written, *Ennead.* 5. *lib.* 6. *cap.* 4. where speaking of *Ahad*, *Æon*, and *Psyche* Καὶ ἔστιν εἰπεῖν (saith he) τὸ μὲν φωτὶ, τὸ δὲ ἐφεξῆς ἡλίῳ, τὸ δὲ τρίτον τῷ σελήνης ἄρτι κομιζομένῳ τὸ φῶς παρ' ἡλίου. ψυχὴ μὲν γὰρ ἐπακτὸν νοῦν ἔχει ἐπιχρωννῦσα αὐτὴν νοερὰν εἶναι. νοῦς δὲ ἐν αὐτῷ οἰκεῖον ἔχει, ὃ φῶς ὂν μόνον, ἀλλ' ὃ ἔστι περιφαινόμενον ἐν τῇ αὐτοῦ οὐσίᾳ. τὸ δὲ παρέχον τοῦτο τὸ φῶς οὐκ ἄλλο ὄν, φῶς ἐστὶν ἁπλοῦν, παρέχον τὴν δύναμιν ἐκείνῳ τοῦ εἶναι ὅ ἐστιν. that is, And we may resemble the first, viz. *Ahad*, to lux or light, the next to the Sunne; the third viz. *Psyche*, to the Moon, borrowing her light of the Sunne. For *Psyche* hath but an adventitious Intellect, which doth as it were colour her, made Intellectuall. But *Intellect* or *Æon*, hath in himself proper Intellectuall life, not being that light onely, but that which is in his essence illuminated by *Ahad*: but that which imparts this light, viz. *Ahad*, is light alone, and nothing else beside, exhibiting a power to him to be what he is.

STANZ. 4. 5. *Because the fire*
Vers *Of Æthers essence,*—&c.

That the Intellect in man is clothed with the soul, the soul with fire or spirit; and that through that instrument it governs and orders this grosse body, is the Opinion of *Trismeg.* in his Clavis; and the like instrument he ascribes to the Maker of the whole World Δημιουργὸς ἁπάντων τῶν οὐρανῶν τῷ πυρὶ πρὸς τὴν δημιουργίαν χρῆται. The Maker of the Heavens useth fire to his work. But I conceive indeed that the pure Heavens or Æther, which is from

from αἴθω to burn, is nothing else but attenuate fire שמ"ם, a subtill fiery liquor or liquid fire; as I have else where intimated.

Vers. 6.7. *And inward unseen golden hew doth dight,*
And life of Sense, &c.

I cannot better declare this matter then the Philosopher hath already, *Ennead.* 5. *lib.* 1. *cap.* 2.

Let any particular soul saith he, quietly by her self conceive the whole Universe devoid of life, form, and motion; let the Earth be still and stupid, the Sea, the Aire, and the Heaven: anon an universall soul flow into this torpent masse, inwardly infus'd, penetrating throughout, and illuminating all, as the beams of the Sunne doth some Cloud χρυσοειδῆ ὄψιν ποιοῦσα, making a golden show by their gilding light. Such is the entrance of *Psyche* into the body of the Vniverse, kindling and exciting the dead mist, the utmost projection of her own life into an Æthereall vivacity, and working in this, by her plasmaticall Spirits or Archei, all the whole world into order and shape, fitting this sacred Animal for perfect sense, establishing that in being, which before was next to nothing,

Vers. 8. *Æther's the vehicle of touch, smell, sight:*
Of taste, &c.

This is true in the Microcosme as well as in the Macrocosme above described, *viz.* that the more subtill, fiery and attenuate spirits in mans body, are the medium whereby the soul is joyned to and doth work in the body.

Stanz. 16. ——*May reach that vast profundity.*

Synesius also calleth it βυθὸν πατρῷον, the paternall depth *Hymn.* 2.

Stanz. 18. *Now rise my Muse,* &c.

From this Stanz. to the 33. is contained a description of the visible World.

Vers.

Vers. 2. *Th' outward vest.*

To make all this visible World the garment of *Psyche* is no forc'd or new fancy; sith the Sibyll hath apparrelled God therewith, *Sibyll. Orac. lib.* 1.

Εἰμὶ δ' ἐγὼ ὁ ἐὼν (σὺ δ' ἐνὶ φρεσὶ σῇσι νόησον)
Οὐρανὸν ἐνδίδυμαι, περιβέβλημαι δ' ἁλαοσαν.
Γαῖα δέ μοι σήριγμα ποδῶν περὶ σῶμα κέχυται,
Ἀὴρ δ' ἠδ' ἄστρων με χορὸς περιδίδρομε πάντη.

That is,

I am JEHOVAH, *well my words perpend,*
Clad with the frory Sea, all mantled over
With the blew Heavens, shod with the Earth I wend,
The Starres around me dance, th' Air doth me cover.

Moses also (if we will believe *Philo* the Jew) made *Aarons* garment a symboll of the visible World, and it agrees well with this of the Sibylls. For first upon the top, on his Mitre was the πέταλον JEHOVAH; The shoulder-pieces mought represent the Heavens; The two Precious-stones there, the two Hemispheres; The twelve names engraven, the twelve signes of the Zodiack; The blew Robe, the Air; τὰ ἀνθινὰ or the flowry work at the hemme of the garment, the earth; οἱ ῥοΐσκοι, the Pomegranets (with an allusion to ῥέω *fluo*) the water; οἱ κώδωνες the Bells, the harmony, that is, the mixture of earth and water for generation. But as for ἀνθινὰ there is nothing answereth to it in the Hebrew Text, and why should ῥοΐσκοι be Emblems of the water, and not rather of the whole Globe of the Earth and Water, it being a round fruit, and representing the seminall fullnesse of the Earth, by its scissure in the side, full of kernells or seeds? Peradventure had *Philo* been as well instructed in Pythagorisme, as in Platonisme, and had mist the Septuagints

ἀνδρὰ & βοτρυοι, he would hit of another harmony, then the mixture of Water and Earth doth make: I mean the noiſe of thoſe Balls mentioned STANZ. 30. And ſo the order of having every Bell joyned with a Pomegranet, would have ſignified the many and numerous Globes at the ſeverall depths of the World, with their concomitant ſounds in their motion, or at the leaſt proportionable velocities, and conſequently *Pythagoras* harmony would have been ratified from *Aarons* robe: but I hold not this Argument apodicticall. *Phil. de vita Moſis.*

Verſ. 7. *The many Plicatures.*

Every particular body is eſteemed but a knot or cloſe folding of that one intire Out-garment of *Pſyche.*

STANZ. 19. verſ. the 9. *The garment round.* &c.

It is too too probable the world is round if it be not infinite, the reaſons be obvious; but to conclude it finite or infinite is but gueſſe, mans imagination being unable to repreſent *Infinity* to Reaſon to judge on.

STANZ. 30. 31. *But yet one thing I ſaw,* &c. *At the low hem,* &c.

A glance at *Copernicus* opinion, as at theirs alſo that make the fixt ſtarres ſo many *Sunnes*, and all the Planets to be inhabited: for by their inhabitants they will be deemed the loweſt part of this viſible world, be it *Saturn, Mars, Jupiter*, or what Planet ſoever elſe diſcovered, or, as yet not diſcovered; wherefore according to this conceit, it is ſaid,

At the low hem of this large garment-gay.

That is, at the places that ſeem low, and theſe are all inhabited Planets ſuppoſing there be any inhabited.

STANZ. 33. 34. *Did tie them twain,* &c.

Æon and *Pſyche* here become one, not as though they were one and the ſame eſſence, but nearer after that kind of manner that the body and ſoul become one man. For

Æon

Æon is the Entelechia of *Psyche*, as I may say, but closer unite then any form or soul to any body, and never to be separate. Because the universall soul of the world finds all things in *Æon*, and knows also exactly inferiour things. For her animadversion is not fixed or determined to one, as mans soul is, but free, every where at once, above and below, so that she cannot possibly leave off this state, but is one, ever firmly united with *Æon*.

STANZ. 36. *To thee each knee*, &c.

A Christian mystery wrapt up in a Platonicall covering, the reduction of the world to conformity with the Eternall Intellect, and the soul of the world. For these move still, to this very day, to win men to be governed by them, and not by their own perverse and dark will. Or rather to speak in the Christian Idiom, the Sonne of God, and the Holy Ghost do thus stirre men up, and invite them to true and lively obedience to the eternall will of God, and to forsake their own selves, and their blind way, and to walk all in one everlasting way of light and saving health.

STANZ. 39. *Ahad these three in one*, &c.

Here we see *Ahad*, *Æon* and *Psyche* all one, which is to be understood not of Essence, but Person (as I may so speak) and that they move and act upon the creature, as one man.

STANZ. 41. *We Physis name.*

Physis is nothing else but the vegetable World, the Universall comprehension of Spermaticall life dispersed throughout. This seminall World is neither the very Intellect it self, though it be stored with all forms, nor any kind of pure soul, though depending of both, οἷον ἐκλαμψις ἐξ ἀμφοῖν νῶ, καὶ ψυχῆς, A kind of life eradiating and resulting both from Intellect and *Psyche*.

This enters and raiseth up into life and beauty, the

whole corporeall world, orders the loweſt projection of life, *viz.* the reall Cuſpis of the Cone infinitely multiplied, awaking that immenſe miſt of Atoms into ſeverall energies, into fiery, watery and earthly; and placing her Magick attractive points, ſucks hither and hither to every centre a due proportion, and rightly diſpoſed number of thoſe Cuſpidal particles, knedding them into Suns, Moons, Earths, &c. and then with a more curious artifice, the particular Archei frame out in every one ſuch inhabitants and ornaments, as the divine Underſtanding hath thought fit. For *Phyſis* (as I ſaid) is not the divine Underſtanding it ſelf, but is as if you ſhould conceive, an Artificers imagination ſeparate from the Artificer, and left alone to work by it ſelf without animadverſion. Hence *Phyſis* or Nature is ſometimes puzzeld and bungells in ill diſpoſed matter, becauſe its power is not abſolute and omnipotent. See *Plot. Ennead. 3. lib. 2.*

STANZ. 149. *In midſt of this fine web doth Haphe ſit.*

Every ſence to be a kind of touch, was the opinion of the ancient Philoſophers, as you may ſee in *Theophraſtus* περὶ αἰσθήσεως. Every ſenſe in *Pſyche* is plainly and perfectly Touch, or more then Touch rather, I mean, a nearer union. But this preſent Stanza reſpects more properly the nature of ſenſe in particular Animals (ſo farre had my pen ſtarted aſide) where Touch is the centre as it were from whence the ſoul diſcerns in the circumference all manner of Forms and Motions,

She is the centre from whence all the light
Diſpreads, and goodly glorious forms do flit
Hither and thither.

Thus: for there is firſt a tactuall conjunction as it were of the repreſentative rayes of every thing, with our ſenſorium before we know the things themſelves, which rayes

we

we really feeling, perceive those things at distance by this communication. For these rayes alwayes convey the distance or place, as well as the colour. Hence do we discern figure, *viz.* the ray of every Atom of the object representing the site of its Atom. For figure is nothing else but the order or disposition of those Atoms. Thus have we all figures, colours, and shapes in a whole Horison conveighed to our sight by a centrall Touch of those rayes of the objects round about us.

STANZ. 49. *But Haphes Mother hight all-spread community.*

As is plain in the communication of rayes. For I cannot think that union simply with this sensible world, of it self can make us know things at distance, though *Plotinus* seem inclinable to that Opinion. See *Psychathan, lib.* 3. *Cant.* 1.

STANZ. 55. *All Sense doth in proportion consist.*

Somethings are so light that the weight is indiscernable to some, as the Flie that sat upon the Bulls horns and apologized for her self, as having wearied him, as it is in the *Arabian* fable, some smells too weak to strike the nostrills of others, and some objects too obscure to be seen of the eyes of othersome. But *Arachne* is proportioned to all whatsoever is any way sensible to any; because *Psyche* doth inact this All or Universe as a particular Soul doth the body.

Vers. 9. *All life of Sense is in great Haphe's list.*

It must needs be so. For no living soul is sensible of ought in this out-World, but by being joyned in a living manner to it. Therefore *Psyche* being joyned to it all, must needs perceive all forms and motions in it, that are presented to any particular soul. For these representations be made in some particular body, which is but a part of the whole, a knot as it were of *Psyches* outward stole, but

the universall body of the World, is one undivided peece, wherefore nor Owl, nor Bat, nor Cat, nor any thing elso can possibly see, but *Psyche* seeth *ipso facto*, for 'tis part of her body that hath those representations in it; wherefore man is transfixt through and through by the rayes of the divine Light, besides that more incomprehensible way of omniscience in God.

STANZ. 5. 6. *Sense and Consent*, &c.

As *Psyche* sees all naturall things, so she doth allow of them. For contrariety of Spirits is onely betwixt particulars, and uglinesse, and ill-favouredneſse are but such to some kinds, nor is poyson poyson to all, else would the Spider be her own death, and all venomous monsters would save man the labour of encounter.

STANZ. 57. *Rich Semele display,*

Till we come to *Psyches* self, motion and mutabilitie have place; But in *Æon* and *Ahad* is steddy and unalterable rest, τὸ ὡσάυτως ἔχοντα. And there hath *Psyche* the one eye plac'd as well as the other below, beholding all things, and that which is above all things, as also the shadows and projections of all things without distraction, at once, as easily as our eyes discern many colours at once in one thing.

STANZ. 59. *The mother of each Semele.*

How she is the mother of them, see the second Canto of this book at the 23. Stanz.

Vers. 3. *But she grasps all.*

The Mundane spirit (of which every body hath its part) inacted by *Psyche*, if any particular soul exert any imaginative act, needs must for a time at least be coloured as it were or stained with that impression; so that *Psyche* must needs perceive it, sith it affects her own spirit. See *Psychath. lib.* 3. *Cant.* 2. *Stanz.* 46. 47. Besides this, every particular soul as all things else depending so inti-

mately on *Psyche* as being effluxes from her, it is inconceivable that the least motions of the mind, or stilleſt thought ſhould eſcape her.

But if any man be puzled how the phantaſie of a mans ſoul ſhould make an impreſſion upon any part of the univerſall ſpirit of the world, and *Semele* ſhould not, let him conſider, that the imaginative operations of *Pſyche* are more high, more hovering and ſuſpenſe from immerſion into the groſſer ſpirits of this body, which is little or nothing conſcious of whats done ſo farre above, and ſo not receiving the impreſſe of ſo high acts, it ordinarily happens (even in the exaltation of our own phanſie) that memory fails. And beſides this, as the vigour of ſenſe debilitates or quite extinguiſheth the ordinary imaginations of the ſoul, ſo doth her ordinary imaginations, or ſenſe, or both, hinder the animadverſion of the impreſſes of *Semele*. But particular imaginations and the vigour of ſenſe weakened or extinct in ſleep, or near death, the energies of the ſoul of the world are then more perceptible, probably, even in the very ſpirit of our body, as well as in the naked ſoul: hence come prophetick dreams and true predictions before death.

But to go back to the apprehenſions of *Pſyche*. Every ſenſible object and every ſenſitive and imaginative act appear before her, and whatſoever is in her ſight, is alſo in the ſight of *Æon*. Becauſe the union betwixt *Æon* and *Pſyche* is much more near then between *Pſyche* and the Mundane ſpirit. And whatſoever is repreſented in *Æon* is alſo clearly in the view of *Ahad*; by reaſon of the unexpreſſeable cloſe unity of theſe two; ſo that *Ahad* knowes every individuall thing and motion, as clearly, nay more clearly then any mortall eye can view any one thing, let it look never ſo ſteddily on it.

Thus the thoughts of all mens minds and motions of

heart ariſe up into the ſight and preſence of the all-comprehending Divinity, as neceſſarily and naturally as reek or ſume of frankincenſe rouls up into the open air. For the ſpirit of the Lord fills all the world, and that which conteineth all things hath knowledge of the voyce, yea of the outward ſhape, geſtures, and thoughts too. *Wiſd.* 1,7.

Nor is *Eternity* changed or obſcured by the projection of theſe low ſhadows. For infinite animadverſion can diſcern all things unmixtly and undiſturbedly, not at all looſing it ſelf, though gaining nothing by the ſight of inferiour things. Nor can I aſſent to that paſſage in *Plotin* taken in one ſenſe, nor is it (I think) neceſſary to take it in that ſenſe, the words are theſe, Οτι δὲ ἡ πεπαύτη νεῦσις αὐτῆ πρὸς αὐτὸν, οἷον ἐνέργεια ἦσα αὐτῆ καὶ μονὴ ἐν αὐτῷ τὸ εἶναι ὃ ἔστι, πεισθῆ, μάρτυρεῖ ἐναντιοῦσθαι τοὐναντίον, ὅτι εἰ πρὸς τὸ ἔξω νεύσειεν αὐτῆ, ἀπολέσειε τὸ εἶναι ὅπερ ἔστιν. that is, But that ſuch a kind of inclining himſelf to himſelf, being as it were his energie and abode in himſelf, makes him to be what he is, the contrary ſuppoſed doth argue. For if he ſhould incline to that which is without him, he would loſe that being which he is. But this is to be conſidered, that God being infinitely infinite, without ſtooping or inclining, can produce all things, and view alwayes his work, keeping his own ſeat that is himſelf: for ſo ſaith the Philoſopher in another place, Καὶ ἔστι πρώτη ἐνέργεια ἐκείνη καὶ πρώτη οὐσία, ἐκείνη μένουσα ἐν ἑαυτῷ. that is, That *Intellect* or *On*, or the Intellectuall world is the firſt energie of God, is the firſt ſubſtance from him, he abiding in himſelf. See *Plotin. Ennead.* 6. *lib.* 8. *cap.* 16. alſo *Ennead.* 1. *lib.* 8. *c.* 2.

But now to take a ſhort view of what I have runne through in my notes on this Canto. *Abad*, *Æon*, *Pſyche*, the Platonick Triad, is rather the τὸ θεῖον then θεὸς, the Divinity rather then the Deity. For God is but one indiviſible unmovable ſelf-born Unity, and his firſt born creature

ture is Wiſdome, Intellect, Æon, *On*, or *Autocalon*, or in a word, the Intellectuall world, whoſe meaſure himſelf is, that is ſimple and perfect Goodneſſe. Τὸ δὲ ὃν αὐτάρκες, ἱκανὸν ἑαυτῷ, μηδενὸς δεόμενον, μέτρον πάντων καὶ πέρας, δοὺς ἐξ αὑτῆς νοῦν καὶ οὐσίαν καὶ ψυχήν. that is. For he is without need, ſelf-ſufficient, wanting nothing, the meaſure and term of all things, yielding out of himſelf Intellect or *On*, and *Pſyche*.

And ſpeaking of Intellect, Ἐνεργεῖ μόνῳ περὶ ἐκεῖνον, ὃς περὶ ἐκεῖνον ζῶν. That intellect is taken up about him, imployed in a kind of vitall operation about him, living in him.

But of *Pſyche* Ἡ δὲ ἔξωθεν περὶ τὸν χορεύουσα ψυχὴ, περὶ αὐτὸν βλέπουσα καὶ εἰσω αὐτῆς θεὸν διὰ τοῦ δι' αὐτῆς βλέπει. But *Pſyche* ſomething removed and without, danceth about the Intellect, buſily beholding it, and looking into it, ſeeth God through it. So that *Ahad* is the vitall perfection of Æon or *Intellect*, and Æon and *Ahad* the happineſſe of *Pſyche* and her vitall accompliſhment. *Ennead.* 1. *lib.* 8. And both Æon and *Pſyche*, and all things elſe are from *Ahad*, καθ' ὑστέρησιν, that is with abatement, and fartheſt off from the fountain the weaker and darker, as is more fully ſet forth in the next Canto. Stanz. 7, 8. *&c.*

And that the world is inacted by *Pſyche*, and ſo is (which *Triſmegiſt* and *Plato* are not nice to grant) one intire Animal, and that therefore nothing can ſcape the knowledge of that univerſall ſoul, no more then any ſenſation, imagination, or motion of man can be hid from the ſoul of man, if ſhe be at leaſure to obſerve it. That *Pſyche* is at leaſure being uncapable of diſtraction, as whoſe animadverſion is infinite, entirely omnipreſent, and every where at once.

And now I have taken the pains ſo accurately to deſcribe the Deity, me thinks, I have made my ſelf obnoxious

xious to almoſt a juſt cenſure of too much boldneſſe and curioſity.

But give me leave to anſwer, that I have not taken upon me ſo much to ſet out the abſolute nature of God, as thoſe Notions that *Plato's* School have framed of Him, Which I hold neither my ſelf nor any man elſe engaged to embrace for Oracles, though they were true, 'till ſuch time as they appear to him to be ſo. But how ever, I think all men are to interpret both *Plato* and all men elſe at the beſt, and rather mark what of undoubted truth they aime at, then quarrell and entangle themſelves in diſputes about the manner of expreſſing that which no man can reach unto. As for example, I had rather fill my mind with that unqueſtionable truth exhibited in their Triad, *viz.* that God is as fully Goodneſſe, Wiſedome, and powerfull Love, as if there were three ſuch diſtinct Hypoſtaſes in the Deity, and then that he is as ſurely one with himſelf as if there were but one onely Hypoſtaſis, then to perplex my mind with troubleſome queſtions of Three and One, and One and three, *&c.*

For the mind of man being ſo unable to conceive any thing of the naked being of God, thoſe more groſſe and figurate repreſentations of Him, ſo be they be ſutable to & expreſſive of His unqueſtionable Attributes, are not onely paſſable but convenient for created underſtandings, to lead them on in the contemplation of God in eaſie Love and Triumph. Whereas by endeavouring more Magiſterially and determinately to comprehend and conclude that which is ſo unconcludible and incomprehenſible to the underſtanding of man, we work our ſelves into anxietie and ſubtile diſtemper and dry up the more precious outflowings of the Divinity in our ſouls, by this helliſh thirſt and importunate deſire of dealing with the very naked eſſence of God. But let every modeſt Philoſopher

but

but read that Inscription in *Isis* Temple, a notable monument of the great wisedome of the Ancients: Ἐγώ εἰμι πᾶν τὸ γεγονὸς, καὶ ὂν καὶ ἐσόμενον, καὶ τὸν ἐμὸν πέπλον οὐδεὶς πω θνητὸς ἀπεκάλυψεν, and then pronounce whether there be not roome enough in the Deity for every man to speak diversely one from another, in the representation thereof, and yet no man nor all men together to set out accurately and adequately the nature of God.

Notes upon *Psychozoia.*

Canto 2.

Stanz. 6. *Its he that made us.*

YEt not excluding *Ahad.* See what's written upon the 23. Stanza of this Canto.

Stanz. 9. *The last extreme, the fardest of from light*

Plotinus Ennead. 4. lib. 3. cap. 9. describes the production of the corporeall world after this manner, *Psyche* cannot issue out into any externall vivificative act, unlesse you suppose a body, for thats her place properly, and naturally. Wherefore if she will have place for any vitall act, she must produce her self a body. So she keeping steddily her own station, οἷον πολὺ φῶς ἐκλάμψαν ἐπ' ἄκροις τοῖς ἐσχάτοις τοῦ πυρὸς, σκότος ἐγένετο, or rather, ἐγείνατο, like a plentifull flame shining out in the extreme margins of the fire begot a fuliginous darkneſse; which she seeing streightway actuated with life and form, γενόμενον οἷον δικέστις καλὸς καὶ ποικίλον ἐκ ἀπιμιᾶς τοῦ πατρικοῦ, so that darkneſse becoming a variously adorned ædifice is not dis-

joyned from its builder, but dependeth thence as being the genuine and true energie of the ſoul of the World. This I conceive is the ſenſe of the Philoſopher, whoſe conceit I have improved and made uſe of, as here in this Canto for many Stanzas together, ſo alſo elſe where in *Pſychathanaſia*.

Verſ. 2. Hyles *cell.*

What I underſtand by *Hyle*, ſee the Interp. *Gen.* It's lower then this ſhadow that *Plotinus* ſpeaketh of, and which maketh the body of the World. For I conceive the body of the World to be nothing elſe but the reall Cuſpis of the Cone even infinitely multiplied and reiterated. *Hyle* to be nothing elſe but potentiality: that to be an actuall Centrality, though as low as next to nothing. But what inconvenience is in *Taſis*, or the corporeall ſenſible nature, to ſpring from *Hyle*, or the ſcant capacity, or incompoſſibility of the creature.

STANZ. 10. *Dependance of this All hence doth appear.* (to the 17. *Stanz.*

The production of the World being by way of energy, or emanation, hath drawn ſtrange expreſſions from ſome of the Ancients, as *Triſmeg. cap.* 11. *Mens ad Mercur.* Αὐτουργὸς γὰρ ὢν, ἀεί ἐστιν ἐν τῷ ἔργῳ, αὐτὸς ὢν ὃ ποιεῖ. that is, For God being the ſole Artificer, is alwayes in his work, being indeed that which he maketh. According to this tenour is that alſo in *Orpheus*.

Ζεὺς πρῶτος γένετο, Ζεὺς ὕστατος, ἀρχικέραυνος,
Ζεὺς κεφαλή, Ζεὺς μέσα, Διὸς δ' ἐκ πάντα τέτυκται,
Ζεὺς πυθμὴν γαίης τε καὶ ἀστερόεντος.
Ζεὺς ἄρσην γένετο, Ζεὺς ἄμβροτος ἔπλετο νύμφη.
Ζεὺς πνοιὴ πάντων, Ζεὺς ἀκαμάτου πυρὸς ὁρμή.
Ζεὺς πόντου ῥίζα, Ζεὺς ἥλιος ἠδὲ σελήνη.
Ζεὺς βασιλεύς, Ζεὺς ἀρχὸς ἁπάντων ἀρχικέραυνος.
Πάντας γὰρ κούφας, αὖθις φάος εἰς πολυγηθὲς
Ἐξ ἱερῆς κραδίης ἀνενείκατο, μίρμηκα ῥίζων.

That

That is,

Jov's first, Jov's last, drad Thunderer on high,
Jov's head, Jov's navell. Out of Jove all's made.
Jov's the depth of the Earth, and starry Skie.
Jove is a man, Jov's an immortall Maide.
Jove is the breath of all, Jove's restlesse fire,
Jov's the Seas root, Jove is both Sun and Moon,
Jov's King, Jov's Prince of all and awfull Sire:
For having all hid in himself, anon
He from his sacred heart them out doth bring
To chearfull light, working each wondrous thing.

Aristot. De Mundo. cap. 7.

And this Hyperbolicall expression of the close dependance that all things have on God, is not mis-beseeming Poetry. But *Trismeg.* is as punctuall in this excesse as the Poet, *Ad Tat. cap.* 5. Διὰ τί ὦ ὑμνήτω σε; ὡς ἐμαυτῷ ὤν; ὡς ἔχων τι ἴδιον; ὡς ἄλλῳ ὤν; σὺ γὰρ εἶ ὃ ἐὰν ὦ, σὺ εἶ ὃ ἐὰν λέγω, σὺ γὰρ πάντα εἶ, τὸ ἄλλο κἀκεῖνο ὄζιν ὃ σὺ μὴ ὄζι. σὺ εἶ πᾶν τὸ γενόμενον, σὺ τὸ μὴ γενόμενον, νοῦς μὲν νοήμασι, πατὴρ δὲ δημιουργῶν, θεὸς δὲ ἐνεργῶν, ἀγαθὸς δὲ καὶ πάντα ποιῶν· ὕλης μὲν γὰρ τὸ λεπτομερέστατον ἀὴρ, ἀέρος δὲ ψυχὴ, ψυχῆς δὲ νοῦς, νοῦ δὲ ὁ θεός.

Hence is the strange opinion of God being all, and that there is nothing but God. But it is not at all strange that all things are the mere energie of God, and do as purely depend on him, as the Sun-beams of the Sunne. So that so farre forth as we may say the body, *lux & lumen* of the Sunne, all put together is the Sunne; so farre at least we may be bold to say that God is all things, and that there is nothing but God. And that all this may not seem to be said for nothing, the apprehension of what hath been writ on this 1. verse of the 10. Stanz. will also clear well the 6. 7. and 8. verses of the 15. Stanz. where the whole Universe is exhibited to the mind as one vitall Orb, whose centre is God himself, or *Ahad.*

Vers.

Vers. the 9. *In every Atom-ball.*

That is, *Ahad* and Æon are in every Cuspiall particle of the world.

STANZ. 12. *Why may't not*, &c.

By differentiall profundity is understood the different kinds of things descending καθ' ὑποστολὴν or abatement from the first cause of all things. But by latitude is understood the multitude of each kind in *Individuo*, which whether they be not infinite in spirituall beings where there is no ἀντιτυπία or justling for elbow-room I know not, unless you will say there will be then more infinites then one. But those are numbers, and not one. I but those numbers put together are equall to that One. But yet that One may be infinitely better then all: For who will not say that Space or Vacuum is infinitely worse, then any reall thing, and yet its extension is infinite, as *Lucretius* stoutly proves in his first Book, *De natura rerum.*

STANZ. 15. *Throughly possest of lifes community.*

That the World or Universe is indewed with life, though it be denied of some, who prove themselves men more by their risibility, then by their reason, yet very worthy and sober Philosophers have asserted it. As *M. Anton.* τῶν εἰς ἑαυτὸν, *lib.* 10. where he calls this Universe, τὸ τέλειον ζῶον, τὸ ἀγαθὸν τὸ δίκαιον, καὶ καλὸν. a compleat Animal, good, just, and beautifull. And *Trismeg. cap.* 12. *de Commun. Intellectu. ad Tat.* Ὁ δὴ σύμπας κόσμος ἔστω ὁ μέγας θεὸς καὶ τῶ μείζονος εἰκὼν, καὶ ὑπηρετῶν ἐκείνῳ καὶ συσσώζων τὴν τάξιν καὶ βέλησιν τοῦ παντὸς, πλήρωμά ἐστι τῆς ζωῆς, &c. This Universe a great Deity (which I conceive he speaks in reference to *Psyche*, upon whom such divine excellency is derived) and the image of a greater, united also to him, and keeping the will and ordinances of his Father, is one entire fullnesse of life. νεκρὸν γὰρ οὐδὲν ἦν ὅτε γέγονεν, ὅτε ἔστιν ὅτε ἔσται, ἐν τῷ κόσμῳ. For there neither was, nor is, nor shall

shall be any thing in the World devoid of life. And *Plotin. Ennead. 4. lib. 3. cap.* 10. shews how *Psyche* by her vitall power, full of form and vigour, shapes, and adorns, and actuates the World, οἷα γὰρ ἐν σπέρμασι λόγοι πλάττουσι καὶ μορφοῦσι τὰ ζῶα οἷον μικρὸς τινας κόσμους, as the seminall forms or Archei form and shape out particular Animals, as so many little Worlds.

Vers. 9. *And all the Vests be Seats*, &c. i.e. *Degrees.*

Stanz. 16. *That particular creature throng:*

In contradistinction to the Universall creature *Æon*, *Psyche*, *Physis*, *Tasis*, the centre as it were, and more firm essence of the particular creatures. For I must call these universall Orders of life, creatures too, as well as those, and onely one God, from whence is both the sensible and Intellectuall All, and every particular in them both, or from them both.

Stanz. 23. *Each life a severall ray is from that Sphere,*
Arachne, *Semel*, &c.

Not as if there were so many souls joyned together, and made one soul, but there is a participation of the virtue at least of all the life that is in the universall Orb of life, at the Creation of Mans soul, of which this place is meant, whence man may well be tearmed a Microcosme, or Compendium of the whole World.

Stanz. 24. *Great Psychany.*

The abode of the body is this Earth, but the habitation of the soul her own energy, which is exceeding vast, at least in some. Every man hath a proper World, or particular Horizon to himself, enlarged or contracted according to the capacity of his mind. But even Sence can reach the starres; what then can exalted phansie do, or boundlesse Intellect? But if starres be all inhabited, which Writers no way contemptible do assert, how vast their habi-

tation

tation is, is obvious to any phanſie. Beſide ſome inhabit God himſelf, who is unſpeakably infinite.

STANZ. 25. *Two mighty Kingdomes* &c.

Let *Pſychanie* be as big or little as it will, *Autæſtheſia*, and *Theoprepia* be the main parts of it, and exhauſt the whole. Let ſouls be in the body or out of the body, or where they will, if they be but alive, they are alive to God, or themſelves, and ſo are either *Theoprepians*, or *Autæſtheſians*.

Verſ. 4. *Autæſtheſie's divided into tway.*

Now they that are alive unto themſelves, are either wholly alive unto themſelves, or the life of God hath alſo taken hold upon them; they that are wholly alive to themſelves, their abode is named *Adamah*, which ſignifieth the corrupt naturall life, the old *Adam*, or *Beirah*, becauſe this *Adam* is but a brute, compared to that which *Plotinus* calleth the true Man, whoſe form, and ſhape, and life, is wiſdome, and righteouſneſſe: That which is above, ſaith he, ὁ ἄνθρωπος ὁ ἀληθὴς ἀγαθὸν, ἐκεῖνα ἢ τὸ λεοντῶδες καὶ τὸ ποικίλον ὅλως θηρίον. but that low life in the body is but a Leonine, or rather a mixture of all brutiſh lives together, and is the ſeat or ſink of wickedneſſe. Ἡ γὰρ κακία, συμφυτος τοῖς θηρίοις, as *Triſmegiſt.* ſpeaks. For vice is congenit or connaturall to beaſts. See *Plotin. Ennead.* 1. *cap.* 1. whence it is manifeſt why we call one thing by theſe two names of *Adamah*, and *Beirah*.

The other part of *Autæſtheſia* is *Dizoia*, their condition is as this preſent Stanza declares, mungrill, betwixt Man and Beaſt. Light and Darkneſſe, God and the Devill, *Jacob* and *Eſau* ſtruggle in them.

STANZ. 26. *Great* Michael *ruleth*, &c.

Theoprepia, is a condition of the ſoul, whereby ſhe doth that which would become God himſelf to do in the like caſes, whether in the body, or out of the body. *Michael* ruleth

ruleth here, that is, the Image or likeneſſe of God, the true Man, the Lord from Heaven. For the true man indeed, *viz.* the ſecond *Adam*, is nothing elſe but the Image of the God of Heaven. This is He of whom the ſoul will ſay when He cometh to abide in her, and when He is known of her מי כאל who is like unto God, for either beautie, or power? who ſo comely or ſtrong as He?

Verſ. 5. *His name is* Dæmon.

Dæmon the Prince of *Autæſtheſie*, i. e. of ſelf-ſenſednesſe, it is the very image of the Devil, or the Devil himſelf, or worſe if ought can be worſe; it is a life dictating ſelf-ſeeking, and bottoming a mans ſelf upon himſelf, a will divided from the will of God, and centred in its ſelf.

Verſ. 7. *From his dividing force*, &c.

All diviſions both betwixt God and Man, and Man and Man, are from this ſelf-ſeeking life.

Stanz. 28. Autophilus *the one ycleeped is.*

Autophilus, is the ſouls more ſubtill and cloſe embracements of her ſelf in ſpirituall arrogancy, as *Philoſomatus*, the love of her body; wherefore the one ruleth moſt in *Dizoia*, the other in *Beirah.*

Verſ. 8. *Born of the ſlime of* Autæſtheſia.

Dæmon, that is, the authour of diviſion of man from God, born of ſelf-ſenſednesſe. See *Plotin. Ennead.* 5. *lib.* 1. *cap.* 1. where he ſaith, the firſt cauſe of evil to the ſoul was, τὸ βεληθῆναι ἑαυτῶν εἶναι, that they would be their own or of themſelves. So delighted with this liberty, they were more and more eſtranged, till at laſt like children taken away young from their parents, they in proceſſe of time grew ignorant both of themſelves and of their parents.

Sanz. 29. *Dueſſa firſt invented Magick lore.*

Dueſſa is the naturall life of the body, or the naturall ſpirit, that, whereby we are lyable to Magick aſſaults, which are but the ſympathies and antipathies of nature,

ſuch as are in the ſpirit of the world, Ἡ γὰρ ἀληθινὴ μαγικὴ ἢ ἐν τῷ παντὶ φιλία καὶ νεῖκος αὐτὸ, καὶ ὁ γὰρ κόσμος πρῶτος καὶ ὁ σοφιστὴς ἐκεῖνός ἐστι. The true Magick (ſaith he) is nothing elſe but the concord and diſcord in the Univerſe, and he, *viz.* the the world is the firſt Magician and Enchanter, others do but learn of him by imitation: wherefore they that are eſtabliſhed in a principle above the world, and are ſtrong in God, which are the true and perfect Iſrael, are exempt from the danger of this Enchantment. οὐδὲν γὰρ οὐδὲν δύναται κακὸν δαιμόνων ἔτι θεῶν πρὸς μίαν ἀκτῖνα τοῦ θεοῦ. For neither Aſtrall ſpirit nor Angel can prevail againſt one ray of the Deity; as *Æſculapius* writes to King *Ammon*. *Plotinus* ſoul was come to that high and noble temper, that he did not onely keep off Magicall aſſaults from himſelf, but retorted them upon his enemy *Olympius*, which *Olympius* himſelf, who practiſed againſt him, did confeſſe to be from the exalted power of his ſoul, *Porphyr. de Vita Plot.*

STANZ. 30. *Ten times ten times ten.*

The number of ten among the ancients called παντέλεια, is an emblem of perfection: for it comprehends all numbers,, ſith we are fain to come back again to one, two, &c. when we are paſt it. So that ten may go for perfection of parts in the holy life: but the raiſing of it into a cube by multiplication, perfection of degrees in a ſolid, and unſhaken manner.

STANZ. 33, *Amoritiſh ground.*

Ἀμορραῖοι *Philo* interprets λαλοῦντες and it is indeed from אמר *dixit*, the Land of talkers.

STANZ. 34. *Pſittacuſa land, id eſt*, the land of talkers or Parots. See *Don Pſittaco, Intepret. Gen.*

Stanza 131 STANZ. 166. *Ther's no Society*, &c.

This Stanza briefly ſets out the *Beironites* condition as concerning their Society and friendſhip, the bond whereof and exerciſe, is either feaſting and tippling; or a complacency

placency in the well-favouredneſſe of this mortall body, or ſome aſtrall concordance or hidden harmony of ſpirits, which alſo often knits in wedlock thoſe that are farre enough from beauty.

Verſ. 2. *But beaſtlike grazing*, &c.

Ariſtotle defines very well and like a Philoſopher the genuine ſociety that ſhould be among men, *viz.* in the communication of reaſon and diſcourſe. ἔστω δὲ ἀν δόξειεν τὸ συζῆν λέγεσθαι ἐπὶ τῶν ἀνθρώπων, καὶ οὐκ ὥσπερ ἐπὶ τῶν βοσκημάτων τὸ ἐν τῷ αὐτῷ νέμεσθαι. For that in men is right ſociety, and not as in beaſts, to graze in the ſame paſture. *Moral. Nicom. lib. 9. cap. 8.*

How unlike to theſe *Beironites* was the divine communialty of *Pythagoras* followers (as *Iamblicus* deſcribes it, *de vita Pythag. lib. 1. cap. 33.*) not onely ſupplying friendly one another in the neceſſities of life, but mutually cheriſhing in one another the divine life of the ſoul, and maintaining an inviolable concord in the beſt things: Παρήγγελον γὰρ θᾶμα ἀλλήλους μὴ διασπᾶν τὸν ἐν ἑαυτοῖς θεόν. Οὐκοῦν εἰς θεοκρασίαν πινὰ, καὶ τινὰ πρὸς θεὸν ἕνωσιν καὶ τὴν τοῦ νοῦ κοινωνίαν καὶ τινὰ τῆς θείας ψυχῆς, ἀπέβλεπεν αὐτοῖς ἡ πᾶσα τῆς φιλίας σπουδὴ ἔν τε ἔργοις καὶ λόγοις. For they often admoniſhed one another not to diſſipate the Deity in them: Wherefore their friendſhip wholly in words and works ſeemed to aim at a kind of commixtion and union with God, and communion with the divine Intellect and Soul.

Stanz. 136. *The ſwelling hatefull toad.*

This Stanza ſets out the nature of each *Beironite* ſingly conſidered by himſelf, which is referable to ſome bird or beaſt, who are ſometime lightly ſhadowed out even in their very countenances.

Stanz. 137. *None in Beiron virtuouſly do live.*

True virtue I make account is founded in true knowledge of God, in obedience and ſelf-deniall, without

which, thoſe ſeeming virtuous diſpoſitions, are but mock-virtues, no other then are found in ſome meaſure among the brutes.

Verſ. 9. *If ontward form you pierce,*

For as *Cicero* from *Plato*, ſaith, *Mens cujuſque is eſt quiſque*, The ſoul is the man, not the outward ſhape. If ſhe live therefore but the life of a Brute, if her vitall operation, her vigorous will, and compiacency be that which a Beaſt likes, I cannot ſee that ſhe is any more then a living Brute, or a dead Man, or a Beaſt clad in mans cloths. See the 48. Stanza of this Canto.

Stanz. 138, 139. From the 34. Stanz. to the 138. are the Religion, Polity, Freindſhip, or familiar Society and ſingle natures of the *Beironites* ſet out. Here now begins the diſcovery of the way of eſcape from this bruitiſh condition, which is by obedience. Now obedience conſiſts in theſe two, Self-deniall *Autaparnes*, and Patience *Hypomone*. Obedience diſcovers to us the doore of paſſage out of this pure brutality, *viz.* Humility. For it is ſelf-conceit and high preſumption that we are all well, and wiſe already, that keeps us in this baſe condition.

Stanz. 144. *The young mans ſpeech caus'd ſad perplexity*, &c.

That a man in *confuſo*, or in generall, is more eaſily drawn to entertain obedience, but when it is more punctually diſcovered to him in ſelf-denyall and patience, it is nothing ſo welcome.

Stanz. 146. For underſtanding of this Stanza, ſee *Autaparnes* in the *Interpr. Gen.* as alſo in the 64, 65, 66, 67. Stanz. of the third Canto of this book.

Stanz. 147. *Into Atuvus life doth melt.*

Ice, ſo long as it is, is a thing diſtinct, ſuppoſe, from the Ocean, but once melt by the warmth of the Sunne it becomes one with the reſt of the ſea, ſo that no man can ſay,

at

at least, not perceive it is different from the sea. This state of union with God *Plotinus* (as all things else) describes excellently well. Τότε μὲν οὖν οὔτε ὁρᾷ οὔτε διακρίνει ὁρῶν οὔτε φαντάζεται δύο, ἀλλ' ἕτερος γενόμενος καὶ οὐκ αὐτὸς, οὐδ' ἑαυτῷ συμβαλεῖ ἐκεῖ, καὶ ἐκεῖνος γενόμενος, ἓν ἐστιν, ὥσπερ κέντρον κέντρῳ συνάψας, Wherefore then the mind neither sees, nor seeing discerns, nor phansies too, but as it were become another, not her self nor her own, is there, and becoming His is one with Him, as it were joyning centre with centre. *Ennead. 6. lib. 9. cap.* 10. And that this may not seem a *Chimæra*, I will annex what the noble Philosopher writes of his own experience, *Ennead. 4. lib. 8. cap.* 1. Πολλάκις ἐγενόμην εἰς ἐμαυτὸν ἐκ τοῦ σώματος καὶ γενόμενος πρὸ πάντων ἔξω, ἐμαυτῷ ἐγενόμην ἕδρα, θαυμαστὸν κάλλος ὁρῶν κάλλος, &c. I often awaking out of the body into my self, and being without all things but within my self, do then behold an admirable beauty, and become confident of my better condition, having then so excellent a life, and being made one with the Deity: in which I being placed do set my self above all other Intellectuall beings. But after this my station and rest in God, descending out of Intellect into reason, I am perplext to think both how I now descend, and how at first my soul entred this body, she being such as she appeared to be by her self, although being in the body. Such an union as this that *Plotinus* professeth himself to have been acquainted with, though it be the thing chiefly aimed at in this Stanza, yet I do not confine my *Theoprepia* to it; nor think I the soul of man disjoyned from God, that is not in that sort united to him. But if a man have lost his self-will, and self-love, being wholly dead to himself, and alive to God, though that life exert it self in successive acts, if a man I say, be but affected as God himself, if he were in the flesh would be affected, he is also truly and really in *Theoprepia*.

Cant. 3.

STANZA. 1. *Shafts which Uriel,* verſ. 5. & verſ. 7.
No other help we had for Gabriel.

URiel, אוריאל *ignis Dei, Angelus Meridionalis,* He that rules in the power of the Meridian Sunne. *Quatuor Angeli præſidentes cardinibus Cœli, Michael, Raphael, Gabriel, Urieb.* For *Gabriel* in this place bears onely a naturall notion, elſewhere it is the ſtrength of the Lord revealed in the ſoul. But as for thoſe terms it was rather chance then choice that caſt me upon them; being nothing ſolicitous whether there be any ſuch Preſidents or no. I conceive they be ſome old Rabbinicall inventions or traditions, by the groſſe miſtake in them.

For when as they aſſign to *Michael* the Eaſt, and the Weſt to *Raphael*, they ſeem never to have dreamed of any Eaſt or Weſt but what belonged to their own Horizon, when as, where ever Eaſt is, Weſt is alſo to ſome Inhabitants, ſo that both theſe Angels will have the ſame province, *Cornel. Agrip. de Occult. Philoſ. lib. 2. cap. 7.*

STANZ. 3, 4, 5.

The firſt eſtate of man, when he begins to make conſcience of the law of God, which I call *Diana*, which is the Moon, as not affording life and vigour though ſome ſmall light. Small I deem it in compariſon of the day-ſtarre, the Sunne of righteouſneſſe himſelf. This eſtate is ſet out in theſe 4. Stanzas.

STANZA. 6, 7, 8, 9.

The penitent, perplext, and paſſionate eſtate of one that hath the true ſight and ſenſe of his ſinne, and corruption, but is not rid of them.

STANZ. 10, *Me thought the Sunne it ſelf,* &c.

The condition of him whoſe ſpirits indeed are unpurged

purged, though the fire hath got hold on them, and burns, and glows, as in fowl rubbiſh. This eſtate is ſet out by the appearance of the ſunne from *Ida* hill, the deſcription whereof follows in the next Stanz.

STANZ. 11. *But Phœbus form*, &c.

A ſad image of bitter zeal and præcipitant wrath againſt all thoſe that are not in the ſame ſad condition with our ſelves, that is, that are either better or worſe in life, and different in opinion.

Verſ. 8. *Small things they will prize*, &c.

Such men ſcarce got into the ſpirit of Elias; yet eſteem their temper above the meekneſſe of Chriſts own ſpirit, becauſe they never yet had experience of it.

STANZ. 18. *All ſects beſides his own doth execrate.*

This was the diſeaſe of the Gnoſticks in *Plotinus* time, who contemned all beſide their own ſect, to whom the incomparable Philoſopher, gravely and more like a Chriſtian, then thoſe that call themſelves by that name, writes to this ſenſe, That if they were ſo much better then all the world, they ought to be ſo much the more mild and modeſt, and not ſo full of ferocity and rudeneſſe, and to think that there may be room with God for others alſo. Τοῖς δ' ἄλλοις νομίζειν εἶναι χώραν παρὰ τῷ Θεῷ καὶ μὴ αὐτὰς μόνας μετ' ὀλίγων τάξαντας ὥσπερ ὀνείροις πίπτειν. And not in placing themſelves onely next to God, to ſore as it were in a dream, to flie in their ſleep.

STANZ. 35. *Whom with cruel ſpear.*

The difficulty here is how the eternall Sonne of God may ſuffer, he being everlaſting and immortall life it ſelf, and not contradict what was written, *Canto.* 1. *Stanz.* 9, 14, 35, 36, 37. For to the impaſſible eternall being is the inheritance of the world there promiſed, but here to that which is paſſible and mortall. I anſwer, that the eternal and immortall ſonne of God is to take poſſeſſion of the world,

by that which after a manner is mortall and extinguiſhable, which is the energie of himſelf, exerted upon the ſouls of men, or a kind of life diffuſed in mans heart and ſoul, whereby God doth inact us, and is our ἐντελέχεια, as the ſoul is the ἐντελέχεια of the body and governs aud guides it. And if *Æon* as he is the ſonne of *Ahad* or *Atove* (to ſpeak Platonically) that is, the ſimple and free good, or in brief as he is the ſonne of God, who is the ſimple good without all ſelf-neſſe or ſtraitneſſe, even pure and perfect Light it ſelf (for this *Æon* contains in him alſo the whole creature and is the eſſence or Idea of all things) I ſay if he as he is the ſonne of God be in us by his imparted life, he then takes poſſeſſion of the world, and God by him. But he hath not yet enquickened men generally with this Deiform life, but it hath lyen dead to them or they to it, that influx being rather ſuſpended then abſolutely deſtroyed, but as the ſoul to its body, or any part of her body that is numb and dead. But when that life ſhall flow into them, as the vitall rayes of the ſoul into this mortall body, He ſhall then as truly govern, rule, and poſſeſſe the world as any ſoul doth her body.

And that there is an eternall ſonne of God, immortall impaſſible, and not onely in the ſouls of men, but that fills the whole univerſe, the Evangeliſt I think will confirm. For he aſcribes the creation of all things to him, yea and calls him God, which makes me wonder that the Turks have ſo high an eſteem of this Goſpel of S. John, unleſſe they will interpret, Καὶ θεὸς ἦν ὁ λόγος according to the ſame tenour that Καὶ ὁ λόγος σὰρξ ἐγένετο is to be interpreted, neither place then ſignifying, unity or identity, but union onely and conjunction.

But to prove the thing in hand (John the 1. verſ. 10.) *He was in the world and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not.*

By

By world must be understood either the whole universe, or men inhabiting it, and they either the godly or the wicked.

If the Universe, he is then the eternall principle whereby God made the whole creation. If the godly onely (as he may be said in some more speciall manner to be their maker) how came they not to know him, when he was in them and alive in them; τὸ ὅμοιον γὰρ τῷ ὁμοίῳ γινώσκεται. If the wicked onely, he made them not wicked, so that if he made them at all, he made their naturall being, soul, and body, and if them why not all the world? whence a man may reasonably conclude, that the λόγος, that is the Word is eternall and immortall, and invulnerable. And if any Authority will now be worth looking after (S. *Johns* testimony being so plain) *Philo* the Jew speaks out to this purpose, Δῆλον ὅτι καὶ ἀρχέτυπος σφραγὶς, ἣν φαμὲν εἶναι κόσμον νοητὸν, αὐτὸς ἂν εἴη, τὸ ἀρχέτυπον παράδειγμα, ἰδέα τῶν ἰδεῶν, ὁ θεῖος λόγος. Περὶ Κοσμοπ. p. 3. It is manifest that the Archetypal seal, which we call the intellectuall world, is the very word of God, the Archetypall Paradigme, the Idea of Ideas, or Form of Forms. And in his περὶ γενεσέως He plainly ascribes the government of the Universe, Heavens, Starres, Earth, Elements, and all the creatures in them, to that which he tearms τὸν ὀρθὸν θεοῦ λόγον πρωτόγονον υἱόν. that is, the upright word of God, his first-born son. Which is pure Platonisme, and may for ought I know go for right Christianisme, so long as the first chapter of S. *John* for Gospel.

Vers. 2,3. *True crucified Son*
Of the true God.

For the life that is in him and should flow into us, is hindred in its vitall operation. But if any man make it a light matter that God himself or the Word himself is not hurt, let him consider that he that can find of his heart

to destroy the deleble image of God, would, if it lay in his power, destroy God himself, so that the crime is as high and as much to be lamented.

STANZ. 38. *Earth groveling Aptery*

From *Beirons* wall to *Pantheothen* dwell the *Apterites*, that is, such as have souls without wings, or ψυχὰς ἀπτερορύους, as the Platonick phrase is, souls that have their feathers moult off of them, and so are fain to flag among the dirty desires of the world, though sometime full of sorrow and vexation for their grosse vices, but yet in a kind of Hypocriticall humility, acknowledging that to be their destin'd condition, and that it is worse then that condition, to believe that a man by the help of God may get out of it.

STANZ. 44, 45, 46. *Hight Pteroessa*

The land betwixt *Pantheothen* and the valley of *Ain*, is *Pteroessa*, because the Inhabitants have wings whereby they raise themselves above the mire and dirt of the corrupt body. One of the wings is Faith in the power of God against the forces of the Prince of darkness. The other Love and desire of appearing before God. See the 8. verse of 45. Stanza and the 5, 6, 7. verses of the 46. Stanza.

STANZ. 47. *And Gabriel sware*, &c.

Gabriel is the strength of God, which will certainly assist them that walk in the precepts of God with simplicity of heart.

STANZ. 49. *But I observed well* &c.

And it is well worth our observation that the main danger of *Pteroessa* is the making too much haste, or a slubbering speed, promoving our selves into a greater liberty, or gaping after higher contemplations than we are fitted for, or we can reap profit from, or are rightly capable to conceive.

STANZ.

STANZ. 50. *And Antaparnes face.* &c.

See Interpr. Gen.

STANZ. 51. Vers. 9. *Back to retreat,* &c.

That is, to reassume that more punctuall and vigilant care over our wayes in thought, word, and deed, with a kind of austereneſſe of life, croſſing our own deſires many times even in things indifferent, and to reattempt a perfect mortification of the old man throughout, giving no unſeaſonable liberty to our deceitfull body. For is it not Hypocriſy or partiality to avoid that our ſelves, which we often impoſe upon our young children, whom we oft abridge of things, that are not hurtfull of themſelves, to break them off their ſtubborn wills. And believe it; a grown mans body is but a boy or brute, and muſt be kept under ſeverely by the laſh of reaſon and holy diſcipline.

STANZ. 57. *The Jaſper enemy to ſpirits won.*

This kind of ſtone the Caſpian ſea affords, as *Dionyſius Afer* writes, who aſcribes this virtue to it.

Φύει μὲν κρύσταλλον ἰδ' ἠερόεσσαν Ἴασπιν
Ἐχθρὴν ἐμπούσῃ τ' ἄμμιγας εἰδώλοισιν.

It ſends forth Cryſtall and the Jaſper green
Foe to Empuſa's and all ſpectres ſeen.

And this ſtone is none of the meaneſt jewels in the Platonick Diadem. Certainly the purging of our naturall ſpirits and raiſing our ſoul to her due hight of purity, weaning her from the love of this body, and too tender a ſympathy with the frail fleſh, begets that courage and Majeſty of mind in a man, that both inward and outward fiends will tremble at his preſence, and fly before him as darkneſſe at lights approch. For the ſoul hath then aſcended her fiery vehicle, and it is noon to her at midnight, be ſhe but awake into her ſelf.

STANZ. 59. *But love of man* &c.

Thoſe

Those virtues there recited are resulgently conspicuous in Platonisme, Pythagorisme, and Stoicisme. Where's then the defect? But I'll first set out their virtues. *Plotinus, Ennead. 1. lib. 2.* περὶ ἀρετῶν, raiseth virtue to her hight by these 4. degrees. The first are *Virtutes politicæ*, the second *Purgatoriæ*, the third *Animi jam purgati*, the fourth and last *Paradigmaticæ*.

Now for the better understanding of those degrees, we are to take notice of the first and second motions that be in us.

The first are such as surprise our body or living beast (as I may so call it) by some outward objects represented to sense and naturall imagination before reason hath consulted of them, or it may be phansie clearly apprehended them. Such are present frights and pleasant provocations.

The second consist in the pursuit or declining of these objects represented after the animadversion of our supernall phansie and consultation of reason. *Marsil. Ficin.* upon *Plotin.*

Now those virtues that do onely amputate, prune, and more handsomely proportionate these second motions in us, are called Politicall, because a common citizen, or vulgar man ordinarily exerciseth this degree of virtue, perhaps for his credit, profit, or safety-sake.

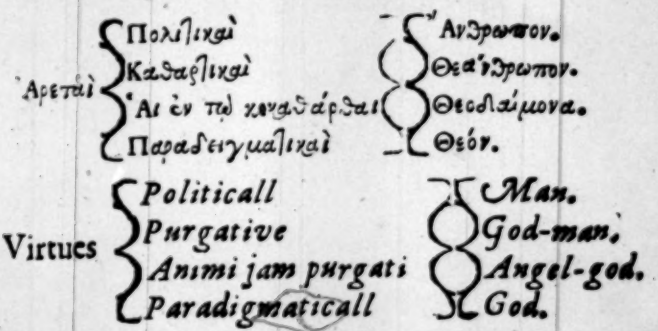
But those virtues that do not onely prune but quite pluck up those second enormous motions of the mind are called Purgative.

Thirdly those that do both extirpate the second irregular motions, and also tame the first in some good measure, are the virtues of the soul already purged.

Fourthly and lastly, those vertues that put away quite and extinguish the first motions, are Paradigmaticall, that is, virtues that make us answer to the Paradigme or Idea of virtues exactly, *viz.* the Intellect or God.

These

These foure degrees of virtues make so many degrees of men, if I may call them all men.



And this he doth plainly confesse, acknowledging that the motions, or passions of the mind are not sins, if guided, directed and subjected to reason, ἀλλ' ἡ ταυτὸν ἐκ ἔξω ἁμαρτίας εἶναι ἀλλὰ Θεὸν εἶναι. But our endeavour must be not onely to be without sin, but to become God, that is, impassible, immateriall, quit of all sympathy with the body, drawn up wholly into the intellect, and plainly devoid of all perturbation. And who would not be thus at ease? who would not crowd himself into this safe castle for his own security? I can not quite excuse the old man of self-love for that round elegancie Κρεῖττον ὁ τὸν παῖδα κακὸν εἶναι ἢ σὲ κακοδαίμονα. It doth not run so well in plain English. It is better thy sonne be wicked then thou miserable, that is, passionate. *Epictet. Enchirid. cap.* 16. Yet to speak the truth, Stoicisme, Platonisme, and Pythagorisme are gallant lights, and a noble spirit moves in those Philosophers vains, and so near Christianisme, if a man will look on them favourably, that one would think they are baptized already not onely with water, but the holy Ghost. But I not seeing humility and self-denyall and acknowledgement of their own unworthinesse of such things as they aimed at, nor mortification, not of the body (for that's sufficiently insisted upon) but of the more spiritual arrogative life

life of the soul, that subtill ascribing that to our selves that is Gods, for all is Gods; I say, I not seeing those things so frequently, and of purpose inculcated in their writings, thought, I might fitly make their Philosophy, or rather the life that it doth point at (for that's the subject of this Poem) a Type of that life which is very near to perfection, but as yet imperfect, having still a smack of arrogation, and self-seeking. But believe it, a man shall often meet with frequent Testimonies of their charity and universall love, of meekness and tranquillity of mind, of common care of men, of hearty forgiveness of offences. Temperance, Justice, and contempt of death, are obvious and triviall; also their Prayer to God, and belief that he helps, both in finding out of Truth, and improvement of Virtue. So that I reserve as the true and adequate Character of Christianisme, the most profound and spirituall humility, that any man can have experience of, and a perfect self-deadness, which is the begetter indeed of the former. For where selfeness is extinguished, all manner of arrogation must of necessity be extinct; and this is the passage through the valley of *Ain*. So that it must be acknowledged, that though there have been many brave and generous lights risen upon the Earth, yet none so plainly perfect, so purely amiable and lovely, as that sweet life of the Messias, to whom the possession of the World is promised.

STANZ: 59. Vers. 7, 8, 9.

True fortitude that trueſt foes doth aw,
Juſtice and abſtinence from ſweeteſt ill,
And wiſedome like the Sunne doth all with light oreſpill.

This ravishing beauty and love, is lively set out by *Plotinus, lib. 6. cap. 5. Ennead. 1.* Ἑαυτὸς γὰρ ἰδόντες τὸ ἔνδον καλὸν, τί πάσχετε; καὶ πῶς ἀναβακχεύεσθε καὶ ἀναπνεῖτε, καὶ ἑαυτοῖς σπου-

σωμεῖναι πόθεν τε συλλεξάμενοι ἀπὸ σωμάτων; πάσχει μὲν γὰρ ταῦτα οἱ ὄντως ἐρωτικοὶ, ὅταν ἢ ἐν ἀυτῇς ἴδωσιν ἢ ἐν ἄλλῳ δοκοῦντα μέγεθος ψυχῆς, καὶ ἦθος καλὸν, καὶ σωφροσύνην καθαρὰν, καὶ ἀνδρίαν βλοσυρὸν ἔχουσαν αἰσχυντηρὸν, καὶ σεμνότητα, καὶ ἀιδῶ ἐπιδεδυκυῖαν ἐν ἀτρεμεῖ καὶ ἀκυμόνι καὶ ἀπαθεῖ διαθέσει, ὑπὸ πᾶσι δὲ τούτοις τὴν θεοειδῆ νοῦν ἐπιλάμποντα. And when you behold your ſelves beautifull within, How are you affected? How are you moved and raviſhed? and gathering your ſelves from your bodies, deſire more nearly and cloſely to embrace your naked ſelves? For thus are they affected that are truely amorous, when they either contemplate in themſelves, or behold in others that gallantry and greatneſſe of ſoul, that conſtant garb of Juſtice, pure and undefiled Temperance, manly, and awfull-eyed Fortitude, Gravity and Modeſty gently mooving in all peaceable ſtillneſſe and ſteddy Tranquillity and a god-like Underſtanding, watering and varniſhing all theſe Virtues, as it were with golden ſhowers of luſtre and light.

STANZ. 63. *But* Autaparnes *wox more wan, and wo*, &c. See *Autaparn. Interpr. Gen.*

STANZ. 66. *This dale hight Ain*, &c.

This valley of *Ain* is nothing elſe but ſelf deadneſſe, or rather ſelf-nothingneſſe: wherefore the fume riſing thence muſt needs be *Anautheſtheſie*, that is ſelf-ſenſleſneſſe, no more feeling or reliſhing a mans ſelf, as concerning himſelf, then if he were not at all.

STANZ. 67. *Here* Autaparnes, &c. See *Autaparn. Interpr. Gen.*

Notes

Notes upon *Pſychathanaſia.*

Lib. 1. Canto 1.

STANZ. 10. *Like men new made contriv'd into a Cave.*

SEE *Jamblich, Protrept. cap.* 15.

STANZ. 12. Verſ. 4. *Calling thin ſhaddows,* &c.

Πάντα τῷ ὀφθαλμῷ ὑποτίπτοντα εἴδωλά ὄζι καὶ ὥσπερ σκιογραφίαι. *Merc. Triſmeg.* 6.

STANZ. 16. *This Errors den.*

The condition of the ſoul in this life is ſo diſadvantagious to her, that the Philoſopher in the 3. Chapter of the 8. Book of his 4. *Ennead.* falleth into theſe expreſſions, ἢ καὶ δεσμὸς τὸ σῶμα καὶ τάφος, καὶ ὁ κόσμος αὐτὴ σπήλαιον καὶ ἄντρον. That the body is but a priſon and ſepulchre to the ſoul, and this World a Den and Cave.

Verſ. 6. *As deep as* Hyles *Hell.*

The *Materia prima*; ſuch as the ſchools ordinarily deſcribe. Elſe where *Hyle* ſignifieth mere potentiality.

STANZ. 17. *That loves the body,* &c.

Ἐκάστη ἡδονὴ καὶ λύπη ὥσπερ ἧλον ἔχουσα προσηλοῖ τὴν ψυχὴν πρὸς τὸ σῶμα καὶ ποιεῖ σωματοειδῆ, δοξάζουσαν ταῦτα ἀληθῆ εἶναι ἅπερ ἂν καὶ τὸ σῶμα φῇ. Ἐκ γὰρ τῆς ὁμοδοξεῖν τῷ σώματι καὶ τοῖς αὐτοῖς χαίρειν, ἀναγκάζεται, οἶμαι, ὁμόηθες τε καὶ ὁμόδοφον γίγνεσθαι. *Jamblich. Protrept. cap.* 3. *pag.* 80. Alſo *Plat. Phæd.*

STANZ.

Stanz. 18. *Th' unthankefull Stagirite.*

There is notorious testimony of *Aristotles* pride, conceitednesse, and unthanksfulnesse towards *Plato*. *Ælian. Var. Histor. lib.* 3. *cap.* 19. as also *lib.* 4. *cap.* 9. The Title of that Chapter is, Περὶ Πλάτωνος ὑπερηφανίας καὶ Ἀριστοτέλους ἀχαριστίας. Of *Plato's* humility, and *Aristotles* ingratitude

Vers. 3. *Most men prefer 'fore holy* Pythagore.

See *Jamblich. De Vita Pythag.* where the purity and holinesse of his spirit is sufficiently evidenced from the Character of his manners, *cap.* 2. *pag.* 30. where it is said that what ever he did or spake, he did it, εὐδίᾳ καὶ ἀμιμήτῳ τινὶ γαλήνῃ, μήτε ὀργῇ ποτὲ, μήτε γέλωτι, μήτε ζήλῳ, μήτε φιλονεικίᾳ, μήτε ἄλλῃ ταραχῇ ἢ προπετείᾳ ἀλισκόμενος, with inimitable serenity, and sedatenesse of mind, never surpriz'd with anger laughter, zeal, contention, or any other precipitancy or perturbation.

Stanz. 21, *Love of the Carcas.*

Ἐὰν μὴ πρῶτον τὸ σῶμά σε μισήσῃς ὦ τέκνον, σαυτὸν φιλῆσαι οὐ δύνασαι, φιλήσας δὲ σαυτὸν, νοῦν ἕξεις, καὶ τὸν νοῦν ἔχων καὶ τῆς ὑπερτάτης μεταλήψῃ, Wherefore the love of Mortality, is the Mother of Ignorance, especially, in divine things, for we cannot cleave to both; τὸ δὲ ἕτερον ἐλαττωθὲν τὴν τῆς ἑτέρας ἐφαπτόμενον ἐνέργειαν. *Mercur. Trismeg.* 4. *pag.* 21.

Vers. 9. *Here will true wisedome lodge.*

Παραγίνομαι ἐγὼ ὁ νοῦς τοῖς ὁσίοις καὶ ἀγαθοῖς καὶ καθαροῖς, &c. *Pamandr. pag.* 7.

Cant. 2.

Stanz. 5, *Or like a Lamp*, &c.

See *Plotin. Ennead.* 4. *lib.* 1. *cap.* 8. & 12.

Stanz. 24. *Withouten body having energie.*

'Tis the opinion of *Plotinus*. Ἐν τῷ κόσμῳ τῷ νοητῷ ἡ ἀληθινὴ οὐσία, νοῦς τὸ ἄριστον αὐτῆς, ψυχαὶ δὲ καὶ θεοὶ, ἐκεῖθεν καὶ ἐν-

ταῦτα. κἀκεῖνο ὁ κόσμος ψυχὰς ἀντὶ σωμάτων ἔχει. Ennead. 4. lib. 1.

STANZ. 57. *But if't conſiſt of points then a Scalene I'll prove all one with an Iſoſceles, &c.*

If qnantity conſiſts of Indiviſibles or Atoms, it will follow that a *Scalenum* is all one with an *Iſoſceles*, &c.

Before I prove this and the following concluſions, it will be neceſſary to ſet down ſome few *Axioms* and *Definitions*:

Axioms.

1.

That a Line hath but two ends.

2.

That Lines that conſiſt of an equall number of Atoms, are equall.

3.

That it is indifferent where we pitch upon the firſt Line in a ſuperficies, ſo that we fill the whole *Area*, with Lines parallell to what firſt we chooſe.

4.

That no Motion goeth on leſſe, then an Atom at a time, or the breadth of a Mathematicall Line.

Definitions.

1.

An *Iſoſceles*, is a Triangle having two equall ſides.

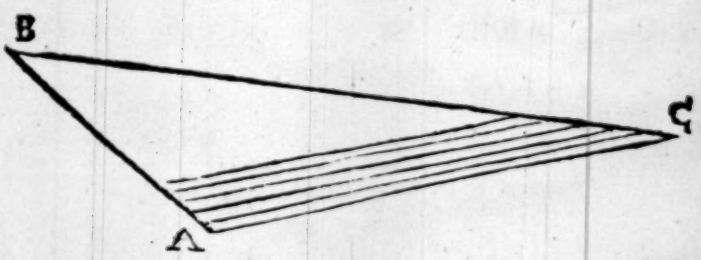
2.

A *Scalenum*, is a Triangle having all ſides unequall.

Theorem.

Theorem. 1.

That a *Scalenum*, and an *Isosceles*, be all one.



Let A B C be a *Scalenum*: The same A B C is also an *Isosceles*. For fill the whole *Area* A B C with Lines parallell to A C by the 3. *Axiom*. There is then as many points in B A as in B C by the 1. *Axiom*; and therefore by the second, B A is equall to B C. and consequently by the 1. *Definition*. A B C is an *Isosceles*.

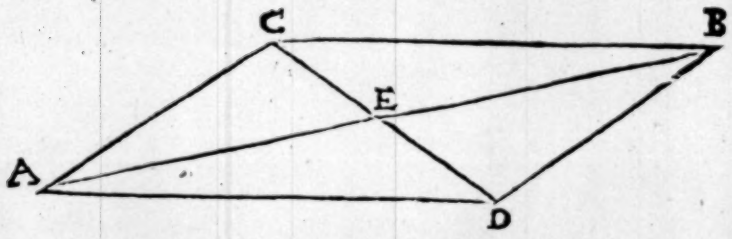
Appendices.

The same reason will prove. 1. That every Triangle is an *Isoplenron* or *equilaterall* Trirngle. 2. That the Diametre of a Quadrangle is equall to any of its sides. 3. That the Chord of a segment of a Circle, is equall to the Ark, *&c.*

Vers. 4. That the crosse Lines of a *Rhomboids*,
That from their meeting to all corners
presse, be of one length.

Theorem. 2.

That the diagoniall Lines of a *Rhomboids* be equall.



Let A C B D be a *Rhomboides*, and A B stretch'd out in *infinitum*, after the infinite productions of C B and A D. I say, that D C will be equall to A B. For E C is equall to E A, and E D to E B, by the precedent *Theorem*. Wherefore D C and A B are equall.

The same is also as briefly prov'd by the first or second *Appendix* of the precedent *Theorem*.

STANZ. 58. *And with her grasping rayes*, &c.

Theorem. 3.

That the Moon sometimes enlightens the whole Earth, and the Sunne sometimes enlightens not the Earth at all.

To prove this, I must set down some received Propositions in *Opticks* and *Astronomie*.

Propositions *Opticall.*

1.

Sphæriodes luminosum minus si propinquius est opaco, minorem portionem illustrat quam si remotius existat.

2.

Sphæroides luminosum majus è propinquo ampliorem partem opaci irradiat quam è remoto. Aguilon. lib. 5.

Propo-

Propositions *Astronom.*

1.

THe greatest distance of the Full or New Moon, from the Centre of the Earth, is 64. semidiameters of the Earth.

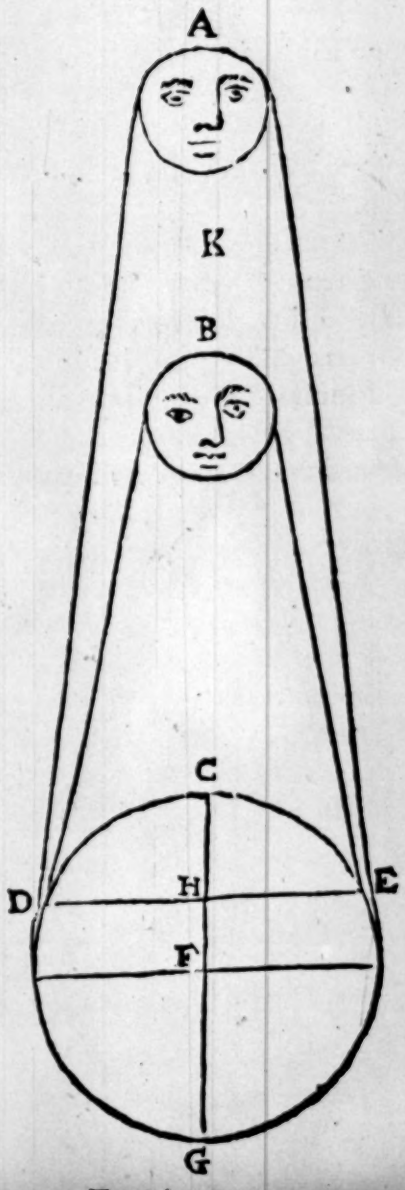
2.

The least distance of the Moon New or Full, from the Centre of the Earth, is 54. semidiameters of the Earth: so that there is five Diameters difference.

3.

The *Sun* in his Apogee, is distant from the Centre of the Earth 1550 semidiameters of the Earth, but in his Perigee 1446. So there is 52. Diameters difference.

Now let B be the Moons Perigee, A her Apogee, C E G D, the Earth enlightned so farre as D E, by the Moon at B. Let the Moon be now removed from B into A. By this removall into A, the Earth C E G D will be more enlightned



by the firſt propoſitions Opticall. But I ſay C E G D is enlightend all over by the Moon in A, for the diſtance A B is five times bigger then the Diameter C G from the Conſect. of the firſt and ſecond propoſitions Aſtronomicall. But H G is but part of C G, ſo that A B will be above five times bigger then G H, to which alſo E G is but equall by the firſt and ſecond Axiom, or the third appendix of the firſt Theorem. Wherefore there is above five times as many Atoms in A B as in E G. But in every Atom remove from B toward A, the light, has gaind an Atom in E G by the fourth Axiom. Therefore the Moon at B has enlightned the Earth C D G D even unto the utmoſt point G, long before it be removed to A: ſo that C D G D when the Moon has got to A will be ſwallowed over and over again into the Moons rayes.

But now for the ſecond part of the Theorem. That the Sunne ſometimes enlightens not the earth at all.

Let the Sunne be in his Perigee A, enlightening the Earth C E H D ſo farre as F G. Remove him from A to his Apogee B. In his receſſion to B the Earth C E H D is leſſe and leſſe enlightned by the ſecond Opticall Propoſition, I ſay, it is not enlightned at all.

For ſuppoſe he had gone back but the length of I C, then had F C G been devoyd of light, becauſe that C G hath no more points in it then I C hath, by the firſt and ſecond Axiom. or third Appendix of the firſt Theorem. And the light cannot go off leſſe then an Atom a time by the fourth Axiom. Much more deſtitute therefore is the Earth C H E D of light. the Sunne being in B, when as the diſtance

of

A B will measure above fifty times C H (which yet is bigger then I C) by the Consect. of the third proposition Astronomicall, so that day will hang in the sky many thousand miles off from us, fastigiated into one conicall point, and we become utterly destitute of light.

A man might as well with placing the Sunne in B first prove him to enlighten all the Earth at once, and make perfect day.

As also the Moon if you place her in her Apogee first, that she enlightens not the least particle of the Earth though in her full.

Lastly, if you place them in K you might prove they do enlighten every part and never a part of the Earth at once, so that a perfect Universall darknesse and light would possesse the World at the same time, which is little better then a pure contradiction. The matter is very plain at the first sight.



STANZ. 28. *In every place, &c.*

Γῆ μὲν δὴ πᾶσα ζώων ποικίλων πλήρης καὶ μέχρις ὑδατῶν μισὰ πάντα. *Ennead 2. lib. 9. cap. 7.*

Lib. 2. Cant. 1.

STANZ. 10. *This is that ſtrange fram'd ſtatue, &c.*

READ *Plotin. Ennead. 6. lib. 4. cap. 14.* And *cap. 15.* Ἀλλὰ πῶς προσελήλυθε τὸ προσεληλυθὸς; ἢ ἐπειδὴ ἐπιτηδειότης αὐτῷ παρῆν, ἔχει πρὸς ὃ ἦλθεν ἐπιτήδειον, &c. And a little after he ſaith, that the corporeall ſubſtance being thus prepared, catches life and ſoul from the *Mundus vitæ*, as *Ficinus* calls it. Οἷον γειτονείᾳ καρπωσαμένη τὶ ἔχνος ψυχῆς εἰκαίνης μέρος, ἀλλ' οἷον θερμασίας τινὸς ἀμέλλαμψεως ἐλθούσης, γένεσις ἐπιθυμιῶν καὶ ἡδονῶν καὶ ἀλγηδόνων ἐν αὐτῷ ἐξίφυ. Reade the 14. and 15. chap. of that fourth Book.

Cant. 2.

STANZ. 12. *The naked eſſence of the bodi's this.* See Body *Interpr. Gener.*

STANZ. 26. *But like a Centre that around doth ſhoot, &c.*

Δεῖ τοίνυν τοῦτο ὥσπερ κέντρον εἶναι, *Ennead. 4. lib. 7. cap. 6.*

Cant. 3.

STANZ. 3, *Knowledge of God.*

Εὐσέβεια δέ ἐστι θεοῦ γνῶσις. *Merc. Triſmeg. 9. p. 37.*

Lib.

Lib. 3. Cant. 1.

STANZ. 14. *Three Centres has mans ſoul, &c.*

PLotinus. Ψυχῆς ἡμῶν τὸ μὲν ἀεὶ πρὸς ἐκεῖνοις (τῷ ἀγαθῷ δηλονότι, τῷ νοῦ, καὶ τῇ ψυχῇ) τὸ δὲ πρὸς ταῦτα ἔχειν τὸ δὲ ἐν μέσῳ τούτων, φύσεως γὰρ ἕσης μιᾶς ἐν δυνάμεσι πλείοσιν, ὁτὲ μὲν τὴν πᾶσαν συμφέρεσθαι τῷ ἀείσῳ αὐτῆς καὶ τῷ ὄντῳ, ὁτὲ δὲ τὸ χεῖρον αὐτῆς καθελκυσθὲν συνελκύσασθαι τὸ μέσον. τὸ γὰρ πᾶν αὐτῆς οὐκ ἴσμεν καθελκύσαι. The opinion of the Philoſopher is here, methinks, ſomething perplext. Nor can we eaſly gather, whether he makes three eſſences, or onely three generall faculties. If three eſſences, why ſayes he φύσεως μιᾶς δυνάμεσι πλείοσι, one nature in many faculties? If but one eſſence and three faculties, how comes that ſupernall facultie to be ever employed in intellectuall and divine ſpeculations, and we ſeldome or never perceive it? See *Ennead* 2. *lib.* 9. *cap.* 2.

STANZ. 22. *Shee ſees more clear, &c.*

Sith God moves all things, and all things immediately depend of him, or if you will is all things, it cannot be but he muſt have the ſenſe of all things in the neareſt and moſt immediate manner: as you may ſee more at large in *Merc. Triſmeg.* in his περὶ νοήσεως καὶ αἰσθήσεως 9. *pag.* 39. 40.

Cant. 2.

STANZ. 2 *By his own plaſtick point, or elſe deep Night Drawn on, &c.*

PLotinus mentions alſo a middle way. That the great ſoul of ths World does at leaſt inchoate, and rudely delineate the fabrick of our body at firſt. The particular ſoul afterward accompliſhes it. Τί γὰρ κωλύει τὴν μὲν δύναμιν τῆς τῶν παντὸς ψυχῆς προϋποτυπεῖσθαι ἅτε λόγον πάντα ὄντα ἐν αὐτῇ καὶ παρ' αὐτῆς (τῆς ἐν μέρει ψυχῆς) ἥκειν τὰς ψυχικὰς δυνάμεις καὶ τὴν

προϋπογεγραφὼν, ὅιον προσδεόμενος ἐλλάμψεως τινὸς τῇ ὕλῃ εἶναι, &c. See *Ennead.* 6. *lib.* 7. *cap.* 7. He ſeems alſo in his ſecond Ennead to intimate that our bodies are made by the ſoul of the World. Δεῖ δ' μὴν μὴ ἐν ζώοις τοῦτο ἔχοντας, κατασκευάζεσιν ὑπὸ ψυχῆς ἀδελφῆς ἀγαθῆς πολλῷ δύναμιν εἰς τὸ δημιουργεῖν ἀπόρως ἐχούσης. *lib.* 9. *cap.* 18.

STANZ. 5. *By what the ſoul in her ſelf feels and tryes, &c.*

Plotinus profeſſes himſelf to have frequent experience of this, *Ennead* 4. *lib.* 8. *cap.* 1.

STANZ. 16. *Then like to flowing ſtream, &c.*

This ſeems to be the opinion of that learned Knight in his Book of Bodies. But I cannot ſatisfie my ſelf in ſome difficulties it is entangled with. How it can be poſſible that any fiery Atom or thin particle ſhould be capable of ſo ſtrong an impetus impreſſed on it, as to carry it ſo many thouſand miles, and not to ceaſe from motion or be extinct. Nor can the particles that follow drive on the former. For there is ſtill the ſame difficulty that was afore. Beſides our ſenſe ſhall then diſcover onely thoſe particles of light that are in our eye, ſo that the Sunne will ſeem to have neither diſtance nor due figure. There's the ſame reaſon in colours.

Mounſier des Chartes his gentle ἀνάκρουσμα or *renixus* of the Æthereall Vortices againſt the Organ of ſight, is far more ſolid and ingenuous, agreeing exactly with all the properties of light, The contending in this and the following ſtanzes for the received way of ſpecies is but a παίγνιον. Theſe rayes are here uſed for illuſtration rather then proof.

STANZ. 20. *Yet nought at all is loſt.*

See *Merc. Triſmeg.* ὡσὶς πάλ. 8,

STANZ. 21. *When that compounded nature is diſſolv'd*
Each Centre's ſafe.

Θάνατος δὲ ἐκ ἀπώλεια τῶν σωαχθέντων, λύσις δ' τῆς ἐνώσεως ὅτι. Νῦς πρὸς Ἑρμῆν, 11. p. 57.

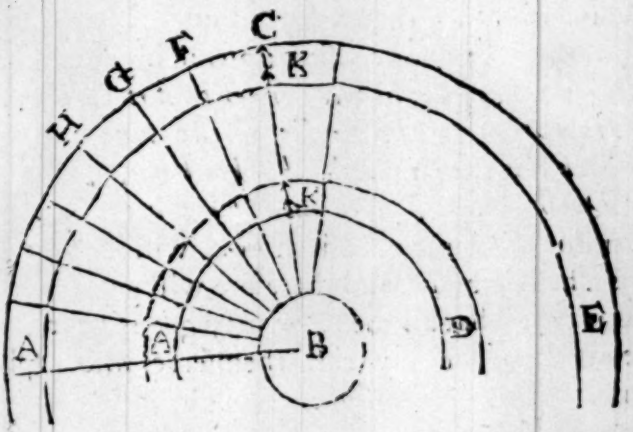
Canto 3.

STANZA. 12. *One ſteddy good centre of Eſſences.*

See *Triſmeg. pag.* 41, 52, 68. 69. *Edit: Turneb.*

STANZ, 38. *Nearer the Earth the ſlower it muſt go,*
Theſe Arks be leſſe, but in the Heaven blew
Thoſe Arks increaſe, it muſt not be ſo ſlow.
Thus muſt it needs return nnto its idle Bow.

An Arrow ſhot up into the sky, the higher it goes, the faſter it circuleth toward the Eaſt becauſe the Arches it there moves in are larger, as plainly appears out of the following figure.



Where let B be the earth. A the Eaſt. Let an arrow fly in the line B C. let D E be ſeverall hights of the air. Let the arrow K keep in B C the ſame line of the air or earthly magnetick ſpirit. So that B F, B G, B H *&c.* are not new lines of the air but of immovable imaginary ſpace. which ſpaces let be æquall one with another. Now let the arrow K moving upward or downward in B C

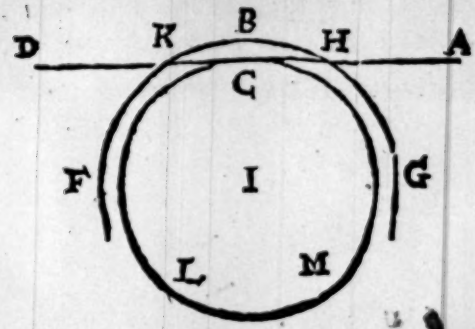
make alſo toward the *East* A in a circular motion. I ſay then it goes faſter in E then in D. For the ark D A is divided into parts of the ſame proportion to the whole D A that the parts of E A to the whole E A. Now E A is far greater then D A, and therefore muſt the parts of E A be far greater then the parts of D A. And yet in the ſame time doth the arrow K paſſe thorough the portion of E A that it doth of D A. otherwiſe it would not keep in the line B C which is contrary to our hypotheſis, and indeed to ordinary experience. For our eye finds the arrow come down in the ſame line it went up. Therefore it muſt needs go faſter in E A then D A.

But this may ſeem ſtrange and uncouth that the arrow ſhould thus moderate it ſelf in its motion, and proportion its ſwiftneſſe to the ark it is in. But I conceive it is no more wonderfull then that water ſhould figure it ſelf according to the variety of its ſituations in hight and depth.

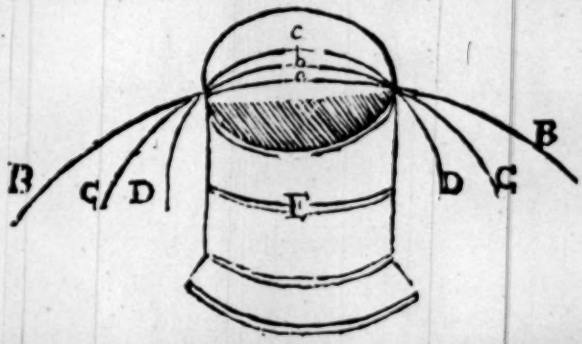
STANZ. 39. *Nor ought we wonder that it doth conform*
Its motion to the circles of the air
Sith water in a wooden bucket born,
Doth fit it ſelf unto each Periphere, &c.

The truth and ſenſe of this ſtanza will appear thus. Water is a heavie body, and therefore will get ſo near the centre as it can. That all the parts may get as near as they can, they muſt of neceſſity caſt themſelves into a ſphæricall figure. For any other figure though it may happily let ſome parts nearer then they be in a ſphear, yet it neceſſarily bears others further off from the Centre then the furtheſt would be, were they all caſt into a ſpherical, as plainly appears in the following *Scheme*.

VVhere



Where let D A be a proportion of water casting it self into a rectilinear figure. F G the same proportion casting it self into a sphæricall. 'Tis plain that though D A be nearer the Centre at the point C and thereabout then F G at B or any where else, yet the highest point in the surface of F G is not so high, or so far remov'd from the centre I, as any betwixt D K or H A, wherefore all the particles of the proportion of water D A are not brought to the neareſt position to the centre I, till they conform with the circle C L M. which we suppose the same proportion of water F G to have done. wherefore the lubricous particles of the water D A, will never cease tumbling, as being plac'd in an undue hight, till the surface thereof be concentricall with I.



This being premised, let E be a vessel of water in severall situations of hight. The first and highest situation of

of this vessel let be B A B which is plainly the biggest circle. Let C B C be the next, a lesse circle then B A B. The tumour at B is bigger then, then at A. let *B* C B be the third, lesser then any of the former, the tumour at G is then highest of all, and so on still. There will ever be a new conformation of the surface of the water, according to the distance from the Centre of the earth, as is plain from the præmized Theorem.

STANZ. 48 *Venus Orb debarres not Mars &c.*

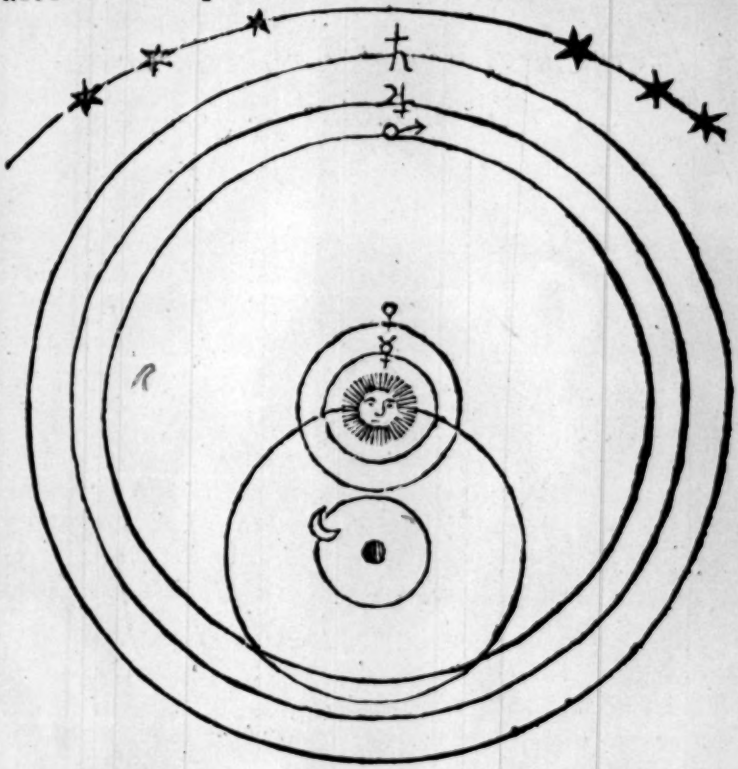
That the Planets get into one anothers supposed Orbs, is plain from their greatest & lastе distances from the centre of the Earth.

Mars his least distance	556	Semidiam.
Venus greatest distance	2598	
Venus least distance	399	
Mercuries greatest distance	2176	

Now they that make solid Orbs, must of necessity make the Orb of the Planet as high or as low as the Planet it self is at least. Wherefore the lowest distance of an high Planet being much lower then the highest distance of a lower Planet, as appears out of *Landsbergius* his calculation in his *Uranometria*, it must needs be that their supposed solid orbs will runne one into another. But you'll say it is foul play to appeal to *Landsbergius* his Calculation, sith he is a party. But I see no man distrust his conclusions, though they mislike his Hypothesis.

How ever that this objection may be taken away. The fluidnesse of the Planetary heavens is acknowledged even by them that are against the motion of the Earth. As by *Tycho* that famous Astronomer who hath made such a *Syst*em of the world, even the earth standing still, as may well agree with the conclusions of *Landsbergius* about the distances of the Planets from the Centre of the earth. For there *Mars* his least distance must needs be lower then *Venus* greatest distance, and *Venus* lest distance must needs

needs be lower then *Mercuries* greateſt diſtance. As you may ſee in the *Paradigme*. Where it is very plain that *Venus* ſometime is nearer the earth then *Mercury*, that *Mars* is ſometime nearer the earth then *Venus*, which cannot be without penetration of dimenſions in ſolid Orbs.



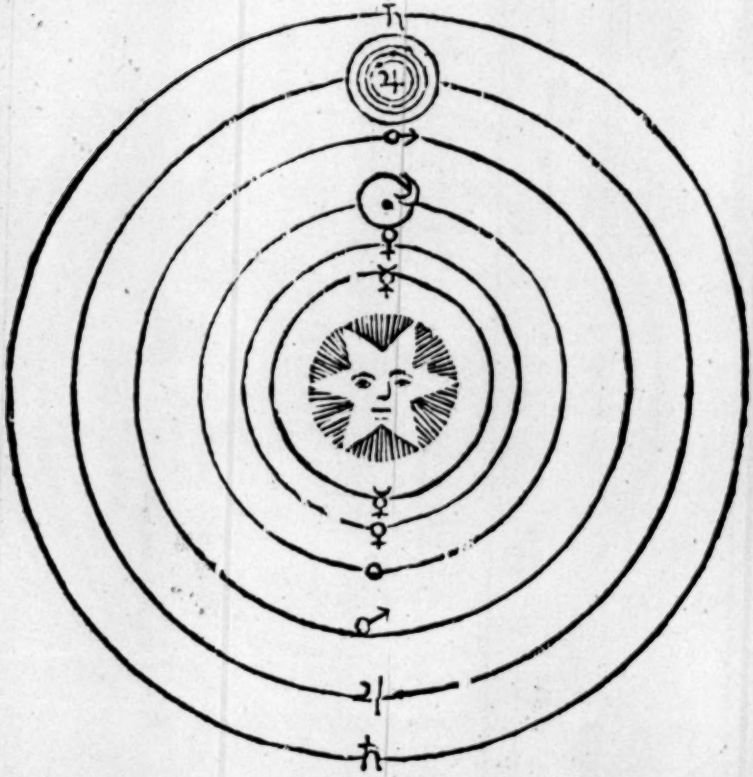
TYCHOS SYSTEM OF THE WORLD.

But what an untoward broken ſyſtem of the world's this

of *Tycho's* is in compariſon of that of *Copernicus* will appear even at firſt ſight, if we do but look upon them both.

I have ſet down this ſcheme of *Copernicus* becauſe it is uſefull alſo for the better underſtanding of ſome following paſſages.

Copernicus Syſtem of the World as it is deſcribed in Galilæo, pag. 242.

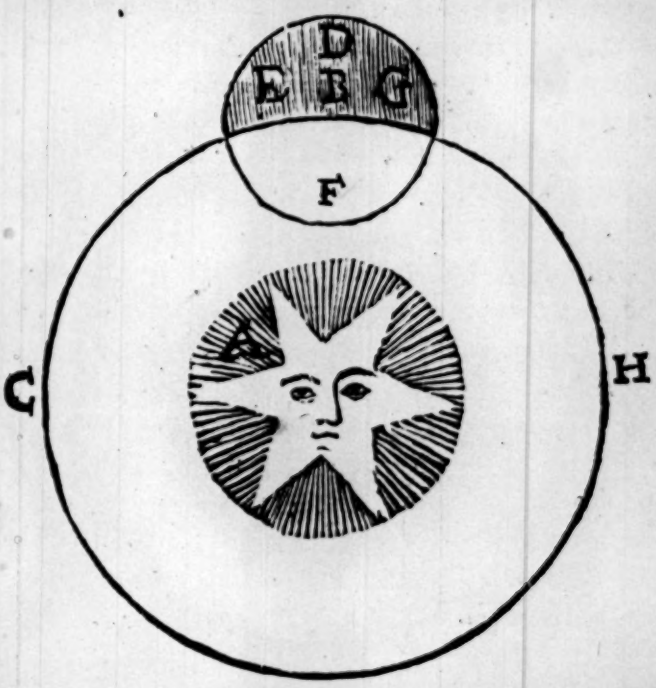


It is plain to any man that is not prejudic'd that this Syſtem of the world is more naturall & genuine then that of *Tycho's*. No enterfaring or cutting of circles as in *Ty-*

cho's, where the courſe of the Sunne cuts Mars his circu*it.* No ſuch vaſt excentricity as there, nor diſproportionatenesſe of Orbs and motions. But I'll leave theſe things rather for the beholder to ſpy out then to ſpend needleſſe words in an eaſie matter.

STANZ. 56. *But that diſgracement of Philoſophy*
From Flux and Reflux of the Ocean main
Their monethly and yearly change, &c.

How the Flux and Reflux of the ſea depends on the motion of the earth I ſhall endeavour to explain as follows.



About the Centre A, deſcribe the circumference of the Earths annuall courſe H B C from Weſt to Eaſt. In the point B deſcribe the globe of the earth, D E F G running alſo from Weſt to Eaſt in its diurnall courſe; that is, from G to D, from D to E, and ſo on till it come to G

again. Here we may obſerve that every part of the earth at ſeverall times hath a contrary motion.

As for example. Thoſe parts at D tending toward E have a contrary motion to what they have when they come to F and aſcend toward G. So the parts twixt G D as they go on toward E, move contrary to the motion they are moved betwixt E F going on toward G. But the parts about D move one way with the annuall motion, ſo that the ſwiftneſſe of the motion of thoſe parts of the earth is increaſed, the annuall and diurnall motion going in one, and tending Eaſtward. But the parts about F go Weſtward toward G, ſo that much of the annuall ſwiftneſſe is taken of by the diurnall motion in theſe parts, they going a contrary way to the annuall.

The parts about E and G go not either Weſtward or Eaſtward, but are inconſiderable in the annuall motion.

Now, ſaith *Galilæus*, the ſea being in his channell as water in a movable veſſell the acceleration or retardation of the motion of the Earth will make the ſea fluctuate or ſwill, like water in a ſhaken veſſel, which muſt needs come to paſſe twice in every foure and twenty houres becauſe of the great ſwiftneſſe at D and extraordinary ſlowneſſe at F.

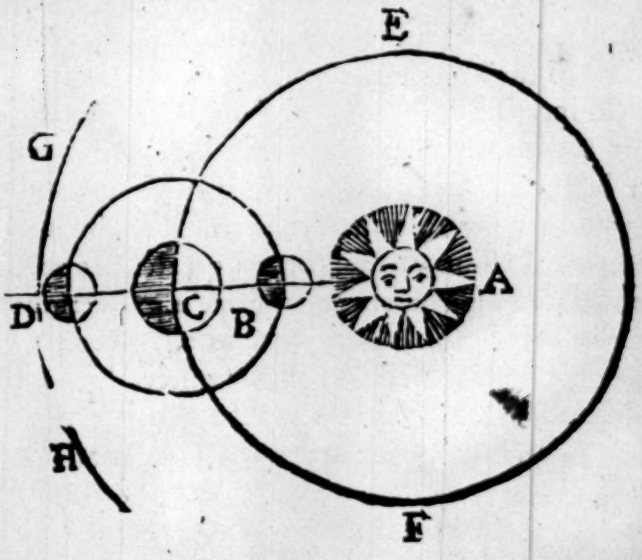
What the cauſe is of the dayly flux and reflux of the ſea according to *Galilæos* mind is now conſpicuous. *viz.* The addition or ſubduction of the Earths diurnall motion from the annuall, which according to that Authours compute is thrice ſwifter then the diurnall.

Now as the dayly Flux and Reflux conſiſts in this addition and ſubduction, ſo the monethly and yearly changes and variations of this Flux and Reflux conſiſt in the variation or change of proportion in thoſe additions and ſubductions: they bearing ſometime leſſe, ſometime greater proportion to the annuall motion.

Finally, this variation of proportions ariſeth either from

a new ſwiftneſſe or ſlowneſſe in the annuall motion of the Earth; or elſe, from the various poſition of the Axis thereof; it ſometimes conſpiring more fully with the annuall motion then other ſometimes. Whence it comes to paſſe that the compound motion is not alwayes of the ſame ſwiftneſſe or ſlowneſſe. But we ſhall better underſtand this by applying our ſelves to a figure. And firſt of the monethly variation at full and new Moon.

Let A be the Sunne. C the Earth. C E F C the annuall circle of the Earth. B the Moon in conjunction. D in oppoſition or full Moon. Now we will ſuppoſe that which *Galilæo* proves in his fourth dialogue. That in circular motion the ſame impetus being in the moveable, the



movable will move ſwifter if it be reduced to a leſſer circle, as is plain in Pendents, and in the balance of a clock. For the nearer you place the lead to the centre the ſwifter the ballance moves. Again he conſiders the moon peculiarly and inſeparably joyned with the Earth and ſo neceſſarily to move together. And that the poſition of the moon in D

lengthens out the ſemidiametre of the *Orbis magnus* of the earth which is then H G. The poſition of the moon in B ſhortens it, that reacheth but to C. And the Moon in B is as the weight laid nearer to the Centre in the balance of the clock. Therefore the whole B C muſt move much ſwifter, then C D, the Moon being in D: there being in both places the ſame *impetus* of motion, or inward moving principle.

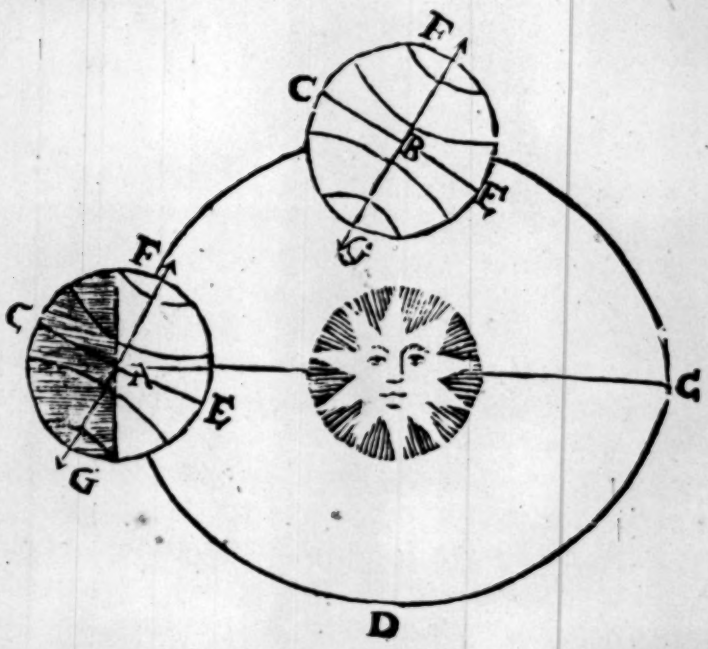
But here I muſt profeſſe it ſeems to me very hard, how the ſwiftneſſe of the Moon in B, or her ſlowneſſe in the Ark H D G ſhould engage the Earth in C, in the like ſlowneſſe and ſwiftneſſe, there being no ſuch ſolid and ſtiff continuation from A to D as there is in a balance of a clock.

Again ſuppoſing this conceit to hold good. How will it anſwer to the hiſtory of the Flux and Reflux of the ſea. Which is increaſed much, as well when the Moon is in B as when ſhe is in D. That the Flux ſhould be greater the Moon being in D is reaſonable, becauſe C being then much retarded in the annuall motion, the ſubduction and addition of the diurnall will bear a greater proportion to the annuall, and ſo conſequently cauſe a greater alteration in the Flux and Reflux. But when as the Moon being in B makes the annuall motion of C ſwifter, the ſubduction and addition of the diurnall will bear a leſſe proportion to the annuall, and ſo the Flux and Reflux ſhall be rather diminiſhed then increaſed, which is againſt experience and the hiſtory of the Flux and Reflux of the ſea.

But now in the third place, to find out the reaſon why at certain points of the years period the Flux and Reflux ſhould be increaſed. We muſt obſerve that this is according to the ſeverall poſitions of the Axis of the Earth, not but that it is alwayes parallel to it ſelf, but in reference to the Ecliptick. For ſuch is its poſition in the Solſtitiall points

that

that there the diurnall motion added or ſubducted bears a greater proportion to the annuall then elſewhere. In the Equinoctiall points a leſſe. As will appear in the following ſcheme.

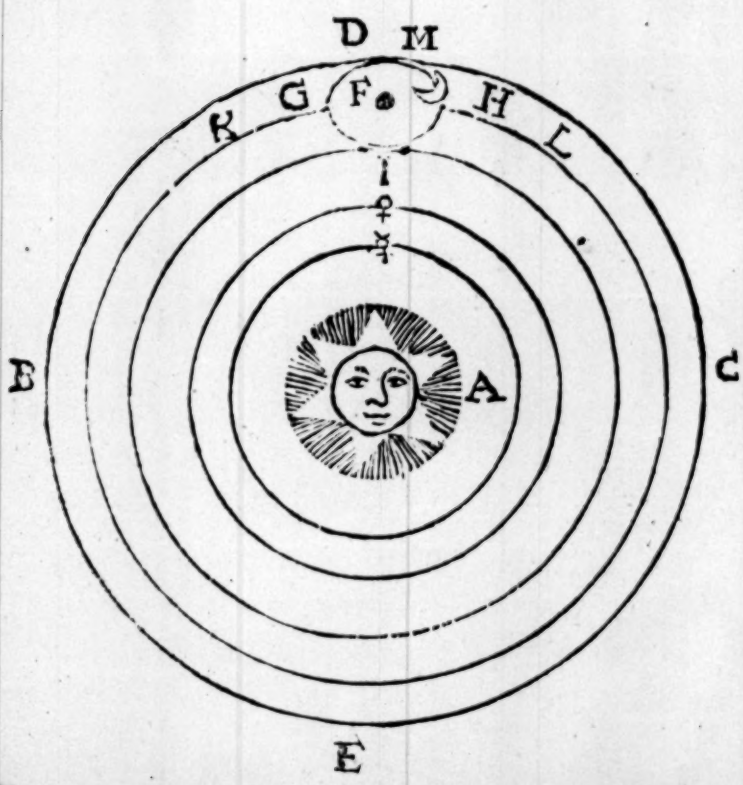


Let A D C B be the Ecliptick, Let the circles G C F E cut A D C B to right angles. Let the annuall motion of the Earth be from C to B, from B to A, &c. the diurnall C A E C and G B E C. The Earth at A in her Solſtitiall point: at B in her Equinoctiall. It is plain at firſt ſight that C A E C complies much more with the motion B A D, then C B E doth with C B A. It is not worth more curious propoſall and proof: ſince the truth thereof is ſo farre from giving a reaſon of the yearly alteration in the Flux and Reflux, that it is quite repugnant with the hiſtory thereof. For according to this device of *Galilæo* the greateſt Flux and Reflux ſhould be in the

ſolſtices, But according to the obſervation of Writers it is in the Æquinoxes.

But however it was a witty attempt of *Galilæo*, though not altogether ſo ſolid. Mounſieur *Des Chartes* in my judgement is far more ſucceſſefull in his Hypotheſis, who renders the cauſes of all theſe φαινόμενα after the manner following.

For your more fully underſtanding of what I am now about to premiſe, I muſt refer to you *Des Chartes* his *Principia Philoſophiæ*. Mean while peruſe this preſent Scheme.



Where C D B E is that great Vortex, in which, and by which

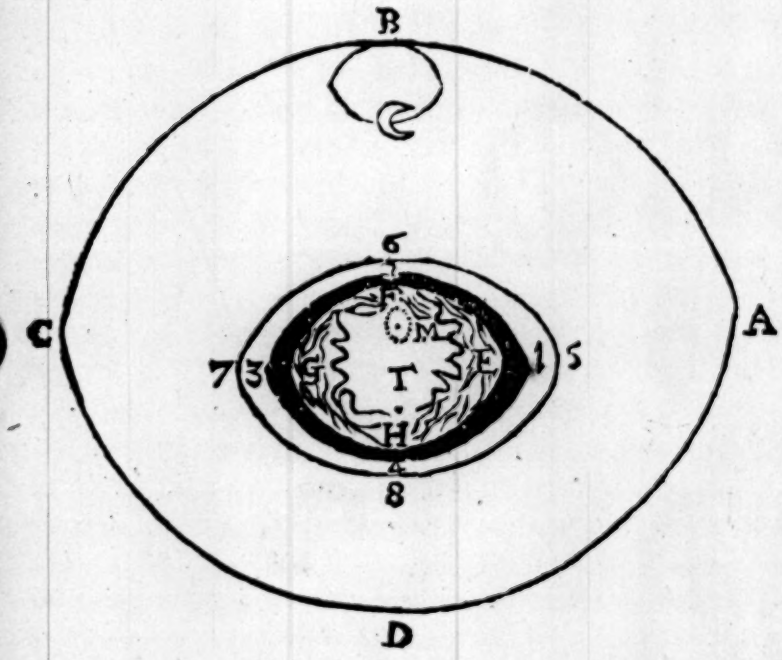
which the Planets are carried from Weſt to Eaſt, according to the order of C D B E. Let A be the *Sun*, the Centre of this great Vortex, about which all the liquid matter of our Heaven is carried about, as groſſe water in a whirlepooll; and with it the Planets like corks or ſtrawes. Let F be the Planet, we are in, *viz.* the Earth, which is the Centre of a leſſer Vortex H D G I. Let M be the Moon carried about the earths Vortex in her monethly courſe. This Vortex of the earth is not perfect ſphericall, but cometh nearer the figure of an Ellipſis.

Becauſe as *Charteſius* giveth you to underſtand, that part of the Vortex, which is the Circuit K L is more like the matter of the Vortex H D G I, then that matter which is above or below at D and I; and therefore D H I G, giveth out more eaſily and naturally toward K and L.

Perhaps this reaſon may be added: That all the parts of the Vortex C D B E endeavouring through their circular Motion to receede from their Centre A, and thereby to widen one from another; I mean the parts of any one Circle; ſuppoſe K L: and yet all the Circles urging one another ἀθρόως, from A, to C D B E, they will eaſily give place in their Circles, as in K L, and the reſt, but rather preſſe cloſe in the Diametre, as in D I. So that the Diametre of the Vortex of the Earth D I, ſhall be leſſer then its Diametre G H. In ſo much that when the Moon M, is in D, or I, ſhe will ſtraiten the ſtream of the Vortex a great deal more, then when ſhe is in G or H, which will make it run more ſwiftly, and bear down the Air and Water of the Sea more ſtrongly.

But now that we may come more nearly to our buſineſſe in hand, and apply our ſelves wholly to the Earths Vortex, in which the myſtery of the Flux and Reflux of the Sea is to be diſcovered.

Let therefore this Vortex of the earth be A B C D. The Earth her ſelf E F G H. 1234. the ſurface of the ſea, wherewith for greater perſpicuity, let the whole Earth be covered: Let 5678. be the ſurface of the Air, encompaſſing the Sea.



And now let us conſider, that if there were no Moon in this Vortex, the point T, which is the Centre of the earth, would be in the point M the Centre of the Vortex; but the Moon being at B, this Centre T muſt be betwixt M and D: becauſe ſeeing that the ethereall matter of this Vortex is ſomething ſwiftlier moved, then the Moon or Earth which it bears along with it, unleſſe the point T, be ſomewhat more diſtant from B then D, the Moons being there would hinder the ethereal matter from flowing ſo freely betwixt B and T, as betwixt T and D.

Where-

Wherefore the poſition of the Earth in this Vortex not being determined, but from the equality of force of the ſethereall matter that flows about it, it is manifeſt that ſhe muſt come ſomewhat nearer toward D.

And after the ſame manner when the Moon is in C, the Centre of the Earth muſt be betwixt M and A; and thus alwayes will the Earth recede ſomewhat from the Moon. Furthermore, becauſe that from the Moons being in B, not onely that ſpace which is betwixt B & T but alſo that betwixt T and D is made narrower; hence cometh it to paſſe that the ethereall matter floweth ſwiftlier in thoſe places, and therefore preſſeth harder both upon the ſurface of the Air, in 6. and 8. as alſo upon the waters ſurface in 2. and 4. then if the Moon were not in the Diametre B D. And ſithence the bodies of Air and Water be fluid,, and eaſily yielding to that preſſure, they muſt needs abate more in their height upon the parts of Earth, at F H; then if the Moon were out of the Diametre B D. But contrary wiſe, they muſt become higher at G and E, in ſo much that the ſurface of Water 1. 3. and of Air 5. 7. will be there protuberant.

But now becauſe that part of the Earth, which at this moment is in F (over againſt B) where the Sea is at the loweſt, will after ſix houres be in G (over againſt the point C) where it is at the higheſt, and after other ſix houres in H over againſt D, and ſo on. Or rather, becauſe the Moon her ſelf alſo in the interim, maketh ſome little progreſſe from B towards C, as finiſhing her whole Circle A B C D in the ſpace of a moneth; that part of the Earth which is now in F over againſt the body of the Moon, after ſix houres and about 12. minutes, will have reached the point G in a Diametre of the Vortex A B C D which cuts that Diametre B D in which the Moon then is, to right angles, and then will the water be at higheſt there,

there, *viz.* at F. And after other ſix houres and twelve minutes, F will have reached the point H, where the water will be at loweſt ebb, &c. VVhence we may clearly underſtand, that the water of the ſea muſt in the ſame place ebb and flow every twelve houres and 24. minutes.

Furthermore it is to be noted that this Vortex A B C D is not exactly round, but that diametre of it in which the Moon is at full and change to be ſhorter then that which is cut by it to right angles, as is above demonſtrated. Whence it follows that the Flux & Reflux of the ſea ought to be greater at new and full Moon then in the intermediate ſeaſons.

VVe may alſo note, that whereas the Moon is alwayes in a Plain near to the Plain of the Ecliptick, and the earth is in her diurnall motion, turn'd according to the Plane of the Æquatour, which Planes interſect one another in the Æquinoxes, but be much diſtant from one another in the Solſtices, that the greateſt Flux and Reflux will be about the beginning of Spring and Autumne.

And theſe principles of *Monſ. des Chartes* as they are plain and perſpicuous in themſelves, ſo are they alſo exactly agreeable with the *φαινόμενα* of Nature. So that though I was miſtaken with *Galilæo* in the manner, yet in the main I am not miſtaken: The cauſe of the Flux and Reflux of the ſea lying in the motion of the earth.

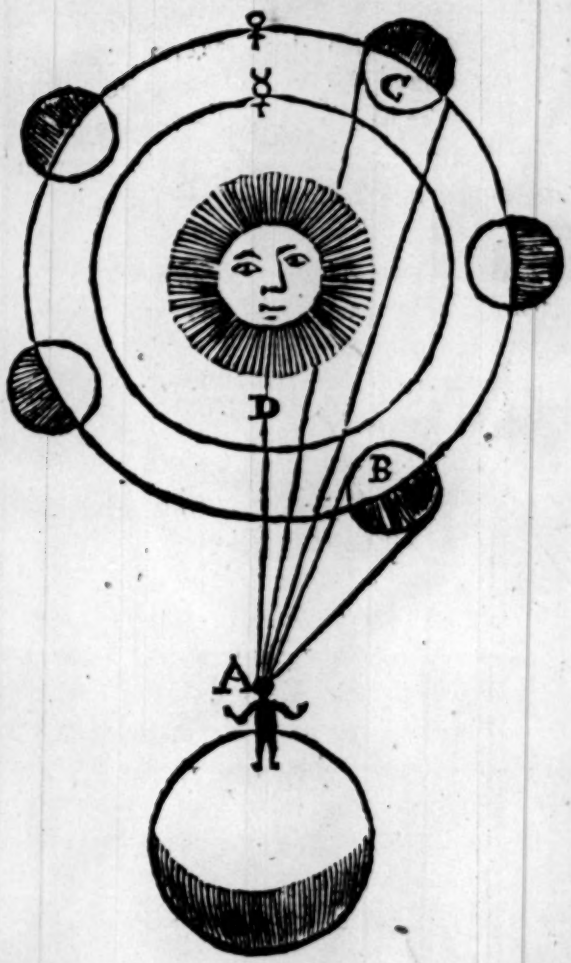
STANZ. 61. *That Venus Moon-like*, &c.

This enſuing Diagram will explain all what is ſaid of Venus in this and the following ſtanza.

Firſt, that ſhe increaſeth and decreaſeth like the Moon (it being ſuppos'd that ſhe is opake, which is diſcovered alſo by the optick glaſſe) is plainly ſhown in this figure. For in B ſhe is not half lighted, in C ſhe is even in the full.

Secondly, that when ſhe is fartheſt of ſhe is in her full, as appeareth by the line A C.

Thirdly



Thirdly, that ſhe then ſeemeth leſſe though in her full, becauſe ſhe is ſo much removed from us, even further then the *Sun* himſelf, as appears by the ſaid line A C.

Fourthly, that ſhe muſt appear bigger when ſhe leaſt is enlightned, becauſe ſhe is then ſo very near us, in reſpect of that remoteneſſe in her full, as alſo appears plainly if you compare A B and A C together.

Laſtly

Laſtly, here is ſet forth how ſhe rounds the Sun in her circuits continually, as alſo doth Mercurius, which is confirmed by their never being far from the Sun. Hence it is that Venus is the Morning and Evening ſtarre. Either to riſe not long before the Sun, and ſo to prænunciate the Day, or to ſet not long after him and ſo to lead on the Night.

STANZ. 65. *The Mediceam four reel about Jove.* See *Copernic.* Syſtem. at Stanz. 48.

STANZ 67. and 70.

Planets go back ſtand ſtill and forward fly
With unexpected ſwiftneſſe, &c.

Before we can well underſtand the ſenſe of theſe ſtanzas we muſt have a right apprehenſion of the epicycle, and the ſtation, direction, and retrogradation of Planets, And all theſe depend one of another.

Let B D H F be an Epicycle. The order of the ſignes G C *E*. The line touching the Eaſtern ſide A D *E*.

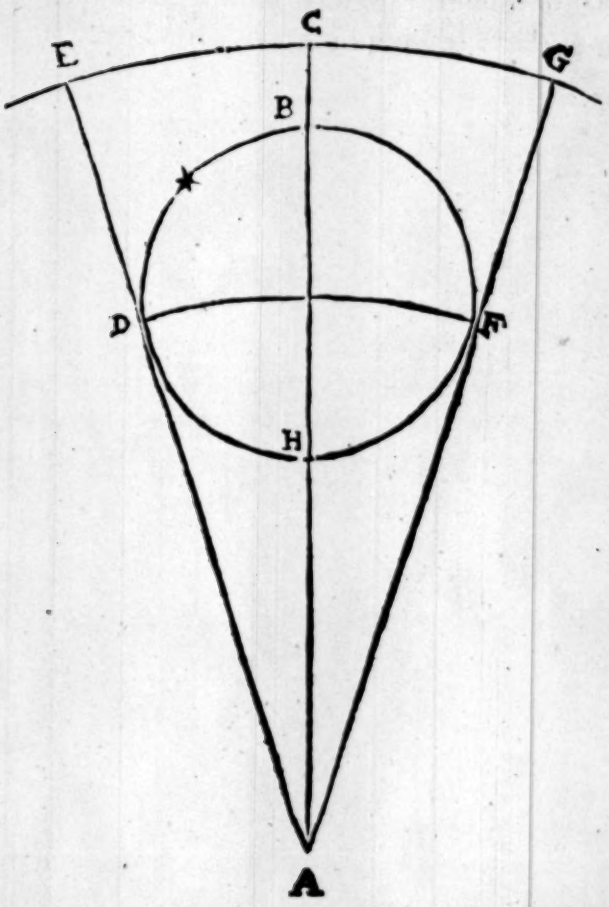
Now the line of the true motion of a Planet is twofold. One is refer'd to the centre of the *E*picycle, the other to the body of the Planet. According to the latter ſenſe are the following deſcriptions.

A Planet is direct when the line of true motion goes on with the order of the Signes.

Retrograde when it goes contrary to the order of the Signes.

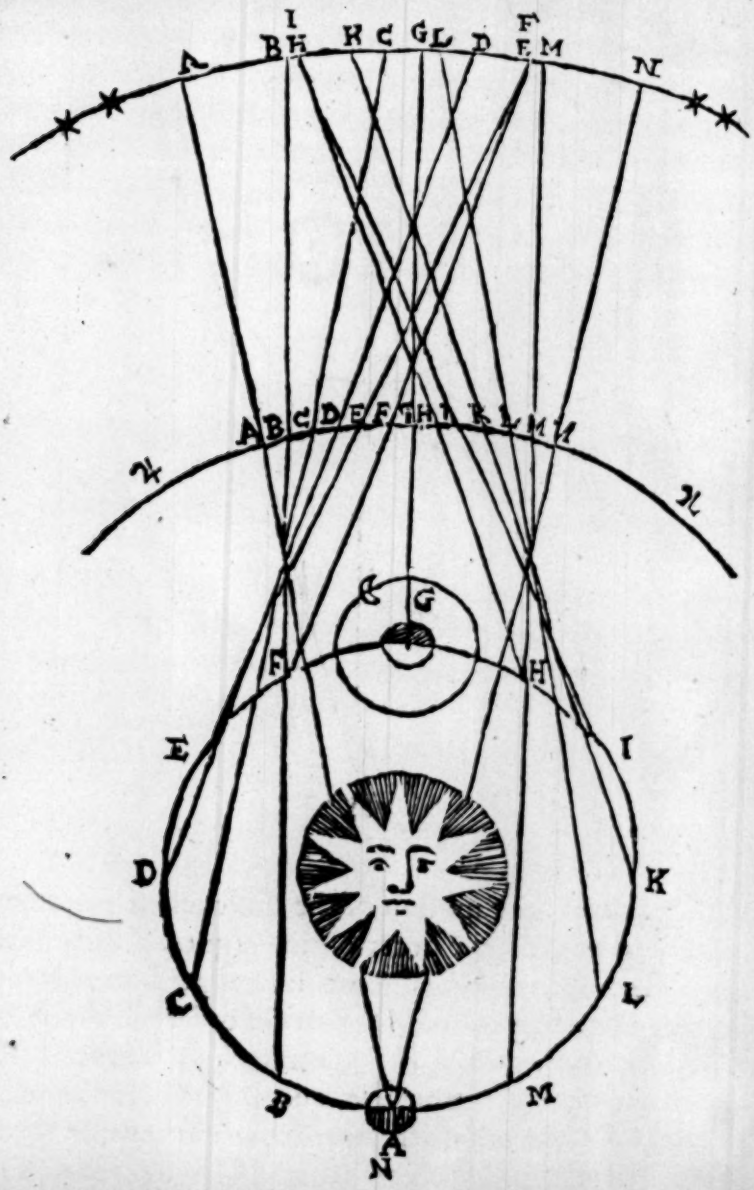
Stationary, when this line ſeems not to move either backward or forward.

The



The line of true motion of the Epicycle which is A C alwayes goes with the order of the Signes. But the line that strikes through the Planet it self goes in the upper part of the *E*picycle F B D with the order of the signes, but in the lower part D H F contrary to that order. This is the nature of the Epicycle and of retrogradation and station of Planets. Which superfluous motions or stands, as needlesse botchings *Copernicus* his System admits not of

of; the motion of the Earth ſo fitly ſalving all ſuch φαινόμενα, as the following figure will make plain.



Let

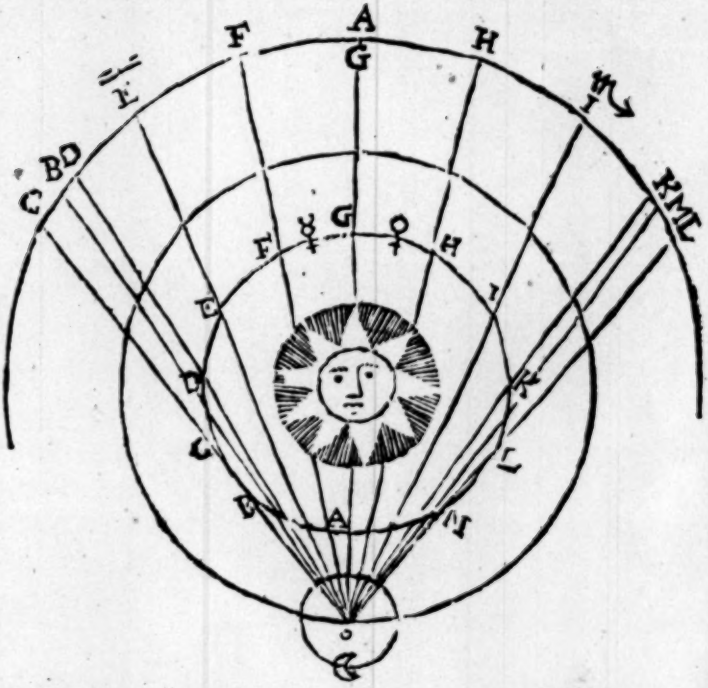
Let the circuit of the earth be A G A about the Sunne ſtanding ſtill at the Centre Z. Let A N be a twelfth part of Jupiters circle that he moves in about the *S*unne. For Jupiter finiſheth his courſe but in twelve years. Divide the circuit of the earth A G A into twelve equall parts. By that time the earth hath gone through all theſe, Jupiter will have gone the twelfth part of his own circuit, *viz.* A N. Divide A N into twelve equall parts, according to the number of parts in the *E*arths circuit before deſcrib'd. That while the Earth paſſeth thorough one twelfth of her whole circle A G A, Jupiter may alſo diſpatch a twelfth of the ark A N, Let both theſe twelves be ſigned with the ſame letters, A B C D E F G H I K L M N.

Now place the Earth at the point A. Let it go forward till it come to B. Jupiter hath alſo gone forward in his circuit and appears in the ſtarry firmament at B, going forward on his way ſuppoſe with the order of the ſignes: Let the Earth proceed to C, then is Jupiter alſo come to C, and appears yet direct in the higheſt C. ſo he doth in D and in *E*, but in F he appears *S*tationary betwixt F *E*. Let the Earth proceed to G. Here Jupiter has skip'd back in appearance as far as from F to G. Let the earth go on to H, in appearance he has gone back as far as from G to H. Let her ſtill move forward till ſhe reach I, there Jupiter becomes *S*tationary again in I H. Put her on further to K, then he is again direct. *S*o is he in L and M and N which is the entire finiſhing of the Earths annuall courſe.

Thus according to *Copernicus* his ſuppoſition, is the ſtation and repedation of the Planets, at leaſt the three higheſt, Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars, plainly diſcovered to be an appearance onely; & that the Heavens are not guilty of any ſuch reall irregularity of motion. Which concinnity, nor *Ptolemees*, nor *Tycho's* Hypotheſis can afford us.

But leſt any miſtruſt that the ſame ſeeming irregularity, will

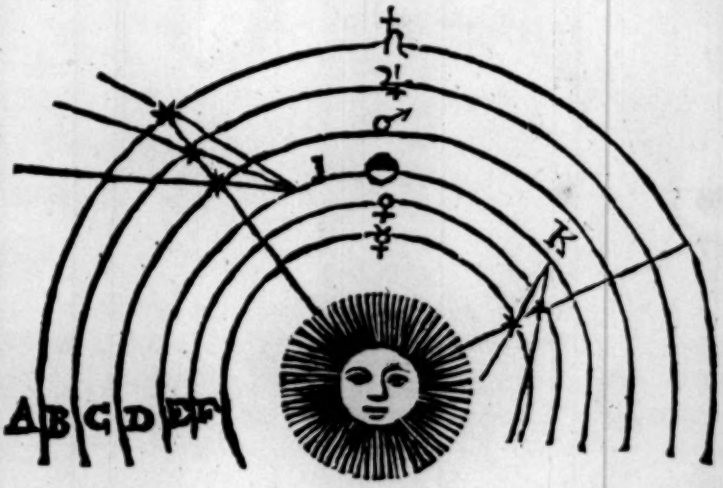
will not fall out in Mercury, and Venus, which are betwixt the Sunne and our Earth; The following ſcheme will ſhow how there is a ſtation and repedation in them too, according to this Hypotheſis of *Copernicus*.



Set the Earth at ſome certain point of its annuall circle, *viz.* at O. Let A B C D E F G H I K L M divide the circle of Venus or Mercury into equall parts. Mercurie and Venus will be in all theſe ſites in reſpect of the Earth before they can be in conjunction with the Earth again, though the Earth be not fixt in the point O. Now draw a line from the point O into every ſection, you ſhall find direction, ſtation, and repedation in theſe Planets as well as in the other higher Planets. For ſuppoſing the order of the Signes to go according to ♎ ♏: place Venus firſt in A, then

then let her Proceed to B. She has taken a long journey backward contrary to the ſeries of the Signes, and recoyled from A in the ſtarry firmament to B. Let her go on to C. She has given another skip back into C, but a very little one. In D E F G H I K L ſhe is direct; but then at M ſhe goes backward again, and in A B C, till ſhe come at D again. This for the Retrogradation, and direction. As for the ſtation of this Planet, it is betwixt B and D, and M and K, as the figure plainly diſcovers. What hath been ſaid of Venus is alſo appliable to Mercury, as was intimated at firſt.

STANZ. 71. *Why Saturn ſhould rove*
With ſhorter ſtartings, give back leſſe then Jove
Jove leſſe then Mars, Why Venus flincheth out
More than Mercurius.

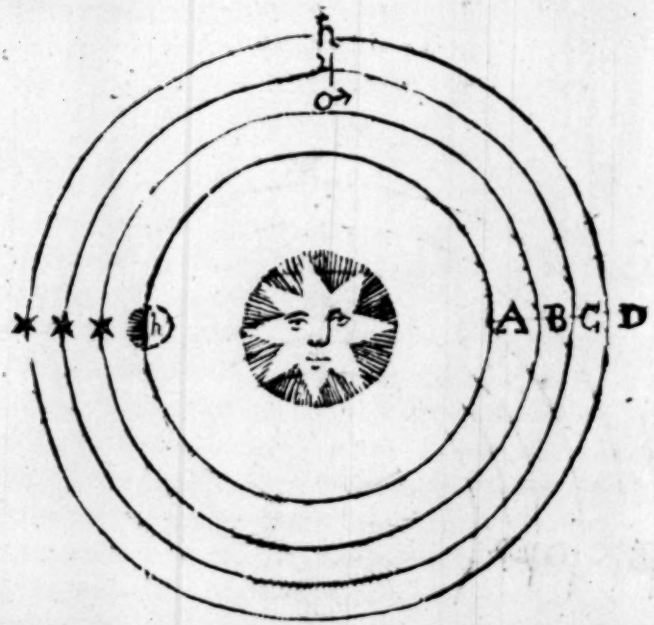


Let A B C D E F be the circles of Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Tellus, Venus, Mercurie. Saturn, Jupiter, Mars let them all ly in one line G H. The Earth be at the point I. It is plain that the neareſt the Earth flyeth of the

wideſt, and ſo in order. The ſame happeneth in Venus and Mercury, ſuppoſing the Earth at the point K. This matter is very plain even at the firſt ſight.

STANZ. 72. *Why Saturn Jove and Mars be very nigh*
Unto the Earth, ſhow bigger in our eye
At eventide, &c.

Why Satûrn Jupiter and Mars, when they riſe Acronychall, that is, at the beginning of the night ſeem bigger and be indeed nearer us, then when they follow the Sunne cloſe, and ſet Acronychall. The reaſon of this is very evident in *Copernicus* his Hypotheſis, as you may ſee in this Diagram.



Mars when he riſeth Acronychall is diſtant from the Earth, but the ſpace of A B. But when he ſetteth Acronychall he is diſtant the ſpace of H B. So Jupiter, when he riſeth Acronychall, is diſtant but A C from the Earth, but when he ſetteth he is diſtant the ſpace of H C, the like

Cant.

Cant. 4.

STANZ. 13. *Is confident of his souls after joyes.*

THe condition of the bad and good soul in reference to their estate after death *Plotinus* has very Philosophically set out as follows. Τὴν ἐν αὐτῇ τις κακίαν συνάψας ἐγνώκατε ὅς ὅτι, καὶ κατὰ τὴν αὐτῆς φύσιν ὧδε εἰς ὃ ἔχει καὶ ἐστιν ὧδε, καὶ ἐκεῖσε ἀπαλλαγεὶς εἰς ἄλλον τοιοῦτον τόπον, φύσεως ἀκαμοῦς. Τῇ δὲ ἀγαθῇ αὖτε λήψεις, αὖτε δόσεις, καὶ αἱ μεταθέσεις ἄλλαι, ὥσπερ ἂν μειόδων ἀκαμοῦς ποτὲ φύσεως μεταπιπτούσων. Οὕτω θαυμαστῶς ἔχει συνάμεως καὶ πάξεως τῆδε τὸ πᾶν, γινομένων ἁπάντων ἀφόρῳ κελεύθῳ καὶ ἀκινήτῳ οὐκ ἔστι φυγεῖν ὅθεν· ἧς ἁπτόμεθα μὲν ὁ φαῦλος ὅθεν, ἄγνωστα δὲ οὐκ εἰδὼς δι᾽ ὃ δεῖ ἐν τῷ παντὶ φέρεσθαι· ὁ δὲ ἀγαθὸς καὶ ὅθεν, καὶ δι᾽ ὃ δεῖ ἅπασι, καὶ γινώσκει πρὶν ἀπέναι ἢ ἀνάγκη αὐτῷ ἐλθόντι οἰκεῖν, καὶ ἐυελπὶς ὅτιν ὡς μετὰ θεῶν ἔσοιτο. *Ennead. 4. lib. 4. cap. 45.*

Notes upon
The Infinity of Worlds.

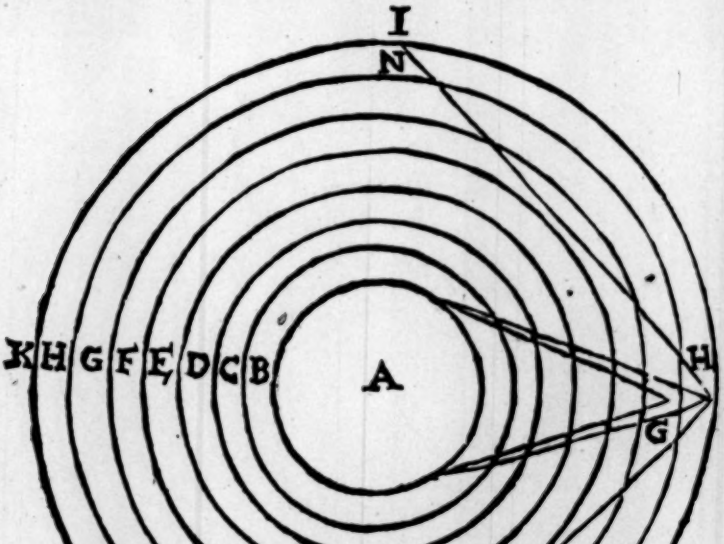
STANZ. 8. and 66.

A Circle whose Circumference no where
Is circumscrib'd, &c.
The Cuspis and the Basis of the Cone.
Were both at once, &c.

WHen I speak of God this Mathematicall way, (which is no new thing; for the Ancients also have defined Him to be a Circle whose Centre is every where and Circumference no where. And

Syneſius calls him κέντρων κέντρον, the Centre of Centres,) I ſay when I ſpeak thus of God, I then ſet out that modification of his Being which anſwers to quantity in Bodies. But God is ſo perfect that no one appellation or reſemblance can exhauſt that Treaſure of Attributes in him, He being ſo fully all things in himſelf. So that if we will venture to call Him all that He eminently contains, we muſt be forc'd upon at leaſt ſeeming inconſiſtencies.

And now we endeavour to ſet out that which anſwers in God to Quantity, we fall into diſagreeing terms of Centre, and Baſis of a Cone. But why we adumbrate the divine *Entity* by this repreſentation you ſhall compendiouſly conceive in the following figure: and ſee in what reſpect he is a Centre, and in what the Baſis of a Cone, as alſo what that is we call the Cuſpis of the Cone.



Let K I H K be the whole Orb of beings. The Centre A. *Ahad* or *Atove*, B C D E F G H *Æon*, *Psyche*, *Semele*, *Arachne*, *Physis*, *Tasis*, *Hyle*. I say that *Ahad* in respect of those subsequent Effluxes B C D, &c. is fitly termed a Centre, and is as the Sunne in respect of the Light and Rainbow. But now all things flowing from him κατ' ὑποστολὴν with abatement as is most discernable in the Extremes (for the point A is in every point of the whole Orb K I H K, and so is as large as the whole Orb. *As for example*, The point A is at the point G and every where else as well as at A; but the point G is onely at G, or if it be at L it is onely then at L, and not at G nor any where else) therefore A though in respect of the Universall orders of Beings which flow from him may be the Centre of a Circle, yet in respect that these orders fall short of his large Ubiquity (some of them at least, all of his perfection and excellency) and the last reall efflux is contracted after a manner to a mere mathematicall point, for such is the nature of the Orb G, or corporeall substance, as I have intimated. For this reason I say, may A rightly be called the largest Basis of the Cone, whose Diametre is I M, or N L, as the descent of these Degrees and Beings from *Ahad* or *Atove* may fitly resemble a Conicall figure whose Cuspis is G.

And here I may seasonably appeal unto the apprehensions of men, whether the divine fecundity A flow'd out *per saltum*, and produced onely the Orb G, or whether there being a possibility of more excellent intermediate Orbs, (I will not stand upon this number I have assigned) he did not produce B C D, &c. And if he produced G onely, whether that Orb G be not either an arbitrarious or naturall efflux from A. i.e. dependeth on him as closely and intimately, as a Ray doth on the Sun. And if so, why the nature of *Atove* should be lesse fruitfull,

then the imaginations of men, who can in reason, and distinct notion place severall Orbs betwixt A and G. Or why the free will of *Atove* or *Ahad* should be lesse bountifull then the minds of well meaning men, who if it were in their power as it is in the arbitrarious power of *Ahad*, (it clashing with no other good attribute) would fill up that empty gulf betwixt A and G. Wherefore as farre as free reason and authority of *Platonisme* will reach, the mystery of the Cone will hold good, though my drift at this time was rather to explane it, then confirm it.

But if any should be so adventrous as to deny such an Ubiquity as I have described, yet in some sort this adumbration of the Cone, will still hold good. For there will be a latitude and contraction of power, if not of presence. And this will be ground enough for this expression.

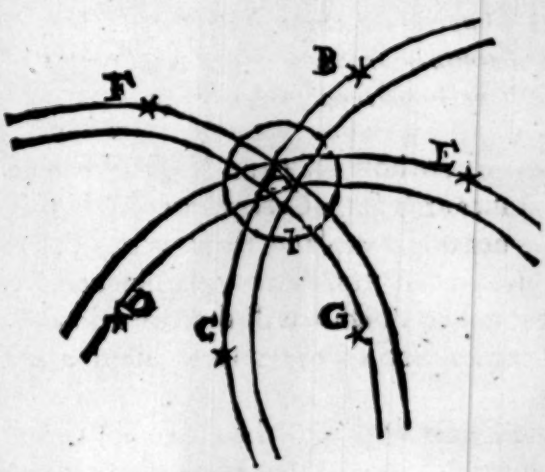
But it is to be noted, that if we forsake this apprehension of the omnipresency of *Ahad*, God and all things else will prove mere bodies. And then must God, if he can, make himself up in severall parcells and pieces. And God administring the affairs of the Earth, will scarce know what God doth in *Saturn*, or at least many millions of miles distant, which conceit seems to me farre below the light of Nature and improv'd Reason. But to conceive God not onely a body, but a body devoid of life, sense, and understanding, is so dark and melancholick a phansie, that I professe, I think I could with far lesse pain and reluctancy, suffer my body to be buried alive in the cold Earth, then so stark and stupid conceit to entombe my soul.

STANZ. 85. *Besides the Conflux and Congeries*
Of lesser Lights, a double augmentation
Emplies, and 'twixt them both a lessening coarctation.

The

The difficulty that their opinion is entangled with that hold the Comets to be nothing but a conflux of leſſer ſtars, is this. That they muſt then ſeem firſt bigger, then leſſer; then bigger again, which will evidently appear in the following Scheme.

Where let the cloſeſt meeting of the Stars, D F B E G C be at A. I ſay before they come to A, they will make the ſhow of a broad light; ſuppoſe, when come all to the



Circle I. But afterward this light will be leſſe and leſſe, till they come to the Centre A, where it will be leaſt of all, they coming there cloſeſt of all one to another. But then they holding on ſtil in their ſeverall Arks, they will paſſe by one another, and the Comet will grow bigger, and bigger, till they have reached the Circle I again, where the Comet is as big as at the biggeſt before. But then disjoyning themſelves more wide one from another, their ſeverall Circles ſo carrying them, they ceaſe to be ſeen of us.

This would be the παυόμενον of a Comet, if it did conſiſt

of a conflux of Starres. But ſith there is no ſuch thing obſerved in Comets it is very probable they ariſe not from this cauſe.

Notes upon *The Philoſophers Devotion.*

Nimbly they hold on their way
Shaping out their Night and Day.
Summer, Winter, Autumn, Spring,
Their inclined Axes bring.

TO ſhew how Day and Night, VVinter and Summer ariſe from *Copernicus* his Hypotheſis, will not onely explane theſe verſes but exceedingly ſet out the fitneſſe and genuineneſſe of the Hypotheſis it ſelf. VVhich I will therefore do out of *Galileo* for the ſatisfaction of the unprejudiced and ingenuous Reader.

Let the Circle ♈ ♎ ♋ ♑ ♈ be the *Ecliptick*, where, by the way, we may take notice that when the Earth is in the ſign ♈, the *Sun* will appear in the oppoſite ſign ♋, when in ♑, in ♎ *&c.* And ſo while the Earth doth really paſſe through the Signes, the ſunne ſeems to paſſe through the Signs oppoſite to thoſe the Earth is really paſſing through; whence this annuall motion through the Zodiack has been aſcribed unto him.

Let now the centre of the Earth be plac'd in the point of ♈. Let the Poles and Axis of the earth be A B, inclining upon the Diametre of Capricorn and Cancer 23 degrees and an half. VVe muſt alſo ſuppoſe this inclination immutable; the upper pole A, to be the *North* pole, the South-pole, *B*.

Now imagine the Earth turnd round on her Axis in 24 houres

houres from West to East: then will every point in the semicircle A D B describe a parallel Circle. We'll for the present take notice onely of that great circle C D, and two other remov'd from this, 23. gr. and an half, *viz.* E F. and G N, the one above, the other below, and lastly two other furthermost circles I *K* and L M equidistant from the Poles A B.

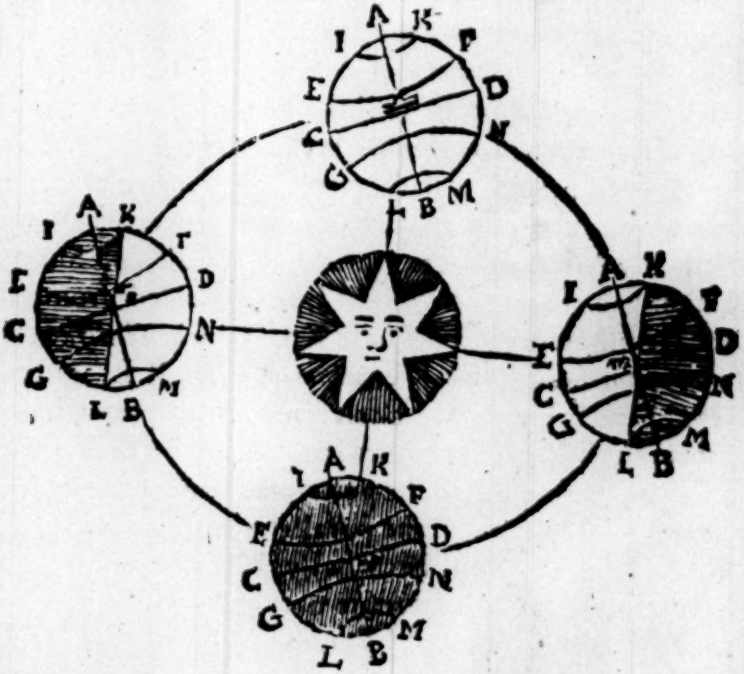
Furthermore we are to understand that while the *Earth* moves on, that her Axis keeps not onely the same inclination upon the Plane of the Ecliptick, but also one constant direction toward the same part of the Universe or Firmament, remaining alway parallel to it self.

Now this immutability of inclination and steddy direction of her Axis presupposed, place the Earth also in the first points of Aries Cancer and Libra, according as you see in the present *Scheme*.

VVe will go thorough all the foure figures, and first that in Capricorn. In which, because the Axis A B declines from a perpendicular, upon the Diametre of Capricorne and Cancer, 23. grad. and an half, towards the Sun O, and the Ark A I, is 23. grad. and an half, (the Sun enlightning an Hemisphere of the Earth divided from the dark Hemisphere by the Circle K L which *Galileo* calls *Terminator lucis*) this *Terminator lucis* K L must divide C D as being a great circle, into equall parts, but all the other as being lesser circles into unequall; because K L passeth not through A B the poles of all these Circles. *And* the parallel I K with all the parallels described within I K even to the pole A will be wholly in the enlightned part of the Earth, as all the opposite parallels from L M to the pole B, wholly in the dark. Furthermore whereas the Ark A *K* is equall to the Ark E C, and the Ark A E common: these two, K I E and AEC will be equall, and each of them make a quadrant. And because the whole Ark *K E* L is a semicircle

Semicircle, the Ark L ℰ will be a quadrant and equall to the other ℰ K, and therefore the Sun O shall in this posture of the *Earth* be verticall at Noon to all them that live in the Parallel *E* F which is the Tropick of Cancer described by the *Earths* turning upon her own Axis in that posture. *And* thus ariseth the height of Summer to all them that dwell on this side of the Tropick of Cancer.

Moreover we see plainly, that of all the parallel circles we may imagine drawn betwixt I K and L M· C D is onely divided into equall parts by the circle of light *K* L: in such sort that the diurnall arks of the parallels above C D are bigger then the Nocturnall, but under ☾ D, lesser.



Also

Also that the differences of the arks grow bigger and bigger by how much nearer and nearer they come to the Poles, till I *K* be wholly taken in to the enlightned part of the Earth and make day there, of 24 houres long, and contrariwise, the parallel L *M* be wholly covered in the dark part, and make night of 24. houres long. So that from hence we may see how the true differences of the lowest and shortest dayes and nights are caused to the Inhabitants of severall parallels of the *E*arth.

Lets now consider the third figure the centre of the earth plac'd in ♋ from whence the sun will appear in the first point of Capricorn. Now it is manifest, being that the inclination and direction of the *E*arths Axis A B is utterly the same it was before, it remaining parallel to it self, that the situation of the Earth is the same, saving that that Hemisphere which was before enlightned is now in the dark, and that which was in the dark before, is now in the light, and so the differences of dayes and nights are quite contrary to what they were. In what parallel was the longest day before is now the shortest, and in what the shortest now the longest, as is plain to sight.

For now I *K* is wholly in the dark which before was in the light wholly, and L *M* in the light that was before in the dark *&c.* And the Sun is now verticall to the Inhabitants of G ♑ as before it was to them of *E* F. And as it was the height of Summer before to E F and to all on this side *E* F: so it is now the depth of winter to them and to all on this side of them. For the *S*un seems to have descended, or is removed from them, or they from, it by the whole arch F D *N* that is 47. degrees.

*A*ll which mutation proceeds from the immutable posture of the axis of the *E*arth, remaining still in the same inclination to the Plane of the *E*cliptick and continuing

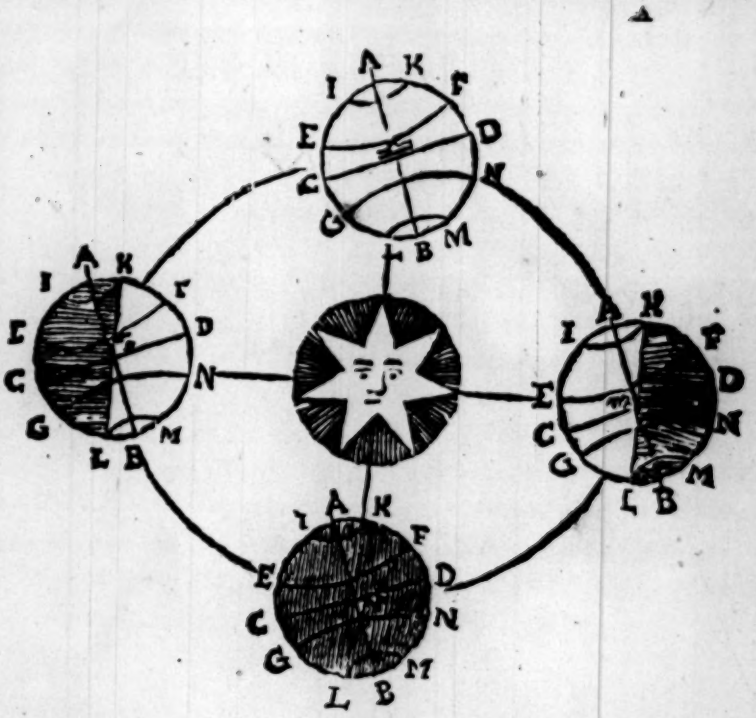
ever

ever parallell to it self. For so it must needs decline as much from the Sun O in the point ♋ as it inclin'd to him in the point ♑. For as, if the *Axis* A B were supposed parallell to the *Axis* of the Plane of the Ecliptick the Sunne will be verticall to D and to C. So I A the inclination of the *Axis* toward the Sunne, will make the Sunne verticall at E in the point ♑, and the declination of the said *Axis*, from the Sunne at the point ♋ will make the Sun verticall to N.

But now if we consider the Earth plac'd in the point ♎ the Sun O will appear in the beginning of ♈. And whereas the Axis of the Earth which in the first figure at ♑ stands inclined upon the Diametre of *Capricorn* and *Cancer*, and therefore understood to be in a Plane which cutteth the Plane of the Ecliptick along the Diametre of *Capricorn* and *Cancer*, being erected perpendicularly to the said Plane of the *Ecliptick*: This *Axis* kept still parallell to it self, will also here be in a Plane, erected perpendicular to the Plane of the *Ecliptick*, and parallell to the forenamed Plane which cut the Plane of the *Ecliptick* to right angles along the Diametre of *Cancer* and *Capricorn*. And therefore a Line going from the Centre of the Sunne to the Centre of the Earth, such as the Line O tending to ♎ *Libra*, will be perpendicular to the *Axis* A B. But a Line drawn from the Suns Centre, to the Centre of the Earth is alwayes perpendicular to the Circle of illumination; therefore shall the Circle of Illumination, or the *Terminator Lucis* passe through the Poles A B in this Figure, and the *Axis* A B shall be in the Plane of this Cirtle. But a great Circle passing through the Poles of the parallells will divide them all into equall parts. Therefore I K, E F, C D, G N, L M, the diurnall Arches be all semicircles, and dayes and nights be of equall length to all the Inhabitants of the Earth.

Last-

Lastly, seeing that a Line drawn from the Centre of the Sunne, to the Centre of the Earth is perpendicular to the *Axis* A B, to which the greatest of the parallell Circles C D is also perpendicular ; this Line thus drawn will necessarily passe along the Plane of the parallell C D, and cut its circumference in the midst of the diurnall Arch of that Circle C D. And therefore the Sunne will here be verticall to them that live in the parallell C D.



And what hath been said of the Earth at this point of *Libra* ♎, will agree exactly to her placed in the point ♈. There is no difference, saving that the dark side turned from the Sunne is represented in this last posture as the light side in the former. The nocturnall semicircles here,

as

as there the Diurnall. And ſo we ſee how Spring and Autumn cometh about as well as how Winter and Summer.

Finally, whereas the Earth being in the Solſtitial points the Polar Circles I K, L M, one of them is in the Light, the other in the dark; but being in the Equinoctial points, the halfs onely of the Polar Circles be in the light or dark: 'tis eaſie to underſtand how the Earth paſſing, ſuppoſe from *Cancer* (where the parallell I K is wholly in the dark) to *Leo* ♌, one part of the parallell I K toward the point K begins to enter into the light, and the Circle of Illumination to bear back toward the Pole A, and more inward toward the Pole B, cutting the Circle A C B D no longer in K L, but in two other points betwixt A K & L B, whence the Inhabitants of the Circle I K begin to enjoy the light, and the Inhabitants of L M, to be conveyed into Night.

The Interpretation Generall.

IF any man conceive I have done amiſſe in uſing ſuch obſcure words in my writings, I anſwer, That it is ſometime fit for Poeticall pomp ſake, as in my Pſychozoia: Otherſome time neceſſitie requires it,

Propter egeſtatem linguæ, & rerum novitatem,

as Lucretius pleads for himſelf in like caſe. Again, there is that ſignificancie in ſome of the barbarous words (for the Greeks are Barbarians to us) that, although not out of ſuperſtition, yet upon due reaſon I was eaſily drawn to follow the Counſel of the Chaldee Oracle, Ὀνόματα βάρβαρα μή ποτ' ἀλλάξῃς, Not to change thoſe barbarous terms into into our engliſh tongue. Laſtly, if I have offended in uſing ſuch hard names or words, I ſhall make amends now by interpreting them.

A

Abinoam אבינועם *Pater amœnitatis*, Father of delight.

Acronychall. See Cronychall.

Adamah. אדמה Earth, The earthly or naturall mans abode.

Adonai. אדוני The Lord, or the ſuſtainer of all things, from אדן the Baſis or foot of a pillar.

Aelpon. Ἄελπον, not hoping, or without hope.

Æon Αἰών, Eternity.

Æther. Αἰθὴρ, from αἴθω to burn. The fluid fiery nature of heaven, the ſame that אשים which ſignifies as much, *viz.* a fiery fluour, or fluid fire.

Africk Rock. See Pompon. *Mel. lib.* 1. *cap.* 8. Rom. 9. 33. 1. Cor. 10. 4 1. Pet. 2. 5. Revel 5. 10. Pſal. 105. 15.

Ahad. אחד Τὸ ἕν. One, or The One. The Platoniſts call the firſt Originall of all things, Τὸ ἕν and Τἀγαθὸν, for theſe reaſons: Τὸ ἕν, or One, becauſe the multitude or plurality of Beings is from this One, as all numbers from an unite: Τἀγαθὸν, or The Good, περὶ

τῦ

τῆ ἄγειν, or ἄγαν θεῖν, because all things are driven, drawn, or make haste to partake of it. Διότι μὴ ἐξ αὐτῆ τὸ πλῆθος ὑφέστη, πλὴ τῆ ἑνὸς αὐτῆ προσηγορίαν ἐπάγομεν· Διότι ἢ θεὸς αὐτὸ πάντα χῆ μέχρι τῆ ἀμυδροτάτων ἐπιστρέφῃ, τὸ ἀγαθὸν αὐτὸ προσορομάζομεν, *Procl. Theolog. Plat. lib.* 2. *cap.* 4.

Aides. Ἀΐδης, It ordinarily signifies Orcus or Pluto; here the Winter Sunne: the etymon fits both, διὰ τὸ μὴ ἰδεῖν· Hell is dark, and the Sunne in Winter leavs us to long nights.

Ain, Not to be, To be nothing; from אין *Non, nihil,* or *nemo.*

Alethea-land, That is, the land of truth, τὸ πεδίον τῆς ἀληθείας, as the Platonists call it.

Alopecopolis, Ἀλωπικόπολις. The foxes city, or politie.

Ananke, Ἀνάγκη. The same that Hyle is. But the proper signification of the word is Necessity. See Hyle.

Anautæsthetus, Ἀναυπάθητος, One that feels not himself, or at least relisheth not himself.

Anautæsthesie, Ἀναυταισθησία, Without self-sensednesse, or relishing ones self.

Animadversall. That lively inward animadversall. It is the soul it self, for I cannot conceive the body doth animadvert; When as objects plainly exposed to the sight are not discovered till the soul takes notice of them.

Anthropion, The same with Adamah: Onely Adamah signifies earthlinesse; *Anthropion* from ἄνω ὀπτεῖν, uprightnesse of body or looking up.

Apathie, Ἀπάθεια. To be without passion.

Apogee, Ἀπόγειον, is that *absis* or ark of the circle of a Planet, in which the Planet is further off from the earth, as the word it self intimates.

Apterie, Ἀπτερία, from α negative, and πτέρον a wing. It signifies the want of wings.

Arachnea hath its name from ἀράχνη, a spider.

Atom-lives. The same that Centrall-lives. Both the terms denotate the indivisibilty of the inmost essence it self; the pure essentiall form I mean, of plant, beast, or man, yea of angels themselves, good, or bad.

Atove. See *Hattove.*

Autaparnes, Αὐταπάρνης, from αὐτὸς and ἀπαρνέομαι. Simon, Autaparnes & Hypomone are but the soul, thrice told over. Autaparnes is the soul denying it self: Hypomone the soul bearing the anguish of this deniall of it self: From these two, results Simon, the soul obedient to the spirit of Christ. Now there is no self-deniall where there

is

is no corrupt or evill life to be suppreſt and ſatisfied; nor any Patience or Hypomone, where there is no agony from the vexation of ſelf-deniall. So that the ſoul as long as it is *Autaparnes* or *Hypomone*, is a thing complex or concrete, neceſſarily including the corruption of that evill life or ſpirit, which is the ſouls ſelf for a time. Hence is that riddle eaſily opened; How the ſtrength of *Autaparnes* is the weakning of *Simon* and the deſtruction of him and *Hypomone* in the valley of *Ain Simons* conſummation and perfection, or rather his tranſlation, or ἀποθέωσις.

Autaeſthetica, Αὐταισθητικά, Self-ſenſedneſſe.

Autokinetically, Αὐτοκινητῶς, That which moves it ſelf.

Autopathia, Αὐτοπάθεια, Denotates the being ſelf-ſtrucken, to be ſenſible of what harms us, rather then what is abſolutely evill.

Autophilus, Αὐτόφιλος, A lover of himſelf.

B

Bacha, Weeping, *Bacha* Vale is the Valley of tears; from בָּכָה *Flevit.*

Beirah, or *Beiron*, The brutiſh life, from בְּעִר *brutum.*

Body. The ancient Philoſophers have defined it Τὸ τριχῇ διάστατον μετ' ἀντιτυπίας, *Sext. Emperic. Pyrrhon. Hypotyp. lib.* 3. *cap.* 5. Near to this is that deſcription, *Pſychathan. Cant.* 2. *Stanz.* 12. *lib.* 2. *Matter extent in three dimenſions*: But for that ἀντιτυπία, ſimple trinall diſtenſion doth not imply it, wherefore I declin'd it. But took in matter according to their conceit that phanſie *a Materia prima*, I acknowledge none; and conſequently no ſuch *corpus naturale* as our Phyſiologiſt make the ſubject of that ſcience. That τριχῇ διάστατον ἀντίτυπον is nothing but a fixt ſpirit, the conſpiſſation or coagulation of the cuſpidall particles of the Cone, which are indeed the Centrall Taſis, or inward eſſence of the ſenſible world. Theſe be an infinite number of vitall Atoms that may be wakened into divers tinctures, or energies, into Fiery, Watery, Earthy, &c. And one divine *Fiat* can unlooſe them all into an univerſall miſt, or turn them out of that ſweat, into a drie and pure Ethereall temper. Theſe be the laſt projections of life from the ſoul of the world; and are act or form though debil and indifferent; like that which they call the firſt matter. But they are not merely paſſive, but meet their information half way, as I may ſo ſpeak: are radiant *ab intimo*, and awake into this or the other operation, by the powerfull appulſe of ſome ſuperadvenient form. That which change of phantaſmes is to the ſoul, that is alteration of rayes to them. For their rayes are *ab intrinſeco*, as the phantaſmes of the ſoul. Theſe be the reall matter of which all ſuppoſed bodies are compounded, and this matter (as I ſaid) is form and life, ſo that all is life and form what

ever is in the world, as I have ſomewhere intimated in *Antipſychopan.* But how ever I uſe the term *Body* ordinarily in the uſuall and vulgar acception. And for that ſenſe of the Ancients, neareſt to which I have defined it in the place firſt above mentioned, that I ſeem not to chooſe that ſame as moſt eaſie to proceed againſt in diſproving the corporeity of the ſoul, the Arguments do as neceſſarily conclude againſt ſuch a naturall body as is ordinarily deſcribed in *Phyſiologie* (as you may plainly diſcern if you liſt to obſerve) as alſo againſt this body compoſed of the Cuſpidall particles of the Cone. For though they be Centrall lives, yet are they neither Plaſticall, Senſitive, or Rationall; ſo farre are they from proving to be the humane ſoul, whoſe nature is there diſcuſt.

C

Centre, Centrall, Centrality. When they are uſed out of their ordinary ſenſe, they ſignifie the depth, or inmoſt Being of any thing, from whence its Acts and Energies flow forth. See *Atomi lives.*

Chaos, In our blew Chaos, that is, In our corporeall ſpirit: for that is the matter that the ſoul raiſeth her phantaſmaticall forms in, as the life of the World, doth bodily ſhapes in the Heavens or Air.

Circulation. The term is taken from a toyiſh obſervation, *viz.* the circling of water, when a ſtone is caſt into a ſtanding pool. The motion drives on circularly, the firſt rings are thickeſt, but the further they go, they grow the thinner, till they vaniſh into nothing. Such is the diffuſion of the Species audible in the ſtrucken Air, as alſo of the viſible Species. In breif, any thing is ſaid to circulate that diffuſeth its Image or Species in a round. It might have been more ſignificantly called orbiculation, ſeeing this circumfuſion makes not onely a Circle, but fills a Sphere, which may be called the Sphere of activity: Yet Circulation more fitly ſets out the diminution of activity, from thoſe rings in the water, which as they grow in compaſſe, abate in force and thickneſſe. But ſometimes I uſe Circulate in an ordinary ſenſe to turn round, or return in a Circle

Clare, Claros, a Citie of *Jonia*, famous for *Apollo's* Temple, and anſwers, amongſt which was this, which I have interpreted in *Pſychathanaſia.*

Φράζετο τὸν πάντων ὕπατον θεὸν ἔμμεν Ἰαώ,
Χείματι μὲν τ' Ἀΐδην, Δία δ' ἔαρος ἀρχεμένοιο,
Ἠέλιον δ' θέρεος, μεταπώρῃ δ' ἄβρὸν Ἰαώ.
Macrob. Saturnal. lib. 1. *cap.* 18.

Cone; Is a ſolid figure made by the turning of a rectangular Triangle, about 3 one of the ſides that include the right angle reſting, which will

will be then the *Axis* of the compleated *Cone*. But I take it sometimes for the comprehension of all things, God himself not left out, whom I tearm the Basis of the *Cone* or Universe. And because all from him descends, καθ' ὑστερολὴν, with abatement or contraction, I give the name of *Cone* to the Universe. And of *Cone* rather then *Pyramid*, because of the roundnesse of the figure; which the effluxes of all things imitate.

Cronychall, or *Acronychall*, that is, ἀκρόνυχος, vespertine, or at the beginning of night. So a starre is said to rise or set *Acronychall*, when it riseth or setteth at the Sunne-setting; For then is the beginning of Night.

Cuspis of the *Cone*. The multiplide *Cuspis* of the *Cone* is nothing but the last projection of life from *Psyche*, which is a liquid fire, or fire and water, which are the corporeall or materiall principles of all things, changed or disgregated (if they be centrally distinguishable) and again mingled by the vertue of *Physis* or Spermaticall life of the World; of these are the Sunne and all the Planets, they being kned together, and fixt by the centrall power of each Planet and Sunne. The volatile Æther is also the same, and all the bodies of Plants, Beasts and Men. These are they which we handle and touch, a sufficient number compact together. For neither is the noise of those little flies in a Summer-evening audible severally: but a full Quire of them strike the eare with a pretty kind of buzzing. Strong and tumultuous pleasure, and scorching pain reside in these, they being essentiall and centrall, but sight and hearing are onely *of the Images* of these, See *Body*.

D

Dæmon, Any particular life, any divided spirit; or rather the power ruling in these. This is Δαίμων, *à δαίω divido*.

Dæmoniake, That which is according to that divided life or particular spirit that rules for it self.

Deuteropathie, Δευτεροπάθεια, is a being affected at second rebound, as I may so say. We see the Sunne not so properly by sympathy, as deuteropathie. As the mundane spirit is affected where the Sunne is, so am I in some manner; but not presently, because it is so affected, but because in my eye the Sunne is vigorously represented. Otherwise a man might without question see the Sunne if he had but a body of thin Aire.

Diana, The Moon, by which is set out the dead light, or letter of the Law.

Dicæosyne, Δικαιοσύνη, Justice or Morall righteousnesse.

Dizoia, Διζωία, Double-livedneſſe.

Duessa, Division, or duality.

E

Eidos Εἶδος, Form or Beauty.

Eloim or *Eloah*, אלהים, אלוה signifie properly the ſtrong God.

Energie, it is a peculiar Platonicall term, I have elſewhere expounded it, *Operation*, *Efflux*, *Activity*: None of thoſe words bear the full ſenſe of it. The examples there are fit, *viz.* the light of the Sun, the phantaſmes of the ſoul. We may collect the genuine ſenſe of the word, by comparing ſeverall places of the Philoſopher. Ἔχει γὰρ ἕκαστον τῶν ὄντων ἐνέργειαν, ἥ ἐστιν ὁμοίωμα αὐτῆς, ὥστε αὐτὸ ὄντος καὶ ἐκεῖνο εἶναι, καὶ μένοντος φαίνειν εἰς τὸ πέρρω, τὸ μὲν ὂν πλεῖον τὸ δὲ εἰς ἔλαττον. καὶ αἱ μὲν ἀσθενεῖς καὶ ἀμυδραὶ, αἱ δὲ καὶ λανθάνουσαι, τῶν δ' ἐστι μείζους καὶ εἰς τὸ πόρρω. For every being hath its *Energie*, which is the image of it ſelf, ſo that it exiſting that *Energie* doth alſo exiſt, and ſtanding ſtill is projected forward more or leſſe. And ſome of thoſe *Energies*, are weak and obſcure, others hid or undiſcernable, other ſome greater and of a larger projection, *Plotin. Ennead.* 4. *lib.* 5. *cap.* 7. And again, *Ennead.* 3. *lib.* 4. Καὶ μένομεν τῷ μὲν νοητῷ ἄνω· τῷ δὲ ἐσχάτῳ αὐτῆς, παραμένομεν τῷ κάτω, οἷον ἀπόῤῥοιαν ἀπ' ἐκείνου διδόντες εἰς τὸ κάτω, μᾶλλον δὲ ἐνέργειαν, ἐκείνου οὐκ ἐλαττωμένου. And we remain above by the Intellectuall man, but by the extreme part of him we are held below, as it were yielding an efflux from him to that which is below, or rather an *Energie*, he being not at all leſſened. This curioſity *Antoninus* alſo obſerves (*lib* 8. *Meditat.*) in the nature of the Sun-beams, where although he admits of χύσις, yet he doth not of ἀπόῤῥοια which is ἔκχυσις. Ὁ ἥλιος κατακέχυται μὲν δεκτῆ, καὶ πάντη γε κέχυται ἀλλ' οὐκ ἐκκέχυται. ἡ γὰρ χύσις αὐτοῦ τάσις ἐστὶν, ἀκτῖνες γοῦν αἱ αὐγαὶ αὐτοῦ ἀπὸ τοῦ ἐκτείνεσθαι λέγονται. The Sun, ſaith he, is diffuſed, and his fuſion is every where but without effuſion, &c. I will onely adde one place more out of *Plotinus Ennead.* 3. *lib.* 6. Ἑκάστου δὲ μορίου ἡ ἐνέργεια ἡ κατὰ φύσιν ζωὴ οὐκ ἐξισᾶσα. The naturall *Energie* of each power of the ſoul is life not parted from the ſoul though gone out of the ſoul, *viz.* into act.

Comparing of all theſe places together, I cannot better explain this Platonick term, *Energie*, then by calling it the rayes of an eſſence, or the beams of a vitall Centre. For eſſence is the Centre as it were of that which is truly called *Energie*, and *Energie* the beams and rayes of an eſſence. And as the Radii of a circle leave not the Centre by touching the Circumference, no more doth that which is the pure *Energie* of an eſſence, leave the eſſence by being called out into act, but is ἐνέργεια a working in the eſſence, though it flow out into act. So that *Energie* depends alwayes on eſſence, as *Lumen* on *Lux*, or the creature on God; Whom therefore *Syneſius* in his Hymnes calls the Centre of all things.

Ene-

Entelechia, Ἐντελέχεια: It is nothing else but *forma*, or *actus*, and belongs even to the most contemptible forms, as for example to Motion, which is defined by *Arist.* in the third of his physicks, ἡ τοῦ δυνατοῦ, ᾗ δυνατὸν, ἐντελέχεια. *Scaliger* in his 309 exercitation against *Cardan*, descants very curiously upon this word: *Cùm igitur formam* (ἐντελέχειαν) *intelliges immaterialitatem, simplicitatem, potestatem, perfectionem, informationem. Hoc enim est ἐν: quod innuit maximus Poetarum, Totóque infusa per artus. Hoc est, τέλος: quia est ultima forma sub cœlestibus, & princeps inferiorum, finis & perfectio. Hoc est ἔχειν, posse.* This goodly mysterie and fit significancy seems plainly forced or fictitious, if you compare it with what was cited out of *Arist.* about Motion. So that when we have made the best of ἐντελέχεια, it is but the form of any thing in an ordinary and usuall sense. If we stood much upon words, ἐντελέχεια would prove more significant of the nature of the Soul, even according to *Scaligers* own *Etymon*, from ἐν, σέειν, ἐλᾶν, and ἔχειν: from its permeation, & colligation or keeping together the body from defluxion into its ancient principles, which properties be included in ἐν and σέειν: ἐλᾶν moves forward the body thus kept together: ἔχειν intimates the possession or retention of the body thus moved, that it is rather promov'd by the Soul, than mov'd from the Soul. But of these words enough, or rather too much.

Eternitie is the steddy comprehension of all things at once. See *Æon* described in my Notes upon *Psychozoia*.

Euphrona, Εὐφρόνη, The night.

F

Faith. Platonick faith in the first Good. This faith is excellently described in *Proclus*. where it is set above all ratiocination, nay, Intellect it self. Πρὸς ᾧ αὐτὸ ἀγαθὸν οὐ γνώσεως ἔτι καὶ συνεργείας δεῖ τῆς συνορᾶσθαι παύεσθαι, ἀλλ' ἱδρύσεως καὶ μονίμου καταστάσεως καὶ ἡρεμίας. But to them that endeavour to be joyned with the first Good, there is no need of knowledge or multifarious cooperation, but of settledness, steddiness and rest, *lib.* 1. *cap.* 24. *Theolog. Platon.* And in the next chapter, Δεῖ γὰρ οὐ γνωστικῶς οὐδ' ἀτελῶς τὸ ἀγαθὸν ἐπιζητεῖν, ἀλλ' ἐπιδόντας ἑαυτοὺς τῷ θείῳ φωτὶ καὶ μύσαντας, ὅπως ἐνιδρύσωμεν τῇ ἀγνώστῳ καὶ κρυφίῳ τῶν ὄντων ἑνάδι. For we must not seek after that absolute or first good cognoscitively or imperfectly, but giving our selves up to the divine light, and winking (that is shutting our eyes of reason and understanding) so to place our selves steddily in that hidden Unity of all things: After he preferres this faith before the clear and present assent to the Κοιναὶ ἔννοιαι, yea and the νοερὰ ἁπλότης, so that he will not that any intelle-

ctuall operation ſhould come in compariſon with it. Πολυειδὴς γὰρ αὕτη καὶ διὰ ἑτερότητος χωριζομένη τῶν νοημάτων, καὶ ὅλως κίνησίς ἐστι νοερὰ περὶ τὸ νοητόν. Δεῖ δὲ πίστιν ἁπλῆν εἶναι καὶ ἥρεμον ἐπάρχειν ἐν τῷ τῆς ἀγαθότητος ὅρμῳ τελείως ἱδρυθεῖσαν. For the operation of the Intellect is multiform, and by diverſity ſeparate from her objects, and is in a word, intellectuall motion about the object intelligible. But the divine faith muſt be ſimple and uniform, quiet and ſteddily reſting in the haven of goodneſſe. And at laſt he ſummarily concludes, Εἷς ἐστιν οὗτος ὅρμος ἀσφαλὴς τῶν ὄντων ἁπάντων. See *Procl: Theolog. Platonic. lib.* 1. *cap.* 25.

G

Gabriel, The ſtrength of God from גבר and אל.

Glaucis, *Glaux*, γλαυξ, an Owle.

H

Haphe. Ἁφὴ, The touch.

Har-Eloim, הר־אלהים The mount of Angels, Genii, or particular ſpirits.

Hattove, הטוב τἀγαθὸν, the Good, or that eminent Good, or firſt Good from whence all good is derived. See *Ahad*.

Helios, Ἥλιος, The Sunne.

Heterogeneall, is that which conſiſts of parts of a diverſe nature, or form: as for example, a mans body, of fleſh, bones, nerves, &c.

Homogeneall, That whoſe nature is of one kind.

Hyle, *Materia prima*, or that dark fluid potentiality of the creature, the ſtraitneſſe, repugnancy, and incapacity of the creature: as when its being this, deſtroyes or debilitates the capacity of being ſomething elſe, or after ſome other manner. This is all that any wary Platoniſt will underſtand by Ἀνάγκη πολλὰ τῷ θεῷ δυσμαχοῦσα καὶ ἀφνειάζουσα, *in Plutarchs* ψυχογονία.

Hypomone, Ὑπομονὴ, Patience. See *Autaparnes*.

I

Iao, A corruption of the *Tetragrammaton*. Greek writers have ſtrangely maſh'd this word יהוה, ſome calling it ἰωβᾶ, others ἰαὼ, ſome ἰυὼ. It is very likely that from this ἰυὼ came *Bacchus* his apellation Εὐοῖ. and the Mænades acclamations εὐοὶ in his Orgia. Which ſutes well with the Clarian Oracle, which ſaith that in Autumne, the Sun is called ἰαὼ, which is the time of vintage.

μεταπώρῳ δ' ἀβρὸν ἰαὼ. See Fullers Miſcel.

Ida. See *Pompon. Mel. lib.* 1. *cap.* 17.

Ideas, or *Idees*, ſometimes they are forms in the Intellectuall world, viz. in *Æon*, or *On*; other ſometimes, phantaſmes or repreſentations in the ſoul. Innate *Idees* are the ſouls nature it ſelf, her uniform eſſence,

eſſence, able by her *Fiat* to produce this or that phantaſme into act.

Idea Lond. The Intellectuall world.

Idiopathie, ἰδιοπάθεια, is ones proper peculiar πάθος, my or thy, being affected thus or ſo, upon this or that occaſion; as ἰδιοσυγκρασία, is this or that mans proper temper. But this propriety of affection may alſo belong unto kinds. As an Elephant hath his idiopathy, and a man his, at the hearing of a pipe; a Cat and an Eagle at the ſight of the Sunne; a Dogge and a Circopithecus at the ſight of the Moon, &c.

Idothea, The fleet paſſage of fading forms; from εἶδος, *Forma*, and θέω, *curro*.

Intellect. Sometimes it is to be interpreted Soul. Sometimes the intellectuall faculty of the Soul. Sometimes Intellect is an abſolute eſſence ſhining into the Soul: whoſe nature is this. A ſubſtance purely immateriall, impeccable, actually omniform, or comprehending all things at once: which the ſoul doth alſo being perfectly joyned with the Intellect. Ἔχομεν ἓν ᾧ τὰ εἴδη ὡς ἐν μὲν ψυχῇ ὅσον μὴ ἀνειλιγμένα καὶ ὅσον κεχωρισμένα, ἐν δὲ τῷ νῷ ὁμοῦ τὰ πάντα. *Plot. Ennead* 1. *lib.* 1. *cap.* 8.

Iſoſceles, A triangle with two ſides equall.

L

Lampropronæa, The bright *ſide of* Providence.

Lelurion, Nocturnall fire, from לוּל and אוּר.

Leontopolis Λεοντόπολις, The Lions citie or Politie.

Life. The vitall operation of any ſoul. Sometimes it is the Soul it ſelf, be it ſenſitive, vegetative, or rationall.

Logos, Λόγος, The appellation of the Sonne of God. It is ordinarily tranſlated the *Word*, but hath an ample ſignification. It ſignifieth Reaſon, Proportion, Form, Eſſence, any inward ſingle thought, or apprehenſion; is any thing but matter, and matter is nothing.

Lower man, The lower man is our enquickned body, into which our ſoul comes, it being fully prepared for the receiving of ſuch a gueſt. The manner of the production of ſouls, or rather their non-production is admirably well ſet down in *Plotinus*, See *Ennead* 6. *l.* 4. *c.* 14. 15.

Lypon, from Λύπη, ſorrow.

M

Magicall, that is, attractive, or commanding by force of ſympathy with the life of this naturall world.

Melampronæa, the black *ſide of* providence.

Memory. Mundane memory. Is that memory that is ſeated in the Mundane ſpirit of man, by a ſtrong impreſſion, or inuſtion of any phantaſme, or outward ſenſible object, upon that ſpirit. But there is a

memory more ſubtill and abſtract in the ſoul it ſelf, without the help of this ſpirit, which ſhe alſo carries away with her having left the body.

Michael, who like unto God? from מי *quis.* & מל *ſimilitudinis,* & אל *Deus.*

Moment. Sometimes ſignifies an inſtant, as indiviſible, as *κίνημα*, which in motion anſwers to an inſtant in time, or a point in a line, *Ariſt. Phyſ.* In this ſenſe I uſe it, *Pſychathan. lib.* 3. *cant.* 2. *ſtanz.* 2. 16. But in a moment Sol doth ray. But *Cant.* 3. *ſtanz* 45. *verſ.* 2. I underſtand, as alſo doth *Lantbergius*, by a moment one ſecond of a minute. In *Antipſych. Cant.* 2. *ſtanz.* 10. *verſ.* 2. by a moment I underſtand a minute, or indefinitely any ſmall time.

Monad, Μονὰς, is *Unitas*, the principle of all numbers, an embleme of the Deity: And the *Pythagoreans* call it Θεὸς, God. It is from *μένειν*, becauſe it is *μόνιμος*, ſtable and immovable, a firme Cube of it ſelf, One time one time one remains ſtill one, See *Abad.*

Monocordia, Μονοκαρδία, from *μόνος* and *καρδία*, Single-heartedneſſe.

Mundane, Mundane ſpirit, is that which is the ſpirit of the world, or Univerſe. I mean by it not an Intellectuall ſpirit, but a fine, unfixt, attenuate, ſubtill, ethereall ſubſtance, the immediate vehicle of plaſticall or ſenſitive life.

Myrmecopolis, Μυρμηκόπολις, the city or polity of Piſmires.

N

N*Euroſpaſt*, νευρόσπαστον, a Puppet or any Machina that's mov'd by an unſeen ſtring or nerve.

O

O*Gdoas*, Ὀγδοὰς, *numerus octonarius*, the number of eight.

Omniformity, the omniformity of the ſoul is the having in her nature all forms, latent at leaſt, and power of awaking them into act, upon occaſion.

On, τὸ ὄν. The being.

Orb. Orb Intellectuall, is nothing elſe but Æon or the Intellectuall world. The Orbs generall mentioned, *Pſychathan. lib.* 1. *cant.* 3. *ſtanz.* 23. *verſ.* 2. I underſtand by them but ſo many univerſall orders of being, if I may ſo terme them all; for Hyle hath little or nothing of being.

Out-world, and *Out Heaven.* The ſenſible World, the viſible Heaven.

P

P*Andemoniothen*, Πὰν-δαιμονίοθεν, all from the devill; *viz.* all falſe perſwaſions, and ill effects from them.

Panoply

Panoply, Πανοπλία, Armour for the whole body.

Pantheothen, Πάν-θεόθεν, All from God. Which is true in one ſenſe, falſe in another, You'll eaſily diſcern the ſenſe in the place you find the word. This paſſage of Pantheothen contains a very ſavory and hearty reproof of all, be they what they will, that do make uſe of that intricate myſtery of fate and infirmity; ſafely to guard themſelves from the due reprehenſions and juſt expoſtulations of the earneſt meſſengers of God, who would rouſe them out of this ſleep of ſin, and ſtir them up ſeriouſly to ſeek after the might and ſpirit of Chriſt, that may work wonderfully in their ſouls to a glorious conqueſt and triumph againſt the devill, death and corruption.

Parallax, παράλλαξις, is the difference betwixt the true and ſeeming place of a ſtar; proceeding from the ſenſible difference of the centre, and the height of the ſuperficies of the earth in reference to the ſtar, and from the ſtars declining from the Zenith.

Parelies, Παρήλια, are rorid clouds which bear the image of the Sunne.

Parturient. See *Vaticinant*.

Penia, Πενία, Want or poverty.

Perigee, Περίγειον, is that abſis or ark of a Planets circle, in which it comes nearer to the earth.

Periphere, *Peripheria*,, it is the line that terminates a circle.

Phantaſie, Lower phantaſie, is that which reſides in the Mundane ſpirit of a man, See *Memory*.

Phantaſme, φάντασμα, any thing that the ſoul conceives in it ſelf, without any preſent externall object.

Philoſomatus, φιλοσώματος, a lover of his body.

Phobon, from φόβος, fear.

Phrenition, anger, impatiency, fury; from φρενῖτις, phrenſie or madneſſe. *Ira furor brevis eſt.*

Phyſis, Φύσις, Nature vegetative.

Pithecus, Πίθηκος, an Ape.

Pithecuſa, the land of Apes.

Plaſtick. Δύναμις πλαστικὴ, is that efformative might in the ſeed that ſhapes the body in its growth.

Protopathy, πρωτοπάθεια. It is a ſuffering or being affected at firſt, that is, without circulation. If any man ſtrike me, I feel immediately; becauſe my ſoul is united with this body that is ſtruck: and this is protopathy. If the air be ſtruck aloof of, I am ſenſible alſo of that, but by circulation or propagation of that impreſſion into my eare; and this is deuteropathy. See *Deuteropathy*.

Proteus, *Vertumnus*, changeableneſſe.

Pſittaco. Don Pſittaco, from *Pſittacus* a Parot, a bird that ſpeak ſignificant words, whoſe ſenſe notwithſtanding it ſelf is ignorant of The Dialogue betwixt this Parot and Mnemon ſets out the vanity o ſuperficiall conceited Theologaſters, that have but the ſurface and thin imagination of divinity, but truly devoid of the ſpirit and inward power of Chriſt, the living well-ſpring of knowledge and virtue, and yet do pride themſelves in prattling and diſcourſing of the moſt hidden and abſtruſe myſteries of God, and take all occaſions to ſhew forth their goodly skill and wonderfull inſight into holy truth, when as they have indeed ſcarce licked the outſide of the glaſſe wherein it lies.

Pſittacuſa, the land of Parots.

Pſychania, the land of Souls.

Pſyche, Ψυχὴ, Soul, or ſpirit.

Pſychicall, Though Ψυχὴ be a generall name and belongs to the ſouls of beaſts and plants, yet I underſtand by life *Pſychicall*, ſuch centrall life as is capable of Æon, and Ahad.

Pteroeſſa, Πτερόεσσα, the land of winged ſouls; from πτέρυξ, a wing.

Q

Quadrate. A figure with foure equall ſides, and foure right angles. The rightneſſe of the angles, is a plain embleme of erectneſſe or uprightneſſe of mind. The number of the ſides, as alſo of the angles, being *pariter par*, that is, equall diviſible to the utmoſt unities (τὸ ἴσον ἰσάκις, as it is in *Ariſtotle*) intimates equity or juſtice. The ſides are equall one with another, and ſo are the angles; and the number of the ſides and angles equall one with another. Both the numbers put together are a number *pariter par* again, and conſtitute the firſt cube which is eight: That adds ſteddineſſe and perſevererance in true juſtice and uprightneſſe toward God and man. *Hypomone* bears all this, that is, all that dolour and vexation that comes from the keeping our perverſe heart to ſo ſtrait and ſtreight a rule.

Quantitative. Forms quantitative, are ſuch ſenſible energies as ariſe from the complexion of many natures together, at whoſe diſcretion they vaniſh That's the ſeventh orb of things, though broken and not filling all as the other do. But if you take it for the whole ſenſible world, it is intire and is the ſame that *Taſis* in *Pſychozoia*. But the centre of *Taſis*, *viz.* the multiplication of the reall Cuſpis of the Cone (for Hyle that is ſet for the moſt contract point of the Cuſpis is ſcarce to be reckoned among realities) that immenſe diffuſion of atoms, is to be referred to Pſyche, as an internall vegetative act, and ſo belongs to Phyſis the loweſt order of life. For as that warmth that

the

the ſoul doth afford the body, is not rationall, ſenſitive or imaginative, but vegetative; So this, שמים that is, liquid fire, which Pſyche ſends out, and is the outmoſt, laſt, and loweſt operation from her ſelf, is alſo vegetative.

R

Rayes. The rayes of an eſſence is its energie. See *Energie.*

Reaſon. I underſtand by Reaſon, the deduction of one thing from another, which I conceive proceeds from a kind of continuity of phantaſmes; and is ſomething like the moveing of a cord at one end; the parts next it riſe with it. And by this concatenation of phantaſms I conceive, that both brutes and men are moved in reaſonable wayes and methods in their ordinary externall actions.

Reduplicative. That is reduplicative, which is not onely in this point, but alſo in another, having a kind of circumſcribed ubiquity, *viz.* in its own ſphear. And this is either by being in that ſphear omnipreſent it ſelf, as the ſoul is ſaid to be in the body *tota in toto & tota in qualibet parte*; or elſe at leaſt by propagation of rayes, which is the image of it ſelf; and ſo are divers ſenſible objects *Reduplicative*, as light, colours, ſounds. And I make account either of theſe wayes juſtly denominate any thing ſpiritual. Though the former is moſt properly, at leaſt more eminently ſpirituall. And whether any thing be after that way ſpirituall ſaving the Divinity, there is reaſon to doubt. For what is intirely omnipreſent in a ſphear, whoſe diameter is but three foot, I ſee not, why (that in the circumference being as freſh and intire as that in the centre) it ſhould ſtop there and not proceed, even *in infinitum*, if the circumference be ſtill as freſh and entire as the centre. But I define nothing.

Rhomboides, is a parallelogrammicall figure with unequall ſides and oblique angles.

S

Scalen, a triangle with all ſides unequall.

Self reduplicative. See *Reduplicative.*

Semele, Imagination; from צמל *imago.*

Simon, intimates obedience, from שמע *obedivit.*

Solyma, or *Salem*, from שלום Peace.

Soul, when I ſpeak of mans ſoul, I underſtand that which Moſes ſaith was inſpired into the body, (fitted out and made of Earth) by God, Gen. 2. which is not that impeccable ſpirit that cannot ſinne; but the very ſame that the Platoniſts call ψυχὴ, a middle eſſence betwixt that which they call νοῦς (and we would in the Chriſtian language call πνεῦμα) and the life of the body which is εἴδωλον ψυχῆς, a kind of an umbratil vitalitie that the ſoul imparts to the body in the enliven ing

enlivening of it? That and the body together, we Christians call σὰρξ, and the suggestions of it, especially in its corrupt estate, φρόνημα σαρκός. And that that which God inspired into Adam was no more then ψυχὴ, the soul, not the spirit, though it be called נִשְׁמַת חַיִּים *Spiraculum vitæ*; is plain out of the text; because it made man but become a living soul, נֶפֶשׁ חַיָּה. But you will say, he was a dead soul before, and this was the spirit of life, ye the spirit of God, the life of the soul that was breathed into him.

But if חַיָּה imply such a life and spirit, you must acknowledge the same to be also in the most stupid of all living creatures, even the fishes (whose soul is as but salt to keep them from stinking, as *Philo* speaks) for they are said to be נֶפֶשׁ חַיָּה chap. 1. v. 20. 21. See 1. Cor. chap. 15. v. 45, 46. In breif therefore, that which in Platonisme is νοῦς; is in Scripture πνεῦμα; what σὰρξ in one, τὸ θηρίον, the brute or beast in the other, ψυχὴ the same in both.

Sperm. It signifies ordinarily seed. I put it for the λόγος σπερματικὸς, the *ratio seminalis*, or the invisible plasticall form that shapes every visible creature.

Spermaticall. It belongs properly to Plants, but is tranferred also to the Plasticall power in Animalls, I enlarge it to all magnetick power whatsoever that doth immediately rule and actuate any body. For all magnetick power is founded in *Physis*, and in reference to her, this world is but one Plant, one λόγος σπερματικὸς giving it shape and corporeall life) as in reference to *Psyche*, one happy and holy Animall.

Spirit. Sometimes it signifieth the soul, othersometime, the naturall spirits in a mans body, which are *Vinculum animæ & corporis*, and the souls vehicle: Sometimes life. See *Reduplicative.*

T

T*Agathon*, τἀγαθὸν, The Good; the same with *Hattove.*
Tasis, τάσις, extension.

Tricentreity. Centre is put for essence, so *Tricentreity* must imply a Trinity of essence. See *Centre* and *Energie.*

V

V*Atieinant.* The soul is said to be in a *vaticinant*, or *parturient* condition, when she hath some kind of sense, and hovering knowledge of a thing, but yet cannot distinctly and fully, and commandingly represent it to herself, cannot plainly apprehend, much lesse comprehend the matter. The phrase is borrowed of *Proclus*, who describing the incomprehensibleness of God, and the desire of all things toward him, speaks thus; Ἄγνωστον γὰρ ὂν πόθεῖ τὰ ὄντα τὸ ἐφετὸν πᾶσι καὶ ἄληπτον, μήτε ὂν γοῶναι μήτε ὑλὴν ὁ πόθος, δυνάμεια, θεὶ αὐτὸ

τὰ πάντα χορεύει καὶ ᾄδονται μὲ αὐτὸ καὶ ὅς ἀπμαγενής. *Theolog. Platon. lib. 1. cap. 21.* See *Pſychathan. lib. 3. cant. 3. ſtanz. 12. & 14.*

Uranore. The light or beauty of heaven, from οὐρανὸς, and אור *lux*, or ὥρα *pulchritudo.*

Z

Zaphon, Aquilo. The North.

Zeus, Ζεὺς, Jupiter, from ζέω, *ſerveo*, or ζάω, *vivo.*

THus have I run through the more obſcure terms in the preceding Poems. But for the many points a man may meet withall therein, though I did heretofore make ſome ſleight promiſe of ſpeaking more determinately of them, I hope I may without offence decline the performance as yet, till I abound more with leaſure and judgement. For as I am certain I have little enough of the one, ſo I can not but doubt (Nature having laviſhed ſo much upon all men elſe, even to the infallible Determining of mutuall contradictions) whether I have got any ſhare at all of the other. But yet I hope, without breach of modeſty, I may preſume to underſtand the purpoſe of my own writings. Which, as I have heretofore ſignified was no other then this, to ſtirre men up to take into their thoughts theſe two main conſiderations. The heartie good will of God to mankind, even in the life of this world, made of the commixture of light and darkneſſe, that he will through his power reſcue thoſe ſouls, that are faithfull in this their triall, and preferre the light before the dark; that he will, I ſay, deliver them from the power of living Death, and Hell, by that ſtrong arm of their ſalvation, Jeſus Chriſt, the living God enthron'd in the heart of man, to whom all the Genii of the Univerſe, be they never ſo goodly and glorious ſhall ſerve. They and all their curious devices and inventions ſhall be a ſpoil, prey, and a poſſeſſion to Him that is moſt juſt, and ſhall govern the nations in righteouſneſſe and equity. And that, beſide this happineſſe on earth, every holy ſoul hereafter ſhall enjoy a never-fading felicity in the inviſible and eternall Heaven, the Intellectuall world. Which if it be not true, I muſt needs confeſſe, it ſeems almoſt indifferent whether any creature be or no. For what is it to have lived, ſuppoſe 70 years, wherein we have been dead or worſe above two third parts of them? Sleep, youth, age and diſeaſes, with a number of poor and contemptible employments, ſwallow up at leaſt ſo great a portion: that as good, if not better, is he that never was, then he is, that hath but ſuch a glance or glimpſe of paſſing life to mock him.

And although the ſucceſſion of righteouſneſſe upon earth may rightly ſeem a goodly great and full ſpread thing, and a matter that may bear an ample correſpondencie even to the larger thoughts of a good

and

and upright man; yet, to say the truth, no man is capable of any large inheritance, whose life and existence is so scant that he shall not be able so much as to dream of the least happinesse once seised on by death.

But there are continually on earth such numbers of men alive, that if they liv'd well it would be an Heaven or Paradise. But still a scant one to every particular man, whose dayes are even as nothing. So that the work of God seems not considerable, in the making of this world, if humane souls be extinguished when they go out of it. You will say that those small particles of time that is thus scattered and lost among men in their successions, are comprehended and collected in God who is a continuall witnesse of all things.

But, alas! what doth the perpetuall repetition of the same life or deiform Image throughout all ages adde to Him, that is at once infinitely himself, viz. good, and happy?

So that there is nothing considerable in the creation, if the rationall creature be mortall. For neither is God at all profited by it, nor man considerably. And were not the Angels a great deal better employed in the beholding the worth of their Creatour, then to deminish their own happinesse, by attending those, whom nothing can make happy? looking on this troubled passing stream of the perishing generations of men, to as little purpose almost, as idle boyes do on dancing blebs and bubbles in the water.

What designe therefore can there be in God in the making of this world that will prove ἀνάρμοστος, worthy of so excellent a goodnesse and wisdome; but the triall of the immortall spirit of man? It seems the deepest reach of his counsell in the creation; and the life of this world but a prelude to one of longer durance and larger circumference hereafter. And surely it is nothing else but the heavy load of this body, that keeps down our mind from the reaching to those so high hopes, that I may not say from a certain sense and feeling of that undisturbd state of immortality.

And thus much I have ventured to speak boldly without *Scepticisme* in Faith and Sense, that the first Principle of all things is living Goodnesse, armd with Wisdome & all-powerfull Love. But if a mans soul be once sunk by evil fate or desert from the sense of this high and heavenly truth, into that cold conceit; that the Originall of things doth lie either in shuffling Chance, or in that stark root of unknowing Nature and brute Necessity; all the subtile cords of Reason, without the timely recovery of that divine touch within the hidden spirit of man, will [illegible] back, out of that abhorred pit of Atheisme and Infidelity. So much better is Innocency and Piety then subtile Argument, and earnest and sincere Devotion then curious Dispute.

FINIS.

Errata.

Pag.	Stanz.	lin.	Pro	Lege
12	43	9	*Hiddenly*	*Hidden lie*
15	56	1	*censent*	*conceit*
22	20	2	*weight*	*wight*
22	20	5	*Can make*	*Can wake*
37	79	7	*Countrey-speech*	*Counterspeech*
46	125	9	*preceed*	*proceed*
58	21	5	*There lives*	*There lies*
81	3	1	*eanst*	*canst*
97	11	8	*wild*	*mild*
126	17	8	*truths*	*truth's*
142	11	6	*So he gins*	*so she 'gins*
145	24	4	*Nor part*	*Not part*
153	57	6	*Wrapt*	*Rapt*
162	30	7	*binds*	*It binds*
175	5	8	*for 'tis*	*for 'ts*
194	14	1	*compiſſate*	*conſpiſſate*
199	33	3	*poßeſſion*	*poſition*
203	48	3	*debare*	*debarre*
212	84	1	*theſe*	*their*
242	4	4	*though*	*through*
246	20	2	*ſell*	*well*
260	19	9	*might*	*wight*
260	20	3	*over oft*	*overmoſt*
264	36	7	*of thy*	*to thy*
286	6	4	*toſſe*	*touze*
314		33	*two efficious*	*too officious*
318		21	*Hæc* Venus	*Hæc*, Venus
322		17	*vivica*	*vivifica*
340		32	*Stanz. 5.*	*Stanz. 15.*
341		26	*Stanz.*	*Verſ.*
346		18	*Stanz. 59.*	*Stanz. 49.*
368		4	*Stanz. 28.*	*Stanz. 38.*
369		3	*Stanz. 50.*	*Stanz. 51.*
383		24	*Stanz.*	*Stanz. 2.*
388		8	*Stanz. 84.*	*Stanz. 48.*
412		17	*Omnipotency*	*Omniprascity.*

Divinæ Institutiones Auræ